

# 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.