

THE LOSER

By John Lipinski

I've been taken for granted apparently, too soft a touch
A weakness of mine, do it every time, in love, I give too much
All she ever has to say to me is, honey, can I have this
I've spent all of my money on her never-ending list

And I've been misused, why did I choose you?
There's just no excuse, I shouldn't take abuse
A temper with a short fuse, I turn a bright chartreuse
I drink too much booze, and start singin' the blues
Better learn to refuse, mind my own P's and Q's
My heart's been bruised, and I'm dazed and confused
Take a walk in my shoes, you won't be amused
You know this isn't new news, I was born to lose

I think I know, the reason why, they always say bye-bye
Cuz, I give in, to every whim, no backbone, have I
But they'll come a day, I'll wake up and say, It's over, I'm all used up
It won't matter to anyone, whatever, It's never enough

And I've been mis-used, why did I choose you?
There's no excuse, I shouldn't take abuse
A temper with a short fuse, I turn a bright chartreuse
I drink too much booze, which starts me singin' the blues
Better learn to refuse, mind my own P's and Q's
My heart's been bruised, now I'm dazed and confused
So take a walk in my shoes, you won't be amused
You know this isn't new news, I was born to lose
They call me a loser, cuz, I was born to lose