## The Police, Can't Stand Losing You

(Sting)

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 gonna kill me and he's six feet ten
I guess you'd call it cowardice
But I'm not prepared to go on like this

I can't, I can't
I can't stand losing
I can't, I can't
I can't stand losing
I can't, I can't
I can't
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, I can't
I can't stand losing
I can't, I can't
I can't, I can't
I can't, I can't
I can't, I can't
I can't stand losing
I can't, I can't
I can't stand losing

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