sometimes i get to thinking i'm a hurting kind of guy why'd that woman leave me for a lesser kind if you don't know now, then you never will is what she said she said i didn't listen well i know that that's untrue she said i didn't understand her well i guess that you do well i guess you do summer came around her old blanket on the floor i woke to the slamming of the door then the rain came and i just let it pour all over me sometimes i get to thinking i've been wronged by my own kind downed by my own undertakings now i'm down by the water, black water and i'm looking in she said i wouldn't miss her well you know that that's unfair she said i wasn't there for her well i never would have been there no sir, if not for her summer comes around and i miss that woman more i guess i'll get me somewhere by the fall when the rain comes well i'll just let it pour all over me sometimes i get to thinking i'm a hurting kind of guy why'd that woman leave me for a lesser kind if you don't know now, then you never will is what she said summer comes around and i miss that woman more i guess i'll get me somewhere by the fall when the rain comes well i'll just let it pour all over me