

# Hits Me

## The Cars

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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