

Gemma Fox, Good Man

Good men are few and far between,
Sometimes they are only in our dreams,
If you find one then you should cherish,
Every telephone call that he makes,
Always gives you things and never takes,
Tells you that he loves you when you are sleeping.
Runs your bubble bath,
And always makes you laugh.
He'll never make you cry,
Or even tell a lie,
And he's always got your back, Oh,
And that's a matter of a fact, Oh.
Never forget to let him know just how much you love him so.
It's like looking for a diamond in the road,
Never gunna find another man who is enough,
But now he's gone (gone gone gone),
Now he's gone (gone gone gone).
I'm the only one to take up all the blame,
And he's the only one who me scream his name,
But now he's gone (gone gone gone),
My good man's gone (gone gone gone).
Had 2 deal with insecurities,
Always accusing him of cheating.
Everytime his phone rings,
I would listen.
Used to wait until he fell asleep,
Search the phone for messages,
Re-dial numbers that looked suspicious.
Always questioning where he has been,
Never gave him love at night,
Thinking of ways to start a fight.
And now he's up and left me,

And I have no one to caress me.
If I had only let him know,
Just how much I love him so...
It's like looking for a diamond in the road,
Never gonna find another man who is enough,
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Now he's gone (gone gone gone).
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And he's the only one who me scream his name,
But now he's gone (gone gone gone),
My good man's gone (gone gone gone).

(J2K)

It's your fault,
You don't listen.
Now I'm gone again,
I'm off on the road now,
Young, free and single,
Looking to make it with freaks now.
You see,
Your insecurities were weak,
Claiming that I cheat,
But now you're lying lonely on your sheets.
You see what happens now,
We had a good thing,
But now it's gone.
You did not wana listen,
Now I'm missin' ya singin songs now,
But that's long now,
I've made other arrangements,
I can't fit you in,
I'm booked up with prior engagements.
You shouldn't watch wit me,
You need to understand that,

I gave you one too many chances,
Now I watch my own back.
Don't worry I'll pick up my things and find my own flat,
It's like that, yeah,
No more,
I ain't fallin' for no chat.
So get off me girl,
And give me my rucksack,
Pass me the socks in the top draw,
I want my phone back,
Yep your necklace as well,
Come on, I own that.
Don't say anything else,
You can talk to my back...
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Mafia...