

Samsonite Man

Fashawn

I don't wanna do this
Over and over He's a man so full of style and grace
Any woman be impressed
Takes a smile and paints it on your face
Makes you feel like you've been blessed
Promises things so special
Sees it comin' from a song
Soon as you begin to feel secure, yea
Turn around and he is gone Packin' his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packin' his bags, gotta go
He's a Samsonite man Maybe he is just a rollin' stone
Wanderin' from here to there
Searching for a place to call his home
Wonder if he even cares
So many years of heartache and pain
Is all you seem to know him for
Is it you or is it he to blame?
Whenever he walks out your door Packin' his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packin' his bags, gotta go
He's a Samsonite man Where you're always runnin' to, away from me?
If the wind blows you in my direction
You come through to rendezvous
Forget about your good intentions
Leave me lonely and confused
Mister Samsonite pack a bag
That is my suggestion
From here on out you will be leavin'
To my discretion, yea So I know the game baby
And it will never be the same
No, no no no no
'Cause now I got him Packin' his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packin' his bags, gotta go, gotta go
Packin' his bags, gotta go, gotta go
(Now you gotta go)
Packin' his bags, gotta go
(I can't take it no more)
Packin' his bags, gotta go, gotta go
(It's all I know him for)
Packin his bags, gotta go

He's a Samsonite man Why don't you just go?

Yea yea, yea yea, woa woa, yea yea

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 }

Lyrics provided by

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