## Ron Sexsmith, There's A Rhythm

There's a rhythm under the song And it beats for the old and the young And it pounds in the back of the sun It's the sound of one drummer, one drum

There's a rhythm, it's subtle yet strong And it moves all the wallflowers on To the dance floor that holds everyone To the sound of one drummer, one drum

Dance, for the time marches on Off to a war that can never be won To the heartbeat of drums

There's a rhythm not cruel or kind Though you feel that it's left you behind Is it justice or you that is blind When you don't see it coming, how come?

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