

Late at night phone rings
I can hear the whiskey in your talksie
Wanna little company
Oh, but I know what you really want
And I can get there quick enough
I've already got one foot out the door
We both know this ain't love
But that ain't never stop this thing before

And I kept getting used, used, used
To being used by you, you, you
The pain so good
That I don't ever wanna lose it

And I don't mind you dragging this heart around
Made me so high
I never wanna come down
Hey, I could get used, used, used
To being used by you

Melt into the candlelight
And drown in a bottle of wine
I'm so lost in your eyes
That I lose track of time
And I know when the morning comes
Hey, I'm on my way back home
I still have a good embrace
That should last me till the next time you call

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