

Izabela Trojanowska, I'm not a loser

I should call You
On the telephone
To tell You how rough I feel
There's a game
Being played somewhere
I'm in the dark
And I don't know how to deal
The door is still open
But I know it's closing down
I don't want to seem like
I'm hit to hard but
Losers end up last

I'm not a loser
I'm not about to let anyone see
We're gonna beat
This thing together
Make the nightmare real

What's the sense
Of trying to hide it
Even if it makes You sad
I've got to look
For the answers somewhere
I don't care if they're good
Or they're bad
I'll put some shape
Into the shadow
I'll make some illusions mine
There's one thing that
You learn in this life
Losers end up last