

Peter Hammill, You Hit Me Where I Live

There was something in the conversation,
ancient languages were breaking through;
I was falling for infatuation
how about you?

You say it's nothing special,
that's just the way it is...
you hit me where I live.

Though I drink the cup it leaves me thirsting
what on earth am I supposed to do?
When I try to speak I find my
bursting heart full of you.

You say it's only natural,
you say forget and forgive...
you hit me where I live.

I was once the man who felt no passion;
I was nothing till I fell for you.
You're a duelist in your own fashion,
eyes that run me through.

You say that it's a mixed blessing,
but I should take the gift you give...
you hit me where I live.