

Silje Nergaard, Keep On Backing Losers

I keep on backing losers
The beggars not the choosers
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The beggars not the choosers

How come they always find me
Then turn my head and blind me
With tales of how they need to start anew
They feed but never feed me
I just cater for the needy
Tending broken hearts is what i do

I keep on backing losers
The beggars not the choosers
But I'm no longer buying
The sobbing and the sighing

I'm through with playing sister
Of mercy to the Mistrs
Who tell me that they're so misunderstood
And that being with me is giving
Them the strength to go on living
And that I alone can make them feel so good

I keep on backing losers
The beggars not the choosers
But I'm no longer buying
The sobbing and the sighing

Years
Of stroking heads and drying tears
Of being there to calm their fears
I've had enough I'm steering clear, clear, clear