

# The Oldest Rhythm

Corb Lund

All the good men have gone East  
Tired of the panoply and fury of the Western beast  
And now that all hostilities and prisoners of war have been released  
They're teaching Anglais to the natives till the global redistributing is ceased

And all the good men have gone East  
Mark and Daniel, Jon and Paul are gone and Richard's lying heart to join the feast

And I know the oldest rhythm  
Is the hustle of the goin' and gone  
But I'll keep dancing  
I guess I oughta when they're gone  
And I know the oldest rhythm  
Is the shuffle of the goin' and gone  
But I'll keep dancing  
I guess I gotta  
Now that they're gone

All the good men have gone East  
To try to find enlightenment or oriental concubines at least  
And all my good friends have gone East  
Leaving me behind on this frontier  
And without any kind of peace

And I know the oldest rhythm  
Is the hustle of the goin' and gone  
But I'll keep dancing  
I guess I gotta  
When they're gone  
And I know the oldest rhythm  
Is the shuffle of the goin' and gone  
But I'll keep dancing  
I guess I gotta  
Now that they're gone

And I'll get lonesome and lonely  
For a missing brother I have known  
I'll get lonesome, and lonely  
Alone

'Cause it's a deeper  
And a different  
Kinda hurtin' that a lovers long  
Not as pointed  
But more proven  
And just as strong

And I know the oldest rhythm  
Is the hustle of the goin' and gone  
But I'll keep dancing  
I guess I oughta  
When they're gone  
And you know the oldest rhythm  
Is the shuffle of the goin' and gone  
They'll keep dancing

And that's important when I'm gone