

Sore Loser

ella jane

Watching you small talk through a window pane
As she's sipping your coffee, gonna rot my brain
I always knew that I'd give in to jealousy
But I never thought that it would be the death of me
Standing there bleeding, digging my own grave

I'm a sore loser
Who always falls for the winner
Should've warned you first that
You struck a deal with a life long quitter
I know I'm being a bad sport
But I'm getting kinda sick of watching the scoreboard
And I don't think I can play you anymore

Making a clean cut, tryna brush you off (Brush you, brush you off)
But you're under my skin now, guess you're never getting lost
Look at me smiling at you like your biggest fan
Oh God, it's embarrassing hoping you'd understand
But I'll wait just in case you wake up and and you get it right

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Who always falls for the winner
Should've warned you first that
You struck a deal with a life long quitter
I know I'm being a bad sport
But I'm getting kinda sick of watching the scoreboard
And I don't think I can play you anymore

Anymore
Oh, no, oh-oh

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Who always falls for the winner
Warned you first that
You struck a deal with a life long quitter
I know I'm being a bad sport
But I'm getting kinda sick of watching the scoreboard
And I don't think I can play you anymore

Oh-oh, oh-mm
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Mm-mm
Ooh-ooh-ooh