

# Izabela Trojanowska, I'm not a loser

I should call You  
On the telephone  
To tell You how rough I feel  
There's a game  
Being played somewhere  
I'm in the dark  
And I don't know how to deal  
The door is still open  
But I know it's closing down  
I don't want to seem like  
I'm hit to hard but  
Losers end up last

I'm not a loser  
I'm not about to let anyone see  
We're gonna beat  
This thing together  
Make the nightmare real

What's the sense  
Of trying to hide it  
Even if it makes You sad  
I've got to look  
For the answers somewhere  
I don't care if they're good  
Or they're bad  
I'll put some shape  
Into the shadow  
I'll make some illusions mine  
There's one thing that  
You learn in this life  
Losers end up last