

## Mark Vincent

### "Used To The Pain"

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Six a.m., alarm goes off.  
I reach where you no longer lie  
But don't feel quite as lost.  
Everyday, I drive my truck.  
A little farther into work  
Before your memory catches up.

Radio on, I'm not afraid,  
I can listen to most any song  
The DJ wants to play.  
Slow but sure, I'm commin' around.  
No I'm not looking back I'm moving on now

But I, won't go so far as to say that I'm fine.  
Too much of what I've felt for you remains.  
I'd like to believe in the healing hands of time.  
But the truth is I really can't say.  
If I'm gettin' better or just used to the pain.

End of the day head back home.  
Have a bite to eat and sit down in the living room alone.  
Easy chair, watch T.V.  
Halfway through the news I'm soundly sleeping.

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