

## 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