

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