

# Used

## Sacha Sacket

Used Like an old piano 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 shiny 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 new 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,

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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

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