

Birthday Party, The

"She's Hit"

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There is woman pie in here
Mr. Evangelist says, she's hit
The best cook you ever had
You can't blame the good woman now, dad
And you locked him up for twenty years
Now there's action on the basement stairs now
A monster half man half beast grind
I hear the hatchet grind grind
The pilgrim gets one hacked daughter
And all we get are forty hack reporters
Uptown's on a hundred skirts are bleeding
And Mr Evangelist says
She's hit every little bit
She's hit every little bit
She's hit every little bit
She's hit she's hit she's hit
Now if only we could all grow wings and fly
Sweet hatchet swing low son
I'm feeling mighty lonesome
That Christen the bastard Jack dad
The head shrinker is a quack

Anyone, anyone, anyone who'd wear their hair like that
The vinyl is so cool but the conversation's cruel
Hold my head Romeo it's in a rodeo
Hold my heart daddyo it just won't go
Hold my heart Romeo it's in a rodeo
Hold my head daddyo it just won't go
And all the girls across the world
And all the girls across the world
Are hit every little bit
She's hit every little bit
She's hit every little bit
She's hit every little bit
She's hit she's hit she's hit
And she won't get up
She's hit every little bit she's hit
She's hit she's hit yeah
She's hit she's hit she's hit
And she won't get up she's hit
And she won't get up she's hit
And she won't get up she's hit
Every little bit she's hit she's hit she's hit
Goodbye

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