

Different Drum

BR5-49

I'd see him every mornin', ridin' down the street
Old wore-out bicycle with the tattered old seat
Pickin' up the cans that he finds by the road
People say that Casey is a brick short of a load

Casey's been around here forever and a day
I've heard a lot of rumors how he came to be this way
The old folks they remember a little boy in school
And they say that he was different from the other kids they knew

CHORUS:

He's just dancin' to the beat of a different drum
Casey never did fit in
But every night he thanks the Lord for everything He's done
'Cause Casey knows He listens to prayers from anyone

Anyplace he needs to go, Casey knows the way
He must pass by the five and dime twenty times a day
Passin' by the schoolyard, children holler names
And a forty-year-old memory haunts him once again

I still see him every mornin', ridin' down the street
That old wore-out bicycle with the tattered old seat
And he hardly shows a wrinkle on his old weathered face
I guess he never worried much about bein' in the race

CHORUS

And it don't matter if he dances to a different drum