

Jill Scott, Can't Explain (42nd Street Happenstance)

I'm truly sorry baby, for what I did to you
While you were busy lovin' me, I was busy too
Oh, I played you dirty boy
Did some things I shouldn't do
While you were only tryin' to treat me good
I was playin' (damn)
(I can't even begin to explain) I'm sorry, sorry baby
I can't even begin to explain, ooh, mmm
I'm truly sorry boy, believe me, I had my turn
The next time love came along, and it was me who burned
Sad and desperate, I cried
Wonderin why, askin God why?
He would do this to me, so damn easy
But karma's real, and now I really do understand
What you give is what you get, universal plan
Paid my price, and looked at my life
And finally I'm lovin' somebody righteously

And, (I can't even begin to explain)
Oh, I've gotta live
I can't even begin to explain, oh baby
What goes around, really do
Really does come back around
And I'm sorry for what I did to you
You didn't deserve what I gave you, but I gave it to you
I hope you're ok
I hope you're lovin' well
Baby, just because you loved and lost
Don't mean stop lovin'
Of you have a nightmare, doesn't mean you stop dreamin'
Don't give up on love, because what I did to you
I hope you're ok, I really do
(I can't even begin to explain)
Oh, give love a try baby
I can't even begin to explain
Oh, how good
I can't even begin to explain