Losing Ground

Newton Faulkner

Why are there always rizzlas?
Why are there never filters?
In my cupboard
I'm at the starting line
I'm jumping the gun this time
I'm up

I've got a feeling
No this is not the same
Is the ground simply opening
In this fight
I think I'm losing ground
Find me some loaded dice
Why is luck never on my side
In this fight
I think I'm losing yes I'm losing
But I'm feeling fine

Why are they always leaving And leaving my heart bleeding I don't need it

Come with me on a plane We're going on holiday I've got a feeling

No this is not the same
Is the ground simply opening
In this fight
I think I'm losing ground
Find me some loaded dice
Why is luck never on my side
In this fight
I think I'm losing yes I'm losing
But I'm feeling fine

I'm in the firing line
I'm leaving this all behind me
I'm going fishing
I need some peace and quiet
I need to change my diet
I'm on a mission

No this is not the same
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