

Different Drum

NESMITH, Michael

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
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
Oh 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
Yes, and I ain't saying you ain't pretty
All I'm saying, I'm not ready
For any person, place or thing
To try and pull the reins in on me
So goodbye I'll be leaving
I see no sense in this crying and grieving
We'll both live a lot longer
If you live without me
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