

A Letter to Tracy

Keb' Mo'

I don't have no reason
To turn you around
I don't have all the reasons
To turn you around
I ain't going nowhere, baby
No how, no way You're not always an angel, baby
And I ain't no saint
You're not always an angel, baby
Oh Lord, and I ain't no saint
Well, I know I'm gonna leave you, baby
Well baby, that something I ain't I don't have a reason
To turn you around
Oh, I don't have a reason, baby
Oh, to turn you around
'Cause I ain't going nowhere, baby
No way, no how My love is like a rock
Not a fair weathered friend
Ooh girl, my love is like a rock, yeah
I ain't no fair weathered friend
Well, I'll follow you up the mountain
Down the road and back again I don't have no trophy
To prove I'm a man
I don't need no trophy, baby
Oh, to prove I'm a man, yeah
I just want somebody to talk to, girl yeah
So I can be free I don't have a reason
Sorry about that false alarm
That turned you 'round
Oh baby, I ain't got all the reasons
Oh, to make you stay
I ain't going nowhere
Come on, here we go, go on
No how, no way

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