

## Houston Whitney

### "It's Not Right But It's Okay (version 3 - from Jus"

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Friday night you and your boys went out to eat,  
uh  
Then they hung out  
But you came home around three, yes you did  
If six of ya'll went out, uh  
Then four of you were really cheap, yeah  
Cause only two of you had dinner  
I found your credit card receipt

It's not right, but it's okay  
I'm gonna make it anyway  
Pack your bags up and leave  
And don't you dare come running back to me  
It's not right, but it's okay  
I'm gonna make it anyway  
Close the door behind you, leave your key  
I'd rather be alone than unhappy, yeah, uh

I'll pack your bags so you can leave town for a  
week, yes I am  
The phone rings, and then you look at me  
Why'd you turn and look at me  
You said it was one of your friends  
Down on 54th street, boy  
So why did 213 show up on your caller ID, oh

I've been through all this before  
Don't think about it, don't think about it  
Get gone, get gone  
Things have got to change baby  
You don't stand a chance boy  
Say yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Don't you turn around  
There's no more tears left here for you to see

Was it really worth you going out like that, tell  
me, oh  
See I'm moving on  
And I refuse to turn back, back, back, yeah  
See all of this time  
I thought I had somebody down for Whitney

It turns out, you were making a fool of me, oh

Show'd up okay  
Make it anyway  
Pack your bags, get up and leave  
Don't you dare, back to me boy  
It's not right, It's okay  
I'm gonna, I'm gonna, uh  
Close your door, and leave your key  
Rather be alone than unhappy, oh

It's not right, It's okay baby  
I can pay my own rent  
Pave my life now  
Take care of my business, oh, oh, oh, oh  
Oh Lord, oh Lord, ooh  
Give it up and leave  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Rather be alone, be alone than unhappy

I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright  
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright  
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright  
Dooh, dooh, dooh, dooh  
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright  
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright  
I'm gonna be okay, I'm gonna be alright  
dooh, dooh, dooh

It's not right, but it's okay  
I'm gonna make it anyway  
Pack your bags, up and leave  
Don't you dare come running back to me  
It's not right, but it's okay  
I'm gonna make it anyway  
Close the door behind you, leave your key I'd rather be  
alone than unhappy, yeah

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