

Dylan Leblanc

"Ain't Too Good At Losing"

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I think too much
In the morning when I wake up
From the shadows of doubt
I can't run
For the worse or for the better
Like a loaded gun

Like a feather I'm falling
So lightly to the ground
Oh and God, I'm so lost
Just hoping to be found
Oh and if misery was the ocean
I would've already drowned
If misery was the ocean
I would've already drowned

Well I've been holding out for a lover
That's never gonna come
But there ain't, ain't no other
That I think I could love
And I ain't too good at losing
But I give up
No, I ain't too good at losing
But I give up

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