

# Different Drum

## Me First and The Gimme Gimmes

You and I travel to the beat of a different drum  
Oh, can't you tell by the way I run?  
Every time you make eyes at me, oh You cry and moan and say it will work out  
But honey child, I've got my doubts  
You can't see the forest for the trees So, don't get me wrong, it's not that I knock it  
It's just that I am not in the market  
For a boy who wants to love only me, yeah Yeah and I ain't saying, you ain't pretty  
All I'm saying is, I'm not ready  
For any person, place or thing  
To try to pull the reins in on me So goodbye, I'll be leavin'  
I see no sense in crying and grieving  
We'll both live a lot longer  
If you live without me So, don't get me wrong, it's not that I knock it  
It's just that I am not in the market  
For a boy who wants to love only me, yeah Yeah and I ain't saying, you ain't pretty  
All I'm saying is, I'm not ready  
For any person, place or thing  
To try to pull the reins in on me Yeah, alright, alright  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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