

Healing Kind

Ronnie Bowman

Staring out the window at the sinking 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 everyday
I think of you and I'm on my way
Down memory lane with your hand in mine
Guess, I'm just not the healing 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

And the pain just grows stronger everyday
I think of you and I'm on my way
Down memory lane with your hand in mine
Guess, I'm just not the healing kind
Yes, I'm just not the healing kind

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