

# Sting, Can't Stand Losing You

I've called you so many times today  
And I guess it's all true what your girlfriends say  
That you don't ever want to see me again  
And your brother's gonna kill me and he's six feet ten  
I guess you'd call it cowardice  
But I'm not prepared to go on like this

I can't, I can't  
I can't stand losing  
I can't stand losing you

I see you've sent my letters back  
And my LP records and they're all scratched  
I can't see the point in another day  
When nobody listens to a word I say  
You can call it lack of confidence  
But to carry on living doesn't make no sense

I can't, I can't  
I can't stand losing

I guess this is our last goodbye  
And you don't care so I won't cry  
But you'll be sorry when I'm dead  
And all this guilt will be on your head  
I guess you'd call it suicide  
But I'm too full to swallow my pride

I can't, I can't  
I can't stand losing  
I can't stand losing you