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Lay down all those instruments of navigation,
'cause we're already lost.
And maybe we
Will come apart at the seams.
Am I losing you?
Are you losing me?
Are you losing me?
Are you losing me?
So lay down all those instruments of navigation.
Cause we're already lost.
And maybe we
will fall apart at the seams?
Am I through with you?
Have you had enough of me?
Are you losing me?
Are you losing me?
I waited up all night
And my thoughts were all of desolation.
But the best part
Of waiting up all night
Was in the morning
When I didn't feel a thing.
I woke up this morning
And he had already gone.
(There's his keys where he left them)
And how did he
Even need someone to be
The one for him?
I thought he was the one for me.
Is he losing me?
Is he losing me?
And I waited up all night.
And my thoughts were all of desolation.
But the best part of waiting up all night
Was in the morning when I didn't feel a thing.
And I waited up all night.
And my thoughts were all of desolation.
WOO... WOO....
woo... wooo...
But the best part of waiting up all night
Was in the morning when
I didn't feel a thing.
I didn't feel a thing.
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