

# 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

[B-Section:]

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

[Chorus:]

Give me something  
To spark the flame  
Take away the pain  
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

[B-Section:]

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But it don't

It don't

It don't

Oh, it don't

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