

## Kind Of

Faye Webster

Who loved you first? Who loved you last?  
Why do I even think of these things?  
'Cause I've always been the type to see  
All the bad before all the good things  
Haven't written a song in a minute  
Haven't been in love forever  
But I'm looking at you and you're looking at me  
At every single possible angle

And it's not like how you make me feel  
I don't feel this kind of type of way  
And it's not like how you make me feel  
I don't feel this kind of type of way

I don't feel this kind of type of way  
I don't feel this kind of type of way  
I don't feel this kind of type of way  
I don't feel this kind of type of way

Ask what you want, ask what you need  
I'll tell you everything that I know  
I'm hoping that you wont ever leave  
'Cause there's nowhere else I want to go

And it's not like how you make me feel  
I don't feel this kind of type of way  
And it's not like how you make me feel  
I don't feel this kind of type of way

I don't feel this kind of type of way  
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