

Sitting back in the chair
Thinking about the last time
I saw your face around mine (around mine)
The words were put on temporary delay
So what the hell was I supposed to say?
You walked away

I tried to not think about it at all
Tossed and turned in my sleep
Until your vision was gone
With a few drinks and a couple of tears
I should be over this in just a couple of years
Addicted to the feeling of being a crush
Maybe I'll just drive cuz it gives me a rush
I can't slow it down so I crash and burn
They call me a loveaholic
I don't feel like I can solve it
Now I feel so diabolic without you, without you
They call me a loveaholic
I don't feel like I can solve it
Now I feel so diabolic, I need you, I feel you

Doctor, doctor please prescribe me a prescription
Some antiseptics for my affliction
It's getting worse; I've got a terrible condition
But it's what happens when you're dealing with addiction
See, I'm missing my love
I miss what it was, the kisses and hugs
Yo, the way I'm missing her got me thinking its drugs
Like Cupid upgraded from arrows to slugs

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Look, I need to go to rehab
For what we had
And I admit I never expected it to be bad
But losing you got me falling like my knees bad
She keep asking me how I can be mad
I let her go in the first place

Had to do it
Stupid but you've always been the first face
I keep in mind when I rhyme and write songs
Missing all your lingerie and tight thongs
Just a little nasty, but always kept it classy
Flashy, but humble enough to still attract me
And I still keep your picture in my wallet
Call it what you call it
I'm a damn loveaholic

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Oh, try not to think about it all
The butterflies inside will eventually fall
Try not to think about it now
I will find someone, just tell me how

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