

Same Drum

The Correspondents

These streets don't beat with the same drum as they used to when I was with you

By text and online it might seem like I'm having such a damn good time

The city's my playground I loved every night

But you don't get to see what I keep out of sight

Behind the smiles and a clashing of dreams, there's a man in a boat who slowly sinks

These streets don't beat with the same drum as they used to when I was with you

I think I call my own shots

But everybody tells me what I have not got

Yearning for the things I don't want or need

Many shiny, bright things will quench my grief

Behind the illusion of success, there's a warning flare and an SOS

These streets don't beat with the same drum as they used to when I was with you

I order my favorite food

But a rest, steak, and fries can't even lift my mood (lift my mood)

A night that was a guarantee to have my mind blown (my mood)

Is diffused by an inevitable lonely ride home

Behind the dancing and excessive grin, there's a man at sea who finds it hard to swim

These streets don't beat with the same drum as they used to when I was with you

This city's always felt like home

Even on my own I never felt alone

But a carnival marauding through the streets I grew up

Can't change the empty half of a half-full cup

Behind a face that conveys joy, I need you to rescue a drowning boy