

Ciara, Sorry

August 4th, we were chillin' at the house
I said I was done, and told you to get out
I didn't mean a word I said
'Cuz I was hopin' you would come back
I tried and tried, and I cried and cried up late at night
And I hurt!
I tried to fight, and I cried to God:
"Please let it just work!"
I was going crazy with you,
You had me so confused
I walked away, you walked away and we should have stayed,

You know, the last time we spoke, gotta say,
It felt like good ol' times
Through all the bull,
I was still happy o hear from you
You said all the right things,
But the one thing you couldn't seem to understand was that,
All you had to do was say "I'm sorry!"
Baby I sorry