

Robin Pecknold - I'm Losing Myself

Tom: C

I'm a fast breather, I'm a hairless dog

And alone at the end of the day, i'm just like the gathering fog

I'm a slow mover, I'm the best laid plans

And alone at the end of the day, I just sit with my head in my hands

But we speak easy

And we seldom fight

And i chew on the bones of the day while you sleep soft and warm in the night

And I can't see you

With anyone else

Even if that means holding me down, even if that means losing myself

He's a smooth talker
And he shaves his face
And I wonder if you look at me and instead see him taking my place

But I do need you
And no one else
And I hope you're around and forgiving when you see me losing myself

Da ra ra da

Da ra ra da

ra da ra ra ra da da

Da ra

Ra ra da

Acordes

