

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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