

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 leveled 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