

## Hits Me

The Cars

I was sucking on the sorry sights  
I was watching out for things that bite  
I was tripping on my own two feet  
I was feeling like I got on sleep

And my thoughts were getting unrestrained  
And I was looking like Ichabod Crane  
I was looking for some serious fun  
Cause a bad excuse is better than none

Then it hits me, yeah it hits me  
I gotta just get through it and I'll be fine  
I gotta just get through these changing times

I was paranoid about the signs  
They say it's just another dangerous times  
I don't answer I just decompose  
Cause I'm running with a painted rose

I don't relate to the things they say  
And I don't want to be like them today  
I know it's useless dumb and it's crass  
But I guess I'm just a real outcast

Then it hits me, yeah it hits me  
I gotta just get through it and I'll be fine  
I gotta just get through these changing times

I gotta just get through it  
I gotta just get through it

You could talk me into bitter sweet  
You could grab me off the bright night street  
You gotta keep it really tight and warm  
You gotta keep me laughing in the storm

Well the roads are feeling hollow and steep  
And I want to sew what I reap  
I keep forgetting what I just forgot  
I don't know if I'm ready or not

Then it hits me, yeah it hits me  
I gotta just get through it and I'll be fine  
I gotta just get through these changing times

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