

# Rodney Atkins, What's Left Of Me

Taking my truck, guitar, the VCR  
What's left of me  
Ain't no better off  
Just used and simply confused  
by your complexity

Cause you took my heart and my soul  
and my self-esteem  
All that remains to be seen, yeah

Is what's left of me  
It's a mystery  
You were so devastatingly beautiful  
and I was brilliantly naive  
What's left of me  
What's left of me  
I'm what happens to a puppet  
when somebody cuts the strings  
What's left of me

I should have known I couldn't survive  
on my knees at that pace  
You left a catalog  
of bluehangdog expressions on my face  
Like a wrecking ball breaking hard  
Slicker than vasoline  
All and all I'm lucky to keep

What's left of me  
It's a mystery  
You were so devastatingly beautiful  
and I was brilliantly naive  
What's left of me  
What's left of me  
I'm what happens to a puppet  
when somebody cuts the strings  
What's left of me

Someday I might just get back in line  
That's if my nerve returns  
Considering I find

What's left of me  
It's a mystery  
Cause you were so devastatingly beautiful  
and I was brilliantly naive

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What's left of me