

Damhnait Doyle, Every Hit

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