

# Connie Smith, Sound Of Different Drums

We march to the sound of different drums  
For we both want different things from life  
You don't care to discuss anything serious  
While I want to have your children and to be your wife  
I know I can't change you I won't even try  
And so I'll just love you and look you grow up by and by  
We march to the sound of different drums  
We're out of step and someday we must part  
We talk but you never use words like forever  
And even in your arms I'm never in your heart