What's Left Of Me

Rodney Atkins

Taking my truck, guitar, the VCR and 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 while 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've known I couldn't survive on my knees at that pace
You left a catalog of blue hang-dog expressions on my face
Like a wrecking ball, breaking hearts slicker than Vaseline
All in all I'm lucky to keep, uh huh
What's left of me, it's a mystery
You were so devastatingly beautiful while 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
You were so devastatingly beautiful while I was brilliantly naive
I'm taking my truck, guitar, the VCR and what's left of me

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