

# Losing Things

Patty Smyth

My way my prayer and one good shoe  
A book that I was halfway through  
My train of thought my mother's ring  
I'm good at losing things

My words, my nerves, all track of time  
The shoulder of a friend of mine  
The places where my hope still springs  
I'm good at losing things

Well I lost my place and I fell behind  
Baby when did you get so hard to find  
I've been careless with your love I know it's true  
Tell me I'm not losing you

My faith, my fight, my childhood home  
My love of spending time alone  
The taste for whiskey and its sting  
I'm good at losing things

My dad myself and Peace of Mind  
My favorite dog and so much time  
The song my grandpa used to sing  
I'm good at losing things

Well I lost my place and I fell behind  
Baby when did you get so hard to find  
I've been careless with your love I know it's true  
Tell me I'm not losing you

A string of pearls, a boy I loved  
Her baby curls, a small red glove  
My faith in what your love could bring  
I'm good at losing things

Well I lost my place and I fell behind  
Baby when did you get so hard to find  
I've been careless with your love I know it's true  
Tell me I'm not losing you  
I lost my place and I fell behind  
Baby when did you get so hard to find  
I've been careless with your love I know it's true  
Tell me I'm not losing you  
Tell me I'm not losing you  
When did I start losing you