

# 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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