

# Different Drum

## The Pastels

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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