

Losing You

Flyte

I met a girl last night, she was only twenty-three
I brought her home to mine and she gave herself away to me
But the light in the hallway and the silence in my room
Said I don't think I'll get used to losing you

And you were wearing that red dress when you took him upstairs
The one I bought you in New York before you made this mess
You've run with another, you've cut me through and through
And still I don't think I'll get used to losing you

A riverside hotel tonight
With walls that catch the city light
Just tell me you want me I don't care if it's true
Cause I don't think I'll get used to losing you

Tell me where did you learn to lie so well
To love like a secret that you'd never tell?
You stripped me of everything and I hate you, I really do
Still I don't think I'll get used to losing you