**The Leaving Kind**

By Nancy McCallion

The man I love don’t give me the love I need

I got one foot in the door and one foot on the street

This love of mine, has become a grind

He tisk, he sigh, he mope, he whine

Sometimes I think it’s leaving time

And I’m the leavin’ kind

I’m the leavin’ kind

Can’t take no more

Don’t plead and cry

Just say goodbye

And hold the door

The man I love don’t pay no attention to me

When I come home he’s watching that TV

Lucille Ball, local news

Any rerun show will do

It won’t be long before we’re through

‘Cause I’m the leavin’ kind

My mind’s made up I’m leavin’ him tonight

And he’ll be sorry he didn’t treat me right

Then I come home There’s nothing there

No TV, no refridgitaire

He left me flat without a care

He’s the no good leaving kind

He’s the leaving kind

Can’t take no more

Don’t plead and cry

Just say goodbye

And hold the door