**Rhythm in the Drum**

The music rings out from the barroom

As the band plays one more time

In his hands he feels the rhythm

But he’s lost it in his mind

His childhood is a distant memory

But he’s only seventeen

He’s the rhythm in the drum

He’s the song that goes unsung

He holds the music in his mind with a bottle by his side

He keeps the notes all well in line as he’s running out of time

He’s more than the man behind the snare

But you didn’t know he’s there

He was used to that I swear

He made his living in a hard way

Rolled the dice and played the game

But like the rest who took their chances

He never reached the point of fame

After the music faded from their memories

He faded straight to black from that silver screen

He’s the rhythm in the drum

He’s the song that goes unsung

He holds the music in his mind with a bottle by his side

He keeps the notes all well in line as he’s running out of time

He’s more than the man behind the snare

But you didn’t know he’s there

He was used to that I swear

A little picture in the paper

Told the world about his fate

Now the people all remember

But by now it’s far too late

The man was nothing in the people’s shallow eyes

But had they opened up and read between the lines

They’d know that

He’s the rhythm in the drum

He’s the song that goes unsung

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