

# 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