

## 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