

Hit It Again

3OH!3

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I make you say ooh, ooh
I make you say ooh I got the dirty old hands of a drummer in a band
But I never really hit the sticks
I got the sunburned tan of every working man
Who's spent a minute in the ditch And I ain't gonna try to tell another lie
You never should've let me in
'Cause I'm the type of guy who's never let inside
To show you where my hands have been This is now, that was then
You broke my heart, I let you in
This is now, that was then
I fucked around with all your friends Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh
Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh
This is now, that was then
Forget about the past and let's hit it again I make you say ooh, ooh
I make you say ooh She's eleven out of ten, got a body with a pin
You could pull it like a hand grenade
And I don't know where she's going
But I know where she's been
'Cause it's the only time my bed's been made And I ain't gonna try to tell another lie
You trip me when you let me in
'Cause I'm the type of guy who drinks
Until his eyes lose sight of what's in front of him This is now, that was then
You broke my heart, I let you in
This is now, that was then
I fucked around with all your friends Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh
Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh
This is now, that was then
Forget about the past and let's hit it again She's the portrait of a model
I'm just a picture of a man
She's got her fingers on a bottle
But I'm drinking from a can And she's always seeing people
And I'm always on my own

But she's right here begging
Saying take me home, take me home This is now, that was then
You broke my heart, I let you in
This is now, that was then
I fucked around with all your friends Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh
Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh
This is now, that was then
Forget about the past and let's hit it again

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