

Different Drum

Lobo

You and I
Travel to the beat of a different drum
Can't you tell
By the way I run
Every time you make eyes at me

You cry and moan
And say it'll work out
But honey child I've got my doubts
You can't see the forest
For the trees

Now don't get me wrong
It's not that I knock it
It's just that I am not in the market
For a girl
Who wants to love
Only me

And I'm not saying that you ain't pretty
All's I saying's that I'm not ready
For any person place or thing
To try and pull the reins
In on me

So good-bye 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