

What's Left Of Me

Elvenking

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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