

Toni Childs, Tin Drum

there's an old man talkin
to a young boy weepin
to an old man shaking his head
there's a cool gentle breeze
in the night full of light
as the red glow wavers in the stead
there's a black man crying
and a white man dyin
and a black man's head in the air
the shock of life
feeds the fight
the fight that's in my head
holding tight in the stillness of the night
in the stillness of my thoughts
yet, I know I've only started

beating on a tin drum marching to a sound
what is it I think?
am I beating on a tin drum marching to a cause
when I don't know what it is I believe

lonely peeping chick
calling to his mother
runs amuck
in a sunken black ditch
and wilham's with the widow
while martha's in the meadow
and the lamb is a layin in sick
and the boy in back
is talking some slack
to the king of auld lang syne
and my heart goes out
but I cannot spout what I do not know inside
holding tight in the stillness of my mind
in the stillness of my thought
yet, I know I've only started