

Mary J. Blige, Therapy

Why would I spend the rest of my days unhappy
Why would I spend the rest of this year alone
When I can go therapy
When I can go therapy
When I can go therapy two times a day
Why would I spend the rest of this week so bitter
And all that listening is making you bitter too
When I can go therapy
When I can go therapy
When I can go therapy two times a day

I don't wanna be around me
And I don't blame you with you blocking all my calls
There no was since I been sleeping silent
Most nights I lie awake between you and Fall
Work stressing me out
And after all this time
Still not boring no

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I care more about what you think
Than I care about the music
When I get crossed to you
I'm surprised you care at all
I figure if I had a life time, more time love
Well, shame on me if I don't get used that well
I'm stressing you out
And at the way is going you need it more than me

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Someone help me
Turn around
I'm a victim
Hate the sound of my own voice
Turn it down
And all I do is aggravation

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