

## Used

Lorrie Morgan

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

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

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?

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?