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 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!