

Hit Me

Conchita Wurst

Hit me with the bullets you make up in your head
Hit me with the pain that you came to get
Hit me with your threats that were left unsaid
Hit me with your bull and don't dare to pull back
Hit me with the blame you made up in your head
Hit me with regret

I am me, you are you
I know my vice, so do you
I gave you my heart, it's in two
Inside and outside I'm bruised
You tested me, I am through
I will not hide

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Hit me with your threats that were left unsaid
Hit me with your bull and don't dare to pull back
Hit me with the blame you made up in your head
Hit me with the things that I should regret
Hit me with the rage that you got instead
Hit me

You don't get to point the gun
And you don't get to force my hand
'Cause I don't get to mend the matters
I don't get to fight back
You don't get to raise complaint
And you don't get your rights back
'Cause I won't let you threaten me
And I won't give you parts of me (parts of me)
Just to heal (just to heal)
And to lead

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