

# Mary J. Blige, Therapy

Why would I spend the rest of my days unhappy  
Why would I spend the rest of this year alone  
When I can go therapy  
When I can go therapy  
When I can go therapy two times a day  
Why would I spend the rest of this week so bitter  
And all that listening is making you bitter too  
When I can go therapy  
When I can go therapy  
When I can go therapy two times a day

I don't wanna be around me  
And I don't blame you with you blocking all my calls  
There no was since I been sleeping silent  
Most nights I lie awake between you and Fall  
Work stressing me out  
And after all this time  
Still not boring no

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I care more about what you think  
Than I care about the music  
When I get crossed to you  
I'm surprised you care at all  
I figure if I had a life time, more time love  
Well, shame on me if I don't get used that well  
I'm stressing you out  
And at the way is going you need it more than me

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Someone help me  
Turn around  
I'm a victim  
Hate the sound of my own voice  
Turn it down  
And all I do is aggravation

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