

## Losers

Balthazar

You're here with me for the moment  
But I know you're going back  
You have a brown leather suitcase  
You didn't bother to unpack

I've been tying my shoes together  
Then I've been trying to walk away  
I was a junkie all summer  
But autumn's here any day now

How much, how much it feels like  
We are losing for the moment  
How much, how much it feels like  
We are losers on the verge of something great

The stars are directing the future  
What they're tuning into I can't say  
But I want the universe to love me  
I'm writing songs every day

There's a girl singing into a hairbrush  
There's a mob boss in every man  
I wish I could sing tralala  
The way Paolo Conte can, right

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(Pa-pa-pam, pa-pa-pam, pa-pa)  
(Pa-pa-pam, pa-pa-pam, pa-pa)  
On the verge of something great

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