

Linda Ronstadt And The Stone Poneys "Different Drum"

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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 oh

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 knock it
It's just that I am not in the market
For a boy who wants to love only me

Yes and I ain't saying you ain't pretty
All I'm saying, I'm not ready
For any person place or thing
To try and pull the reins in on me

So good-bye I'll be leaving
I see no sense in this crying and grieving
We'll both live a lot longer if you live without me

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