

Stranded    Brieve Morison

Stranded between the here and now  
And the if and the when  
Between the what we will do

And the what we did do then  
Stranded between the silence  
And the crash of the beat  
Between the rise of the hands  
And the fall of the feet  
Some people seem to beat  
Everyone they meet  
They just need a drummer  
And the poetry of the beat  
When they're stranded  
They just need a drummer  
And the poetry of the beat.  
When they're 'stranded, stranded stranded.

Stranded we've all been there  
We've all come back  
Sometimes the power of life's rhythm  
Is hard to hold back  
When you're stranded  
Between a heaven and a hell on earth  
Between a saddle and a bridle  
And a harness that hurts  
Some people seem to need to beat  
Everyone they meet  
They just need a drummer  
And the poetry of the beat  
They just need a drummer  
And the poetry of the beat  
When they're stranded  
Stranded, stranded, stranded, stranded.

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