

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 Anglairs 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