

# Professional

## The Weeknd

It's ideal oh  
You need someone to tell you how to feel  
And you think your happiness is real  
There's so much more the world has to reveal  
But you choose to be concealed  
So you're somebody now  
But what's a somebody in a nobody town  
I don't think you even know it  
So you're somebody now  
But what's a somebody in a nobody town  
You made enough to quit a couple years ago  
But it consumes you  
It's everywhere you go  
And just the thought alone  
Got you trippin' got you losing your mind  
And I don't blame you  
It's everything you know  
All this time  
This ain't you  
I decide  
When we're through  
I love  
You love  
This love  
We're professional  
I know  
You know  
We're sophisticated  
At lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin',  
We're professional at lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', (we're prof) What da fuck does it mean, oh  
When your heart's already numb  
You're professional  
Won't treat it like it's personal  
No, 'cause it's just love  
It always makes it's way back around  
It's dispensable  
To fall is unacceptable  
'Cause everything you've been through made you stronger

And every day you learn about yourself  
And nothing really played out how it's supposed to  
Depending on somebody else's wealth  
But now you know the value of a dollar  
And girl I make enough of it to spend  
I love the way you've put yourself together  
I love the way you make that body bend  
For me again  
Oh yeah I love  
You love  
This love  
We're professional  
I know  
You know  
We're sophisticated

At lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin' All of those nights you were up early holding your  
own

Girl, you've got it made  
Had you blaming yourself all when life did you wrong  
Now, you've got it made  
Getting rich to the drums of your favorite song  
Girl, you've got it made  
'Cause your freedom was here in this cage all along  
Oh, how did you drain, all the soul from your eyes  
How did you teach, teach yourself, how to smile  
In a world (in a world)  
Where your dreams (where your dreams)  
Can't be real  
No  
Every touch  
That you sell  
Is a lie I love  
You love  
This love  
We're professional  
I know  
You know  
We're sophisticated

At lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
We're professional at lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin', lovin'  
Lovin', lovin', lovin', We're professional

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