

# Tammy Cochran, What Kind Of Women Would I Be

Every time you hurt me, it's the same old thing.  
I wipe away my tears, sit down in front of the mirror,  
And fix my face.  
That's when you say you're sorry an' get down on your knees:  
I always give you one more chance to make it up to me.  
Oh, baby, if I didn't, what kind of woman would I be?

If I forgot about us, an', just for once, thought about me,  
What kind of woman would I be?  
Out on my own, would I make a fresh start?  
Find somebody knew, or would I fall apart?  
Some women move on, exceed their dreams,  
While others spend their lives lonely.  
If tonight, I were to pack my bags an' leave,  
What kind of woman would I be?

Would I turn out like Tina Murphy, you know, after she left Steve?  
She went back to college, she'll graduate this autumn,  
I thought she'd never leave.  
Would I be like my friend, Brenda, who hates livin' alone?  
She calls me every night, cryin' on the 'phone.  
If I stopped cookin' your supper, an' grabbed my my kids,  
What kind of woman would I be?

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