

# Used

Jess Moskaluke

Late at night phone rings  
I can hear the whiskey in your talksie  
Wanna little company  
Oh, but I know what you really want  
And I can get there quick enough  
I've already got one foot out the door  
We both know this ain't love  
But that ain't never stop this thing before

And I kept getting used, used, used  
To being used by you, you, you  
The pain so good  
That I don't ever wanna lose it

And I don't mind you dragging this heart around  
Made me so high  
I never wanna come down  
Hey, I could get used, used, used  
To being used by you

Melt into the candlelight  
And drown in a bottle of wine  
I'm so lost in your eyes  
That I lose track of time  
And I know when the morning comes  
Hey, I'm on my way back home  
I still have a good embrace  
That should last me till the next time you call

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