

Samsonite Man

Alicia Keys

I don't wanna do this over and over ooooh... aah.
He's a man so full of style and grace
Any woman being impressed
Takes a smile and paints it on your face
Makes you feel like you've been blessed
Promises things so special
Seems to com right from a song
Soon as you begin to feel secure
Turn around and he is gone ooohh
Packing his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packing his bags, gotta go
He's a samsonite man mmmh
Maybe he is just a rolling stone
Wandering from here to there
Searching for a place to call his home
Wonder if he even cares
So many years of hearache and pain
That's all you seem to know him for
It's you, or is it he to blame?
Whenever he walks out your door ooooh
Packing his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packing his bags, gotta go
He's a samsonite man mmmh
Where you're always running to, away from me
If the wind blows you in my direction
You'd come through the rendezvous
Forget about your good attention
Leave me lonely and confused
Mr. samsonite pack a bag
That is my suggestion
From here on out you will be leaving
My distraction yeah du du da da
So I know the game baby
And it will never be the same no no no no no no no
Cause now I got him
Packing his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packing his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packing his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Now you gotta go
Packing his bags, gotta go
I can't take it no more
Packing his bags, gotta go, gotta go

What do I love him for
Packing his bags, gotta go
He's a samsonite man
Why don't you just go
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, whoah woah yeah yeah
You can't hurt me no more baby
You can't touch me
You can't hurt me no more baby
Gotta go, gotta go
Pack your bag, pack it up
Gotta go, hit the road jack
You ain't gotta go home, but you ain't get the hell outta here

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>