Conchita Wurst, Hit Me

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

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 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, you don't get your rights back
cause i won't let you threaten me and i won't give you parts of me
just to heal and to lead

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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!

(hit me with the bullets you make up in your head
hit me with the pain that you came to get
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!)

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 the things that i should regret
hit me with the rage that you got instead
hit me!