Rod Stewart, Rhythm of my heart

Across the street the river runs Down in the gutter life is slipping away Let me still exist in another place Running under cover of a helicopter blade The flames are getting higher in effigy Burning down the bridges of my memory Love may still be alive somewhere someway Where theyre downing only deer A hundred steel towns away Oh rhythm of my heart is beating like a drum With the words i love you rolling off my tongue No never will I roam for I know my place is home Where the ocean meets the sky III be sailing Photographs and kerosene light up my darkness Light it up, light it up I can still feel the touch of your thin blue jeans Running down the alley Ive got my eyes all over you baby Oh baby Oh the rhythm of my heart is beating like a drum With the words i love you rolling off my tongue No never will I roam for I know my place is home Where the ocean meets the sky Ill be sailing III be sailing Oh Ive got lightning in my veins Shifting like the handle of a slot machine Love may still exist in another place Im just yanking back the handle No expression on my face Oh the rhythm of my heart is beating like a drum With the words i love you rolling off my tongue Never will I roam for I know my place is home Where the ocean meets the sky Ill be sailing

Oh the rhythm of my heart is beating like a drum With the words i love you rolling off my tongue No never will I roam for I know my place is home Where the ocean meets the sky

III be sailing

The rhythm of my heart is beating like a drum With the words i love you rolling off my tongue Never will I roam for I know my place is home Where the ocean meets the sky III be sailing