

# All These Years

Sharissa

Sat up here for all these years  
Now I can't remember  
The last time I said I love you

Sat up here for some odd years  
Watched you come, watched you go  
Can't remember why I touched you

Well, I shoulda went home  
When my mama said I could come home  
The doors were open  
I guess I played myself

Now I'm looking back  
You will leave me someday, someday  
I guess I'm playing myself

All these problems  
All these kids  
All these bills  
All this drama  
Your two baby mamas  
After all these years

All those cars  
All those cribs  
All those songs  
We ain't, we ain't

All those problems  
Your bad ass kids  
Two baby mamas  
After all these years

Still ain't came up like the We keep struggling in on your way  
And I still don't feel like I'm number one  
All these years

Sat up here for all these years  
Watched you drink, smelled your smoke  
How I end my misery

Sat up here for some odd years  
Got your piss, you treated me like  
But I still was your queen, queen

I washed your dirty drawers  
I made sure the house stayed clean  
But you didn't say thanks, not to me  
No no, no, no

Well, I shoulda went home  
When my mama said I could come home  
The doors were open  
I guess I played myself

All these problems

All these kids  
All these bills  
All this dramas  
Your two baby mamas  
After all these years

All those cars  
All those cribs  
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We ain't, we ain't

All those problems  
Your bad ass kids  
Two baby mamas  
After all these years

All these years  
All these years  
All these years  
All these years

Got me wishing that I  
After all we been through  
Got me wishing that I  
After all we been through