Corinne Bailey Rae, I'm Losing You

Here in some stranger's room Late in the afternoon What am I doing here at all? Ain't no doubt about it I'm losing you I'm losing you

Somehow the wires got crossed Communication's lost Can't even get you on the telephone Just got to shout about it I'm losing you I'm losing you

Well, here in the valley of indecision I don't know what to do I feel you slipping away I feel you slipping away I'm losing you I'm losing you

Well now, you say you're not getting enough But I remind you of all that bad, bad, bad stuff So what the hell am I supposed to do? Just put a bandaid on it? And stop the bleeding now Stop the bleeding now

I'm losing you I'm losing you Well, well, well

I know I hurt you then
But hell, that was way back when
Well, do you still have to carry that cross? (drop it)
Don't want to hear about it
I'm losing you
I'm losing you
Don't want to lose you now
Well
So long ago