

# 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

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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 the bullets you make up in your head  
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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!