

# The Worst Kind

Tim Hicks

Smoke slipping through my fingers, sand blowing in the wind  
Yeah I let you get away, baby, but still feel you on my skin  
Wish I could say there ain't no way that I'm still thinking 'bout you  
Thought I could change, but couldn't change, but the door closed, now  
I know

Ain't the knock down drag out breakup  
Ain't the pain of a bad goodbye  
It's the never knowing baby  
Never getting that chance to try  
It's the wondering what could've been  
That keeps me up at night  
Yeah baby that's the worst kind  
That's the worst kind

Stone cold, why'd I have to be stone cold while I watched you leave  
And now your ghost got me spinning in circles, it's getting hard to breathe  
Are you seeing me on every street like I'm seeing you  
Do you second guess the things you said like I do, 'cause I do

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Never getting that chance to try  
It's the wondering what could've been  
That keeps me up at night  
Yeah baby that's the worst kind  
That's the worst kind, yeah

Yeah  
It's the should've beens, the would've beens that leave me paralyzed  
It's the never know's, the so damn close, the you were almost mine

That's the worst kind  
Yeah baby that's the worst kind

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That keeps me up at night  
Yeah baby that's the worst kind  
That's the worst kind, yeah  
That's the worst kind  
That's the worst kind  
That's the worst kind  
Yeah baby that's the worst kind