

Whitney Houston, Dear John Letter

I'm sitting here
in my own head
thinking how
you can be staring in
got my number 2
and I'm writing you
contemplating on
the way we were with each of you
on the fire place
with the mailman
should I tellya
or should I hold it in
if my heart wasn't in it
baby, you can just forget it
I'd be gone in a New York minute

You never give me attention
I know you don't have bad attentions for us
so I'm writing you
but, I always fail to mention
cause you know I really don't like to fuss
so I'm gonna hold it in

I'm writing you a dear John letter
I tried to try to stay
but it never got better
I couldn't tell you face to face
but I, I have to let you know
sometimes I want to hit the door
I'm writing you dear John

sometimes I think
that I've had enough
my hand's freezing
and I can't write fast enough
I wanna get away
but I can't obey
when my heart speaks
you know I'm listening
somedays, I'm ready to jet and
somedays, I wouldn't forget and
somedays, I'm still in love with you
somedays, I'm sad and blue