

# Black 47, Losin' It

Chuckie said "I don't know what's goin' on  
I'm down on my knees and I'm ah uh oh losin' it  
Been up and down this New York town  
Lookin' for a break, just a fair shake of it  
But the people all got concrete in their eyes and their points of view  
The taxis and the mailboxes all wanta make love to me 'xactly like you used to do  
And uh oh oh oh oh - oh oh - oh I'm ah uh uh losin' it  
And uh oh oh oh oh, I'm down on my knees and I'm ah uh uh losin' it.

Here come a cop, "I heard she left you, son,  
But it's time that you picked up the pieces  
The whole town's talkin' about you  
Ever since your waitress gave you the deep freeze  
And now she's runnin' with a cab driver who swears he's the crucified King of Siam  
But Jesus is comin', so hold on, he's just stalled up around the bend"  
And uh oh oh oh oh - oh oh - oh I'm ah uh uh losin' it  
And uh oh oh oh oh, I'm down on my knees and I'm ah uh uh losin' it.

You say "why don't I go see a shrink"  
But I don't need to spend a grand a month  
To know that I'm out of my head  
'Cause you said you'd be better off dead  
Than livin' with me.

My boss said "what the hell's goin' on  
The whole firm knows that you're losin' it"  
I just jumped up on his desk, did a Celtic war dance  
Teach that fool a lesson  
Then I burned all your lingerie and I tried stichin' it back together again and then  
This clock started tickin' in my head and oh oh oh here I go again  
And uh oh oh oh oh - oh oh - oh I'm ah uh uh losin' it  
And uh oh oh oh oh, I'm down on my knees and I'm ah uh uh losin' it.