

Cars, The

"Hits Me"

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I was sucking on the sorry sights
I was watching out for things that bite
I was tripping on my own two feet
I was feeling like I got no sleep

And my thoughts were getting unrestrained
And I was looking like Ichabod Crane
I was looking for some serious fun
'Cause a bad excuse is better than none

Then it hits me, yeah, it hits me
I gotta just get through it and I'll be fine
I gotta just get through these changing times

Oh, I was paranoid about the signs
They say it's just a dangerous time
I don't answer, I just decompose
'Cause I'm running with a painted rose

I don't relate to the things they say
And I don't want to be like them today
I know it's useless, dumb and it's crass
But I guess I'm just a real outcast

Then it hits me, yeah, it hits me
I gotta just get through it and I'll be fine
I gotta just get through these changing times

I gotta just get through it
I gotta just get through it

You could talk me into bitter sweet
You could grab me off the bright night street
You gotta keep it really tight and warm
You gotta keep me laughing in the storm

Well, the roads are feeling hollow and steep
And I want to sow what I reap
I keep forgetting what I just forgot
I don't know if I'm ready or not

Then it hits me, yeah, it hits me
I gotta just get through it and I'll be fine
I gotta just get through these changing times

I gotta just get through it
I gotta just get through these changing times

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