

Loser

Kyle Hume

You make me feel like such a loser
'Cause everything about you's so much cooler
And everybody knows you're so much cuter (So much cuter)
I guess that god must have a sense of humor, oh yeah
Hallelujah my man

Hot shot
God only knows how I got ya
I'm such a fan, girl you a rock star
I'm kinda bland but you the hot sauce
Ooh you a little spicy, sugar sweet
And I ain't talking flavor of the week
Way more than seven days, you make me weak
Well lucky at me

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Hallelujah my man

You must be a angel baby
'Cause you give me life but at the same time
You still take my breath away
(You a five plus five)
Baby I just did the math, you shouldn't worry
'Cause you're the prom queen and I'm the nerd
Like I'm the broccoli and you're dessert
Dinner's served

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Ah yeah