

# Lobo, Different Drum

(Michael Nesmith)

You and I  
Travel to the beat of a different drum  
Can't you tell  
By the way I run  
Every time you make eyes at me

You cry and moan  
And say it'll work out  
But honey child I've got my doubts  
You can't see the forest  
For the trees

Now don't get me wrong  
It's not that I knock it  
It's just that I am not in the market  
For a girl  
Who wants to love  
Only me

And I'm not saying that you ain't pretty  
All's I saying's that 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