

## Doyle Damhnait "Every Hit"

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To your honey I am the bee

One drop of you would set me free

But like a coffin to its grave

I'm destined only to be a slave

And I deserve every hit I take

You keep throwing me down

And I, I won't break

I deserve all the love you fake

'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

What kind of games do lovers play

Where no one wins and all are blamed

Hung out to dry like my favorite dress

The newness gone you wear it less and less

And I deserve every hit I take

You keep throwing me down

And I won't break

And I deserve all the love you fake

'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

And the fruits of my betrayal

Came rotten to the core

Could not delight in its taste on my tongue

So I went searching for more

And I deserve every hit I take

You keep dragging me down

And I won't break

And I deserve all the love you fake

'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

And I deserve every hit I take

You keep dragging me down

And I just won't break

I deserve all the love you fake

'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

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