

Confessions, Pt. II

Usher

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These are my confessions
Just when I thought I said all I can say
I came up with more secrets to tell you today
These are my confessions
Slipped my mind the last two times, silly me
So now I gotta give you part three of my confessions

First I told you 'bout the skank that I was cheatin' with
Then I mentioned she's havin' my kid
That's not all, now I recall more, you see
So I'll give you part three of my confessions

Now this gon' be the hardest thing I think I ever had to do
Gonna tell you everything I left out of parts one and two
Like, remember when I told you that I knew Pauley Shore
Pauley Shore, that's a lie, I don't know what I said that for

I borrowed your ChapStick from you without asking
Oh, and I tried out your nose hair trimmer too
And by the way, your "diamond" ring is cubic zirconium
I killed your goldfish accidentally, just replaced it with another one

These are my confessions
Just when I thought I said all I can say
I need to get some things off my chest right away
These are my confessions
Slipped my mind the last two times, silly me
Now I guess I gotta give you part three of my confessions

Threw up on your dog last time I had too much to drink
There've been times when I peed in your sink
Don't know why but you and I should agree
That belongs in part three of my confessions

Baby forgive me I'm still trying to figure out
Why I used your toothbrush to clean off the bathroom grout
Oh, and sometimes in private
Really like to dress up like Shirley Temple
And spank myself with a hockey stick

My boss thinks I'm a jerk, didn't get that raise
I haven't changed my underwear in twenty-seven days

And when I'm kissing you I fantasize you're a midget
I'm so sorry Debbie, I mean Bridget

These are my confessions
Just when I thought I said all I can say
I got a few more secrets I'd like to convey
These are my confessions
Slipped my mind the last two times, silly me
Now I guess I gotta give you part three of my confessions

Gave you buttered toast I dropped and picked up off the floor
FYI, it was not a cold sore

(Not a cold sore)
Whoops, my bad
(Hope you're not sore at me)
But you'll be madder at me when I finish part three of my confessions

You don't know how hard it is for me to tell you this
But you remember that shirt you got me for my birthday?
Well, I returned it for store credit
That thing was hideous, what were you thinking?
Oh, by the way, I wasn't really sick last week
I just didn't want to go to your stupid office picnic
Oh, and when I told you at breakfast we were all out of Rice Krispies
What I meant was, there was only enough left for me, sorry

These are my confessions
Just when I thought I said all I can say
I thought of some more things that should scare you away
These are my confessions
Slipped my mind the last two times, silly me
I guess I gotta give you part three of my confessions

Once I blew my nose and then I wiped it on your cat
And I lied, yes, that dress makes you look fat
Anyway, I shouldn't say anymore
'Til I give you part four of my confessions

I mean, I'm just getting started here
I'm not even halfway down the list
This thing could go on for

Hey hey, where you goin'?
Honey?
What?
Was it something I said?
Women!