

## Afghan Whigs "Hated"

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I smoke a pack a day  
I hit the pipe sometimes  
& drink my pay  
Screw my friends  
Understand my need to offend  
Come home & smack the woman around  
Tried to apologize  
But she deserved it that i know  
Strangled with her pantyhose  
What's with the flowers  
Can't YOU smell me  
I buried YOU & still YOU kill me  
With all your crying i can tell  
That your disease will make me well  
Twist your head so i can witness  
Come & crawl inside my sickness  
I'm hated  
Undisguised  
Never known why  
Now i like it

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