

Charlotte Martin

"Used Parts"

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Well I'm a little bit short
And a little bit round
And a little bit soft
And a little too loud

And I'm a bit of her mouth
And a bit of her eyes
And a lot of this hurts
'Cause I'm never his type

And if you rip apart this
And you rip apart that
And you sew 'em back together
Could I call you my man?

And I can't feel my feet
Oh it's a scary situation
When you have no belief
That your past cannot be beaten
And this looks like a dagger
He's focused all around me
And all he sees is a woman made up of used parts

And I spoke to the prophets
And I prayed to the saints
And I thought my persistence was a symbol of faith

And I scream in his face
And I scream in the mirror
And he can't ever see that I'm standing right here

And you pick at my brain
While you're kicking my heart
Where's your dignity girls
That's your version of art

And I can't feel my feet
And it's a scary situation
When you have no belief
That your past cannot be beaten
And this looks like a dagger

He's focused all around me
But all he sees is a woman made up of used parts

I can't fight my fear
No no you've seen it all before
And then the paper dolls come to life
They all bow before you
So maybe we'll all join hands
And get the party started
All he sees is a woman made up of used parts

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