

Mary J. Blige, Smoke

Maybe it'll rain today
And I won't have to leave my room
Givin' me the time
I need to get rid of your things
Enough procrastinating
For reasons that only I know
But I'm afraid to ask the mirror
The answers may sting

And the smoke
In my eyes makes it hard not to cry
Why you gone?
The reason is suppose to make sense
But it don't

Give me something
To spark the flame
Take away the paint
Take it away
I can feel the heat
From my face

Ooh
Holding on isn't healthy
But it's killin' me
To let go
Trying to stare
At your picture
But I can't see it
For all this smoke
Hmm
Not for all the smoke
Ooh

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In my eyes makes it hard not to cry

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But it don't
But it don't
It don't
It don't
Oh, it don't

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