

# 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 Misters  
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