

## 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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