

Republic Tigers

"The Drums"

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Marchin' to the beat of a drum
That's got no feet;
You'll never fall down;
No, you'll never miss a step.

Livin' in a cage so big, you can't
See any bars; you'll have a
Comforting rhythm,
But you'll never reach out far enough.

I don't, know, what, you, ex, pect, of, me.

If I, don't, have; true, love, un, der, stands.

Walkin' down the street
Of a town; can't find the beat.
Well, did you leave home?...
Without the shoes your mother made,
Oh, oh, oh... for your feet?

Outside of that place, now,
For sure, can't hear the drum.
But did your heart stop?
No, you never heard it
'Til now,
Oh, oh, oh... until now.

I don't, know, what, you, ex, pect, of, me.

If I, don't, have; true, love, un, der, stands.

I don't, know, what, you, ex, pect, of, me.
And, if I... I don't have it,...
But this is what we both think it is...
Well, then, true love would
Have to...
Love would
Surely understand.

It would have to

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