

Three Hits

Indigo Girls

Three hits to the heart son
And it's poetry in motion
One could send you down the river
Three's a strange way to be delivered Would you trade your words for freedom?
That's a barter for a blind man
Three hits to the heart son
And it's poetry in motion Are you leveed like a treasure?
Only words can help me find you
And this world's a fickle measure
I will painfully remind you From a wise man to your red hand
You lay covered in our best sins
Three hits to the heart son
And it's poetry in motion Well I dream you constant stranger
With your best bloods and your anger
You say, "Mother do you claim me?"
My beloved do you blame me?
Well the first two might release you
But the last one sings in me son Three hits to the heart son
And it's poetry in motion
Three hits to the heart son
And the last one sings in me

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