

Jackyl

"The More You Hate It"

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The more you hate it, it makes me want it more
The things you think are crap, are the things that I
adore
You have opinions but you haven't got a clue
As for those opinions, well, whop tee do

The more you hate it, it makes me want it more
I'm all the things, you struggle to ignore
When it comes to life, well, I'm a whore
The more you hate, it makes me want it more

I like a woman with a halo on her head
Horns on her ass, headin' towards the bed
You find me crass rude to the bone
As you're standing in the horseshit of the horse you
rode in on

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