

## The Afghan Whigs "Hated"

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I smoke a pack a day  
I hit the pipe sometimes  
And drink my pay, screw my friends  
Understand my need to offend

Come home and smack the woman around  
Tried to apologize  
She deserved it that I know  
Strangled with her pantyhose

What's with the flowers, can't you smell me  
I buried you and still you kill me  
With all your cryin' I can tell  
That your disease will make me well

Twist your head so I can witness  
Come and crawl inside my sickness  
And I'm hated, undisguised  
Never known why

And I'm hated, undisguised  
Never known why, now I like it  
Now I like it, now I like it  
Now I like it

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