

Use

Sam Fender

Emphatic, over-dramatic, pathetic stories are spun
About me and my loose tongue
They'll have the jealousy pouring out as you sniff up the filth
And text a tirade of hellish stuff
I'm not here to hold you up
While you pick away at my foundations
Save me your story of woe
Unwrap your colour world and spare me this for start
Oh, no

And use, me all the time
Use, me all the time
Use, me all the time
Use, me all the time

I'm crawling out of the stagnant hole that you're wallowing in
So don't you claw at my ankles
They use my name as a scapegoat to cover their back
But I won't ever attack, I move against the compulsion
Dig my heel in the ground to think that you had the notion
That I wouldn't make a sound

Use, me all the time
Use, me all the time
Use, me all the time
Use, me all the time

Oh you love her
Oh, oh you love her
Oh hah
Oh you love her
Oh you love