

Hitting You

Loudon Wainwright III

Long ago I hit you, we were in the car
You were crazy in the back seat, it had gone too far
And I pulled the auto over, hit you with all my might
I knew right away it was too hard and I'd never make it right

I was aiming for your buttock but I struck your outer thigh
You had on a bathing suit and right before our eyes
Suntanned skin turned crimson where the hand had hit
And my palm stung from hitting you so hard that I hurt it

Against the law in Sweden, charges can be filed
Here it's all too common, a parent hits a child

On your face I saw the shock and then I saw the pain
Then I saw the look of fear, the fear I'd strike again

Then I saw your anger, your defiant pride
And then I saw one tear drop, the rest you kept inside

I said I was sorry, I tried to clean the slate
But with that blow I'd sewn a seed, I saw it was too late

These days things are awful between me and you
All we do is argue like two people who are through
I blame you, your friends, your school, your mother and MTV
Last night I almost hit you that blame belongs to me

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