

Eskimo Joe, Beating Like A Drum

This room is like the belly of a ghost
Swaying to the rhythm of a heart that is now lost
So tell me that I'm wrong
Tell me that there's a consequence
Or do you still remember me alive
Beating like a drum

I had a lot to drink last night
Now I'm feeling old
Is there anything that I can buy
That I have not sold
So tell me that I'm gone
From your state of mind
Do you still remember me alive
Do you still remember me alive
Beating like a ...

Drum that beats upon the floor
A shadow underneath the door
I don't want to shoot this gun
But everything just stops

Like the beat of a drum

So tell me that I'm wrong
Tell me that there's a consequence
Or do you still remember me alive
Beating like a drum