

# Iggy Pop "Hate"

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An evil look that tells me to fuck off  
From the one who'll never treat me soft  
I start to boil and to concentrate  
On images of anger and of hate

These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn too late  
These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn too late

The mean stupidity of what he says  
The millions who admire it and they spread  
And all I wanna feel is just them dead  
And have to eat the things they did and said

These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn so late  
These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn too late

Hate, hate, hate  
Hate, hate, hate, hate

Why am I afraid?  
Why am I afraid?  
Why am I afraid?  
Why am I afraid?

Afraid, afraid, afraid, afraid  
Afraid, afraid, afraid, afraid

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