

Not A Bad Thing

Terri Clark

I'm sittin' in this cafe,
People talkin' so loud I can't hear myself think.
That's not a bad thing.
The coffee keeps on coming,
The waiter who keeps smilin'
as I'm ridin' on a river of caffeine,
An' that's not a bad thing.

I used to feel sorry for someone like me,
In a corner booth pretendin' to read on a Friday night.
I used to say: "It just ain't right."
How could anybody ever have any fun,
Without somebody, without someone?
It never dawned on me,
The possibility,
That it's not a bad thing.

Those naggin' thoughts about you,
How I left without you tonight:
You know, they're few and far between.
The waiter's name is Joey, he told me,
And that's when I noticed he ain't wearing any ring.
An' that's not a bad thing.

And there is a tug on the edge of my heart,
It's you again sayin': "Don't you start lettin' go of me."
But I ain't listenin'.
For once in my life, I'll feel what I feel,
Let it be, let it be real.
Let it flow through me,
An' wash me clean.
That's not a bad thing.

As I'm drivin' home, I'm thinkin',
The worst might be over,
Or maybe I'm a little bit naive.
But the street lights seem brighter,
As I walk to my front door,
And I'm all alone when I turn the key.
An' that's not a bad thing.

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