

## Hum "I Hate It Too"

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Morning gray ignites a twisted mess of foreign shapes  
and sounds

I wish the ceiling was the ground

I'll send you flowers made of silent tiny pieces of the  
sun

To help me make up for this one

While you send me tidal waves of love when you're  
alone

And I can't remember what you do

To find a way to turn the signal back to Heaven  
sounding blue

And bring me faithful back to you

And she don't hold me right, she's never going to get  
me there

And she don't hold me right, she's never going to get  
me there

Not tonight

If we break off gently in slow motion

Spinning outward into space

My hand always floating gently at the wheel

While you sweetly hold my face

And I need you to give it meaning

I need you to share the view

Or it becomes a time for me to love myself

Like every other thing I do

She don't hold me right, she's never going to get me  
there

And she don't hold me right, she's never going to get  
me there

Not tonight

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