

# Mad

## Anthony Hamilton

I'm mad at the way she loves me.  
And I'm mad at the way she cares.  
I'm mad at the way she touch me.|  
At the way that she comb her hair.I'd be lying, if I said it didn't mean a thing.  
I'd be lying, if I said I didn't care.  
I'd be lying, if I said I didn't love her.  
I'm still here. I'm still here.I'm mad at the way she loves me.  
I'm mad at the time we spent.  
I'm mad about our conversation.  
Damn, I'm mad about everything.  
I'd be lying, if I said it didn't mean a thing.  
I'd be lying, if I said I didn't care.  
I'd be lying, if I said it didn't mean a thing.  
I'm still here. I'm still here.And I'm made about the way she loves me.  
And I'm mad at my next of kin.  
And I'm mad about the Sunday dinners.  
And I'm mad that they count me in.  
I'd be lying, if I said it didn't mean a thing.  
I'd be lying, if I said I didn't care.  
I'd be lying, if I said it didn't mean a thing.  
I'm still here. I'm still here.I ain't never gonna leave.

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