

The Rhythm King

Little River Band

The music from the radio, glowing in the dark
Echoed round his head, before it settled in his heart
The words were not important if the melody was right
That radio could burn, burn, burn, all through the night

The people are gonna rise up to their feet
When they hear the rhythm king
They're gonna get so caught up in the beat
They'll forget about everything
He can take them places where their hearts have never been
No one else can swing like the rhythm king, oh yeah
Like the rhythm king

High above Manhattan, in a satin finished room
He searches through an unmade bed, and finds a perfect fool
He can redesign the present, but he cannot hide his fears
The mirror won't disguise the lines, from all the wasted years

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So many listen, come to hear the thunder roar
Now that he's the meantime, they keep calling out for more
He plays away his feelings, then he moves to overdrive
The crowd are his disciples, and he needs them to survive
They're keeping him alive

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