

# Win Some, Lose Some

Bryan Adams

Now you know  
That I stood outside your window  
Just a little too long.

What you're gonna do  
When the hours pass away  
And you know that I'm gone.  
Well, it may be a week,  
It may be a day,  
I'm six blocks over  
And I don't know what to say to you.

Jokin' 'bout your mama  
Went a little too far.  
But you caught me  
Out with the others  
Till the early dawn.

There may be a time  
If we played it right  
I'm six blocks over  
And you wanna spend a night with me.

Now the hours and the minutes  
Just fly away.  
You win some and you lose some,  
You gotta get it right  
Or I'll be saying  
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye.

Thinkin' back to  
The way you're holdin' me down,  
I'd be better off dead.

Now you know  
That the time is running out  
Of the things we said.

Well, it may be a week,  
It may be a day,  
I'm six blocks over  
And I don't know what to say to you.

Now the hours and the minutes  
Just fly away.  
You win some and you lose some,  
You gotta get it right  
Or I'll be saying  
Bye bye bye bye ...