

Hit The Heartbrakes

Black Kids

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Call the ghost in your underwear.
Call the ghost in your underwear who?
Call the ghost in your underwear "boo".
It's fine, all right, you can stay the night,
But please be gone by next morning's light.
Oh, please don't pout.
Don't cause a scene.
Oh, baby girl, don't be mad at me.[Chorus]
Oh, boo, what can I do?
It's not me, yeah, it's you.
You've been hittin' the heartbrakes hard.
It ain't no use, cause we're still gonna crash,
Cause you're still keeping after me.
It's flattering, but really! Abracadabra!
Every summer you disappear.
Cause it's so sticky in the Dirty South.
It's hot as balls.
Hey now, watch your mouth! I must repeat, I think you're sweet.
But ain't no way that I'm gonna meet
Your mother, your father,
Your dog or your brother,
Your nephew and niece, girl,
I just can't be bothered.[Chorus: x2] Hit the heartbrakes.
Hit the heartbrakes.
Hit the heartbrakes.
Hit the heartbrakes, baby,
You're driving crazy.[Chorus] Oh, boo, what can I do?
It's not me, yeah, it's you.
Oh, boo, what can I do?
It's not me, yeah, it's you, it's you, it's you, it's you, it's you.

Songwriters

YOUNGBLOOD, REGINALD / HOLMES, OWEN / SNOW, KEVIN / WATLEY, DAWN / YOUNGBLOOD,
ALIPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>