

Bryan Adams, Win Some, Lose Some

Now you know
That I stood outside your window
Just a little too long.

What you're gonna do
When the hours pass away
And you know that I'm gone.
Well, it may be a week,
It may be a day,
I'm six blocks over
And I don't know what to say to you.

Jokin' 'bout your mama
Went a little too far.
But you caught me
Out with the others
Till the early dawn.

There may be a time
If we played it right
I'm six blocks over
And you wanna spend a night with me.

Now the hours and the minutes
Just fly away.
You win some and you lose some,
You gotta get it right
Or I'll be saying
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye.

Thinkin' back to
The way you're holdin' me down,
I'd be better off dead.

Now you know
That the time is running out
Of the things we said.

Well, it may be a week,
It may be a day,
I'm six blocks over
And I don't know what to say to you.

Now the hours and the minutes
Just fly away.
You win some and you lose some,
You gotta get it right
Or I'll be saying
Bye bye bye bye ...