

Spoon, Rhthm & Soul

Come loosen up, so hung up
Come count them ways to forever
Remember the winter gets cold in ways you always forget

Oh, you know... The rhythm and soul
Get your hands out your back pockets, boy let it go

Here comes the man you saw in Kazzan,
He just picks in his coat... Oh no
The rhythm and soul.

Dollars and cents and no accident
Not in the name of democracy.
Come get there, come be there
Come let your socks fall down to your shoes

Oh, you know... The rhythm and soul
Get your ankles moving their sockets
Oh there you go

And here comes the man
He bought a gift from Kazzan
He can't leave it alone... Oh no
The rhythm and soul

When you take a picture and it falls in the lot... Oh no, no
Take another picture and you spring in the trap... Oh no, no
You miss home

You can't back this at your ride
Change of tide
And you're wise, you're wise
Rhythm and...

Tracked houses, square couches,
Short legs and square shoulders,
Pot holders, aching soldiers,
Your tank rollers, your all-overs

And you know, oh the rhythm and soul
Get your fingers moving their sockets
Tune in Tokyo.

You're just the man
The one I saw in Kazzan
Wonder what this book will throw... Oh no
The rhythm and...