I'm standing here looking in the mirror
Saying "damn" to myself
I should have known the day would come
That she would find somebody else
And all the things I took her through
Shit, I shouldn't have lasted this long
Now I'm at this telephone booth calling Tyrone

Cuz when a woman's fed up
(No matter how you beg, no)
It ain't nothing you can do about it
(Nothing you can do about it)
It's like running out of love
(No matter what you say, no)
And then it's too late to talk about it
(Too late to talk about it)

Now let's talk about how it all goes down
I used to make love to you daily
When the night fell the same
And anytime that you were hurt
I could feel your pain
And if I had a dollar
It was yours, yeah
And whenever we would go out
I would front the bill
But now the up is down
And the silence is sound
I hurt you too too many times
Now I can't come around

Cuz when a woman's fed up
(No matter how you beg, no)
It ain't nothing you can do about it
(Nothing you can do about it)
It's like running out of love
(No matter what you say, no)
And then it's too late to talk about it
(Too late to talk about it)

La da da da la la da da La da da da la la da da If you don't want to find out the hard way Then listen to this song while the record plays

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It ain't nothing you can do about it
(Nothing you can do about it)
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(No matter what you say, no)
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(Too late to talk about it)

You can cry a river
'Till an ocean starts to form, yeah
But she will always remember

Cuz she's a woman scorned And if you ever get her back It will never be the same She's cuttin' the corners of her eyes Every time she see your face Now your trust is out the door She don't want you no more You used to tell your boys, not me And she would always be there for you If you had took the time to see What that woman meant to you Is what the mirror said to me, whoa She was raised in Illinois Right outside of Chicago Some of the best cookin' you ever had Yes, it was and I miss her Hey woman, if you're listening I said I miss you baby