

# Mary J. Blige, Smoke

Maybe it'll rain today  
And I won't have to leave my room  
Givin' me the time  
I need to get rid of your things  
Enough procrastinating  
For reasons that only I know  
But I'm afraid to ask the mirror  
The answers may sting

And the smoke  
In my eyes makes it hard not to cry  
Why you gone?  
The reason is suppose to make sense  
But it don't

Give me something  
To spark the flame  
Take away the paint  
Take it away  
I can feel the heat  
From my face

Ooh  
Holding on isn't healthy  
But it's killin' me  
To let go  
Trying to stare  
At your picture  
But I can't see it  
For all this smoke  
Hmm  
Not for all the smoke  
Ooh

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But it don't  
It don't  
It don't  
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