

Wilbur Soot, Losing Face

First and foremost
Oh, let it be said, my dear
I was gonna wait for you
So this is not an act of spite
It's a visceral coming-to
She wrote an album
And that's something that I can't do
But what I can do is spit the truth
And it all leads back to you
Secondly, I know I haven't written much
You know the way I can be
Tonight, I'm fucking drunk
So it's all gonna be about me
Take a seat, pull up a chair
Give me one beat to fill my glass
I've lost a piece of me in you
But you've lost all your past
Is he better than me?
Has he seen more to this life?
Can he smoke more?
Can he fuck more?
Are you good enough to be his wife?
Can he break me?
Can he break you?
Oh, I don't know what I'm to do
Yes, I don't know what I'll fuckin' do
I've seen our café, I've clocked our plans
Oh, what could have been
If you didn't go and fall in love
And ruin everything
I've seen him
I've been him
I've felt the same way
But now I break against the dirt
Along with our cafés
Is he better than me?
Has he seen more to this life?
Can he smoke more?
Can he fuck more?
Are you good enough to be his wife?
Can he break me?
Can he break you?
Well, I don't know what I'm to do
Yes, I don't know what I'll fuckin' do
I've lost all meaning
I've lost my sense of hope
I've seen him going out with you
I've seen what he can do
So touch him
And break me
Strip naked
Embrace him
Lose faith in
His pace, his
Stamina and grace
I'm losing face
I'm losing face
I'm losing
I don't care, I want you here
As long as you're happy, I don't care