

Lorrie Morgan, Used

Show me a picture of a perfect life
I wanna see it, wanna know what it looks like
Anybody got a grip on life
I wanna know, call me up, tell me what it feels like
I can't remember what it was to dream
I can't sleep with my soul so unclean
Gotta wake up, gotta let it go

CHORUS

Maybe I lost my way
Maybe I made mistakes
Who cares, I coulda quit but I didn't
Maybe I loved too much
Maybe I've lost too much
I'm used... But then, who isn't?

When we talk about the both of us
I feel like an old tire on a street bus
I'm not bitter, but I gotta pull out my pride
Everybody's got a skeleton
In the closet and you gotta live with them
Feels like a fishhook in my side

REPEAT CHORUS

Maybe I crashed and burned
But look at how much I've learned
Well, who cares... I'm livin'
I have to forgive myself
'cause I can't be no one else
Well, I'm used... But then, who isn't?
I'm used... But then, who isn't?