Used

Puddle Of Mudd

Used Like an old panio played for generations slowly fading out of tune,
Used like the soul's on the bottom of my favorite pair of dancing shoes
I know I'm not some bright and shinny polished up car that's sparkling new right off the salesroom floor
Yeah I've got some dents and bruises I've been dropped
and there's a scar where my heart has been broke before,
but in the end I'll be worth a whole lot more
Used
Used, like a book read so many times front to back it starts to split in two,
Used like a house where a family lived till they died and there's a soul in every room
I know I'm not some brand new neww dress hanging there perfectly pressed,

that never has been worn
I've got some button's missing and there a couple stains
and places where the fabric has been torn,
but in the end I'll be worth a whole lot more,
Used
This fragile heart has been passed around been ignored and been let down,
been learning since the day that I was born
But everything it's been through has lead me down to this road to
and I can give like I couldn't give before,
but in the end I can love a whole lot more
Used
Used

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