

Different Drum

The Lemonheads

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'll work out
But honey child, I've got my doubts
You can't see the forest for the trees

Don't get me wrong, it's not that I'd knock it
It's just that I, I'm not in the market for a girl who wants to love only me
And I ain't saying you ain't pretty, all I'm saying's I'm not ready
For any person place or thing to try and pull the reins in on me

So, goodbye, I don't believe and I see no sense
In this crying and grieving, we'll both live a lot longer if you live without me