

# Whitney Houston, Dear John Letter

I'm sitting here  
in my own head  
thinking how  
you can be staring in  
got my number 2  
and I'm writing you  
contemplating on  
the way we were with each of you  
on the fire place  
with the mailman  
should I tellya  
or should I hold it in  
if my heart wasn't in it  
baby, you can just forget it  
I'd be gone in a New York minute

You never give me attention  
I know you don't have bad attentions for us  
so I'm writing you  
but, I always fail to mention  
cause you know I really don't like to fuss  
so I'm gonna hold it in

I'm writing you a dear John letter  
I tried to try to stay  
but it never got better  
I couldn't tell you face to face  
but I, I have to let you know  
sometimes I want to hit the door  
I'm writing you dear John

sometimes I think  
that I've had enough  
my hand's freezing  
and I can't write fast enough  
I wanna get away  
but I can't obey  
when my heart speaks  
you know I'm listening  
somedays, I'm ready to jet and  
somedays, I wouldn't forget and  
somedays, I'm still in love with you  
somedays, I'm sad and blue