

Can't stand losing you - 1/1

Interprété par The Police.

I've called you so many times today
And I guess it's all true what your girlfriends say
That you don't ever want to see me again
And your brother's going to kill me and he's six feet ten

I guess you'd call it cowardice
but i'm not prepared to go and like this

I can't stand losing you...

I see you've sent my letters back
And my LP records and they're all scratched
I can't see the point in another day
When nobody listens to a word I say

You can call it lack of confidence
But to carry on living doesn't make no sense

I can't stand losing you...

I guess this is our last goodbye
And you don't care so I won't cry
But you'll be sorry when I'm dead
And all this guilt will be on your head

I guess you'd call it suicide
But I'm too full to swallow my pride

I can't stand losing you...