

# The Parliaments

## "All Your Goodies Are Gone (The Loser's Seat)"

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I am through with you  
Baby, I refuse to be blue  
So let hurt put you in the loser's seat, ha ha yeah  
So let hurt put you behind the wheel, ha ha yeah

Shame, shame on me  
For thinking that I could possibly be  
The exclusive one of your choice  
In this world infested with boys

Well, now I know that I am first on your list  
And if I leave, I'm gonna be missed  
But can't take a chance on you  
Why it's so easy to become number two

You see I refuse to be blue  
Meaning I'm cutting you loose  
So let hurt put you in the loser's seat, ha ha yeah  
So let hurt put you behind the wheel yeah yeah

Let you see how it feels (let you see how it feels)  
To be un-for-real (to be un-for-real)  
Without a love of your own (without a love of your own)  
And all your goodies are gone (all your goodies are gone)  
And all your goodies are gone (all your goodies are gone)

Ooh. so good  
I admit your love was good  
But it don't rectify how I'll cry  
If you ever tell me goodbye

You see refuse to be blue  
Meaning, I'm, I gotta cut you loose  
So let hurt put you in the loser's seat, ha ha yeah  
So let hurt put you behind the wheel

Let you see how it feels (let you see how it feels)  
To be un-for-real (to be un-for-real)  
To be without a love of your own (without a love of your own)

And all your goodies are gone (all your goodies are  
gone)  
All your goodies are gone (all your goodies are gone)  
All your goodies are gone

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