

What Kind Of Woman Would I Be

Tammy Cochran

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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