

The Kind

Shearwater

Baby, hands in your lap
You touch your wounds so much they'll never heal
I fear you'll turn your back
On just the kind of love you really need

It's just the kind
It's just the kind you need to feel

Baby, I love your laugh
And everything you say is dire and dear
But "Cut the crap, you're still alive"
It's just the kind of thing you really need

It's just the kind
It's just the kind
It's just the kind you need to hear