

# The Healing Kind

Lee Ann Womack

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