

Lee Ann Womack, The Healin' Kind

Starin out the window at the sinkin sun
Another painful day is done
If I could convince myself I was over you now
I'd find a way to go on somehow
But the pain just grows stronger every day
I think of you and I'm on my way
Down every lane with your hand in mine
Guess I'm just not the healin' kind
Another December and the cold winds blow
And nights without you are so long
I stare at our picture through the firelight's glow
And where you are right now I just don't know
But the pain just grows stronger every day
I think of you and I'm on my way
Down every lane with your hand in mine
Guess I'm just not the healin' kind