

Ron Sexsmith, There's A Rhythm

There's a rhythm under the song
And it beats for the old and the young
And it pounds in the back of the sun
It's the sound of one drummer, one drum

There's a rhythm, it's subtle yet strong
And it moves all the wallflowers on
To the dance floor that holds everyone
To the sound of one drummer, one drum

Dance, for the time marches on
Off to a war that can never be won
To the heartbeat of drums

There's a rhythm not cruel or kind
Though you feel that it's left you behind
Is it justice or you that is blind
When you don't see it coming, how come?

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