

## Different Drum

Matthew Sweet

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 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 am not in the market  
For a boy 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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