

John Wesley

"Used Up"

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There's no sense in need
There's no sense in your disbelief
That you could want love
That you could ever need love
That you could ever come to me

Just take my hand
Feel the warmth in us to understand
How you could ever want love
How you could ever need love
How you could ever come to me

I am not used up I am not
I am not cold, put your hands on me
I am not torn I am not
We will have love
It will set us free...

Down on my knees
I must suspend this disbelief
That you could ever want love
That you could ever need love
That you could ever come to me

I am not used up I am not
I am not cold, put your hands on me
I am not torn I am not
We will have love
It will set us free...

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