

# Tin Drum

Toni Childs

There's an old man talkin'  
To a young boy weepin'  
An old man shaking his head

There's a cool gentle breeze  
In the night full of light  
As the red glow wavers instead

There's a black man crying  
And a white man dyin'  
A black mans head in the air

And the shock of life  
Feeds the night  
Beats what'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  
I believe, I believe, beating on life

Lonely peeping chick  
Calling to his mother  
Runs amuck  
In a sunken black ditch

And Williams with the widow  
While Martha's in the meadow  
And the lamb is layin' in sick

And the boy in black  
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 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 that I think?  
Am I beating on a tin drum marching to a cause  
When I don't know what it is I believe, I believe

Beating on a tin drum, marching to a sound  
What is it that I think?  
Am I beating on a tin drum, marching to a cause  
When I don't know what it is I believe  
I believe, I believe

Beating on a drum

Beating on the life  
Beating on the cause  
Beating in the night

Beating on a drum  
Beating on the life