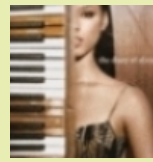




## Karma Alicia Keys



Diary Of Alicia Keys  
Pop  
2004

<http://www.flexclips.nl/>

Weren't you the one that said, that you don't  
want me anymore.  
And how you need your space, and give the keys  
back to your door.  
And how I cried and tried and tried to make you  
stay with me.  
But still you said that love was gone, and that I  
had to leave.

Now you, talkin bout a family  
Now you, sayin I complete your dream  
Now you, sayin I'm your everything  
You confusin me  
What you say to me  
Don't play with me  
Don't play with me.  
Cause what goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
Now who's cryin, desirin to come back to me  
What goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
Now who's cryin, desirin to come back

I remember when  
I was sittin home alone  
Waitin for you  
Til 3 o'clock in the morn  
And when you came home, you'd always have  
some sorry excuse.  
And explainin to me, like I'm just some kinda  
fool  
I sacrifice the things I want to and do things for  
you  
But when it's time to do for me, you never come  
through

Now you, wanna be up under me (eyyy)  
Now you, have so much to say to me (heyy)  
Now you, wanna make time for me  
What you do to me.  
You confusin me  
Don't play with me  
Don't play with me.  
Cause what goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
Now who's cryin, desirin to come back to me  
What goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
Now who's cryin, desirin to come back

I remember when  
I was sittin home alone  
Waitin for you  
Til 3 o'clock in the morn  
Night after night  
Knowin something goin on  
Wasn't long before I be gggone  
Lord knows it wasn't easy, but believe me.  
Never thought you'd be the one that would  
deceived me.

And never do wha u was supposed to do  
No need to approach me boo, cause I'm ova you

Cause what goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
Now who's cryin, desirin to come back to me  
What goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
Gotta stop tryin, to come back to me  
What goes around, comes around.  
What goes up, must come down.  
It's called Karma baby.  
And it goes around.  
What goes around, comes around,  
What goes up, must comes down,  
Now who's cryin, desirin to come back to me