

3oh!3 "Hit It Again"

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I make her say ooh
Ooh
I make her say ooooooooooh

I got the dirty old hands of a drummer in a band but I
never really hit the sticks
I got the sun burned tan of every working man who's
spent a minute in a ditch
And I ain't gonna try to tell another lie
You never shoulda let me in
Cause I'm the type of guy who's never let inside to
show you where my hands have been

This is now, that was then
You broke my heart, I let you in
This is now, that was then
I fucked around with all your friends
Woah, woah, woah-oh-oh
Woah, woah, woah-oh-oh
This is now, that was then
Forget all about the past and let's hit it again

I make her say ooh
Ooh
I make her say ooooooooooh

She's eleven out of ten; got a body with a pin
You could pull it like a hand grenade
And I don't know where she's going,
But I know where she's been, cause it's the only time
my bed's been made
And I ain't gonna try to tell another lie

You trip me when you let me in
Cause I'm the type of guy who drinks until his eyes lose
sight of what's in front of him

This is now, that was then
You broke my heart, I let you in
This is now, that was then
I fucked around with all your friends
Woah, woah, woah-oh-oh

Woah, woah, woah-oh-oh
This is now, that was then
Forget all about the past and let's hit it again

She's the portrait of a model
I'm just a picture of a man
She's got her fingers on a bottle
But I'm drinking from a can
And she's always seeing people
And I'm always on my own
But she's right here begging
Saying "take me home"
"Take me home..."

This is now, that was then
You broke my heart, I let you in
This is now, that was then
I fucked around with all your friends
Woah, woah, woah-oh-oh
Woah, woah, woah-oh-oh
This is now, that was then
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