

# Loser

Mike Ryan

You can lose the shirt off your back on a black jack table  
Smoky room on a Saturday night  
Walk out, tail between your legs  
Couldn't get it back if you tried  
You can lose that home game with the score tie  
So damn close, second yard line  
And you drop the ball, never felt so small  
Swallow more pride

But you don't know nothing  
Until you felt the sting  
Oh of a woman's love packed up  
Flying out your drive way  
Sitting there watching her leave  
You don't know heartbreak  
Until it breaks for real yeah  
And then she's goodbye, long gone  
Thought you did but oh no  
You don't really how it feels  
To be a loser  
Until you lose her

Does she ain't lying there calling you baby  
Head on your shoulder in the morning light  
Black dress on the hardwood floor  
Next to the spilled red wine  
'Til you're right there drinking trying to forget her  
Now you see her out with somebody else  
And she's wearing that smile that you couldn't give her  
Man, that's what I call hell

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'Til you're losing your mind  
Losing your head  
Can't even get out of your bed  
'Til you're staring at the ceiling  
World going black  
'Cause you know you can't win her back

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