

Tammy Cochran

"What Kind Of Women Would I Be"

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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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What kind of woman would I be?
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