

## Every Hit

Damhnait Doyle

To your honey I am the bee  
One drop of you would set me free  
But like a coffin to its grave  
I'm destined only to be a slave

And I deserve every hit I take  
You keep throwing me down  
And I, I won't break  
I deserve all the love you fake  
'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

What kind of games do lovers play  
Where no one wins and all are blamed  
Hung out to dry like my favorite dress  
The newness gone you wear it less and less

And I deserve every hit I take  
You keep throwing me down  
And I won't break  
And I deserve all the love you fake  
'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

And the fruits of my betrayal  
Came rotten to the core  
Could not delight in its taste on my tongue  
So I went searching for more

And I deserve every hit I take  
You keep dragging me down  
And I won't break  
And I deserve all the love you fake  
'Cause I've caused my share of heartache

And I deserve every hit I take  
You keep dragging me down  
And I just won't break  
I deserve all the love you fake  
'Cause I've caused my share of heartache