Martha Reeves & The Vandellas "Hate You Too"

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I heard that you hate me You know that I do The words that come out of my mouth And the sounds telling me I hate you too

Next time you should be more careful who You're sitting next to I might know them And they can come & tell me All about you

What did I do?
Did I get to you?
My arms, my tears, my love, my heart
The ocean in my heart
The drought of my heart
Did it get to you?

I didn't know about your fear for the ladies
With the guitars & the occaisional high-heeled shoe
The look in their eyes
Like they need you to want them
Even if you don't want to

What did I do?
Did I get to you?
My arms, my tears, my love, my heart
The ocean in my heart
The drought of my heart
Did it get to you?

Knock you dead

Well, I didn't realize about the scrutinizing eyes of your friends
Their high standards & high commands
I can tell you I hate you
You can get up & go back to bed
But I might run into you one of these days & knock you dead

My arms, my tears, my love, my heart The ocean in my heart The drought of my heart Did it get to you?

My arms, my tears, my love, my heart, my soul The ocean in my heart The drought of my heart

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