

## Neal Peterson

### "Hit Me Sweetly"

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She's a blank page, with a coffee stain,  
in a typewriter, nobody knows her name  
She's a house cat, on a dusty doormat, in a ghost town,  
never looking back

I hope this was all worth it, darling  
It's nice to hear you're broken-hearted  
If I turn the other cheek, can I look to you and say:

Hit me sweetly with the truth tonight  
I know everything's going to be alright

She's a stained glass, piece of window,  
pain, where she waits all day for the light to change  
She's a sitcom, with some kids in tow, in a suburb,  
where the drama shows

I hope this was all worth it, darling  
It's nice to hear you're broken-hearted  
If I turn the other cheek, can I look to you and say:

Hit me sweetly with the truth tonight  
I know everything's going to be alright

(It's coming back around)

She's a violin, wearing sun-kissed skin,  
on a summer night, soaked in cigarettes and gin  
She's a blackbird, dressed in silver wings,  
on the west coast, no one lets her sing

I hope this was all worth it, darling  
It's great to hear you're broken-hearted  
If I turn the other cheek, can I look to you and say:

Hit me sweetly with the truth tonight  
I know everything's going to be alright

Life will give you time, but life will steal your youth  
Life will cut you up, and life will gut you with the truth

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