I don't know what to do (x4)

All the times it's worked
All those times are gone, are gone
All the times I've loved

You know I've got to learn to lose for a while
Yeah I've got to learn to lose for a while
I guess I've got to learn, you used to be mine
Woah I've got to learn, learn you used to be mine oh
Till I learn one day to turn my troubles to gold

I long to be done with all these nothin air miles
Got behind my shoes, got behind my style
Going down the river, fast times
All the times I've worked
All those times I know, oh
All the times I cried ooo

You know I've got to learn to lose for a while
Yeah I've got to learn to lose for a while
I guess I've got to learn, you used to be mine, oh
I've got to learn, learn you used to mine, oh
Till I learn one day to turn my troubles to gold, oh.

I don't know what to do (x4)

Last time I lost control of my confidence it took me 5 years to get it back It took my big chances from me

Made some good arrangements, made some bad arrangements Don't know which one came first—the promise or its reverse How close did you get to the end of the line?

But you know I've got to learn to lose for a while
Yeah I've got to learn to lose for a while
I guess I've got to learn you used to be mine
I guess I've got to learn, learn, you used to be mine, o
h
Till I learn one day turn my troubles to gold (x2)