

Different Drum

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

You and I travel to the beat of a diff'rent drum.
Oh, can't you tell by the way I run
Ev'ry time you make eyes at me. Wo oh.
You cry and you 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'm knockin'.
It's just that I'm not in the market
For a girl who wants to love only me.
Yes, and I ain't sayin' you ain't pretty.
All I'm sayin's I'm not ready for any person,
Place or thing to try and pull the reins in on me.
So Goodbye, I'll be leavin'.
I see no sense in the cryin' and grievin'.
We'll both live a lot longer if you live without me.

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