Anna Ternheim, Losing You

Fine white sheet and candles, too
Beds in a straight row, one's for you
No one talks straight at you
Just outside in the hallway
Flowers in the window, red and blue
Rose, people here still think of you
No bleeding eye when they pass
Don't bang your head against the glass
What can I do? I am losing you
What can I do? I am losing you
What can I do? I am losing you
What can I do? I am losing you
From the doorway watching you sleep
Before you wake up, not when you eat
Keep it straight, wipe your mouth
Keep it down, Rose don't shout
What can I do? I am losing you
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