Duncan Laurence, Arcade

A broken heart is all that’s left
I’m still fixing all the cracks
Lost a couple of pieces when
 I carried it, carried it, carried it home

I’m afraid of all I am
My mind feels like a foreign land
Silence ringing inside my head
Please, carry me, carry me, carry me home

I’ve spent all of the love I saved
we’re always a losing game
small town boy in a big arcade
I got addicted to a losing game

all I know /2x
Loving you is a losing game

how many pennies in the slot
giving us up didn’t take a lot
I saw the end for it begun
Still I carried, I carried
I carry on!

all I know /2x
Loving you is a losing game
/2x

I don’t need your games
game over
get me off this rollercoaster

all I know /2x
Loving you is a losing game
/2x