

# Peter Gabriel, Don't Break This Rhythm

Don't break this rhythm, don't break this motion  
All this momentum keeps stealing through  
Across the cornfields, through all the marshland  
There's nothing gonna stop this thing  
Clear the trees, burn the brushwood  
Bring the diggers in, I'm gonna move this earth  
Lay the big stones, put down the sleepers  
Haul the steel in, I will beat this land  
Don't care how but, I'm coming through here  
Whatever it takes, oh

Don't break this rhythm, don't break this motion  
We work together in sympathy  
Don't break this rhythm, don't break this motion  
We work together in sympathy  
Don't break this rhythm, don't break this motion  
We work together in sympathy  
Don't break this rhythm, don't break this motion  
We work together in sympathy

Right through these fences, cut through the stone walls  
Dig out the tunnels from a solid stone  
There she is, but so surrounded  
All those fancy men with soft white hands  
Come all this distance, that should be me there  
Whatever it takes (whatever it takes), oh

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