

## Use

Sam Fender

Emphatic, over-dramatic, pathetic stories are spun  
About me and my loose tongue  
They'll have the jealousy pouring out as you sniff up the filth  
And text a tirade of hellish stuff  
I'm not here to hold you up  
While you pick away at my foundations  
Save me your story of woe  
Unwrap your colour world and spare me this for start  
Oh, no

And use, me all the time  
Use, me all the time  
Use, me all the time  
Use, me all the time

I'm crawling out of the stagnant hole that you're wallowing in  
So don't you claw at my ankles  
They use my name as a scapegoat to cover their back  
But I won't ever attack, I move against the compulsion  
Dig my heel in the ground to think that you had the notion  
That I wouldn't make a sound

Use, me all the time  
Use, me all the time  
Use, me all the time  
Use, me all the time

Oh you love her  
Oh, oh you love her  
Oh hah  
Oh you love her  
Oh you love