

Paul McDermott

"I Hate You"

Visit "[I Hate You](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

It's not just that you're ugly
Though you rate high on the scale
But unlike other basic primates
You've devolved into the male
Whose witless tactless body
Now teeters here before me
With an English actor's lisp
A palette that's half cleft
Waving your wipe your arse degree
In third rate bigotry
With a Master's in speaking through your famous anus
You must love the taste of turds
You're always swallowing your own words
You're a feeble, flatulent toerag
Oh, to be a doctor and practice acupuncture on your
eyes
Or a butcher with a cleaver making loin chops of your
thighs
Or best of all, to run a restaurant and shaschlick your
dick
But you wouldn't even make an entree
Cos you're such a little prick

Your face is like a jigsaw
That's been put together wrong
Mr Cohen should sit down
And write a sympathetic song
You're pigeon-toed, knock-kneed
Sparrow-chested, feather-brained
In conversation for hours
You keep people entertained
But usually when you're not around to hear it
Your life is just as dismal
As a free church Sunday missal
From the preface to the back
It's filled with utter crap
And I believe I have a right
To speak my mind and to react

People are terrified that you may reproduce
You're the only reason I'd ever argue for abortion
You've past the use by date

And you'll probably never mate
But I'd like to make just one small precaution
Just to hedge my bets
I'd like to whip you 'round the vet's
A little snip and tuck
You'd never feel the urge to fuck
Your nether parts would be as lame
As that dead lump of phelgm you call your brain
In a way, you and Nancy Reagan are the same
You're both fucking vegetables
You've as much to offer humanity
As the bubonic plague
As much to offer art
As a first year med school plague
You're a pustulant canker
That no cream can whisk away
You're the apple of my eye
That's turned rotten to the core
Will I never escape the long arm of a bore?

You know you never argue
Cos you know you're always right
You're only a pacifist
Cos you're too gutless to fight
And what is more I do not believe in this life affirming
crap
Get a lemon up me if you want your back scratched
I'm okay, you're completely fucked
You want to get off the track
But the needle's stuck, stuck

Some say, and who are they
You were conceived in something less than the
missionary position
They claim you came by way of fusion or exploratory
frission
Dark seminal emissions
Like the hole that's never whole
Because parts of you are missing
I'll let you draw your own conclusions
From this agenda-driven vision

Some say, and who are they
You are the unfortunate byproduct of an unholy union
You seem shocked by the revelation
I think that you should sue them
Whoever they may be
I'm disgusted by the suggestion, thus I dispute it
But you, you, you do nothing to refute it

They say, and who are they

They are trustworthy intellectuals
Whose soul purpose is the pursuit of truth
They claim a visceral combination of wastage, bile and
protoplasmic slop
Was left to brew overnight in a bucket with some drops
of blood
A thickened potent sludge from the troubled genetic
blueprint
Of a crazed psychotic and moronic private junkie
A lowlife a vile yet all-too-human bug
And each cycle Mother Nature tried to flush you out
But you hung on to life like a loser holds a louse
And you developed like a cancer
Growing exponential in her womb
A belly full of lice, a stench in an airless room
And all her inadequate precautions
All her potions and her poisons
Could not rid her of the grotesque foetal sac
The monster in her box
The monkey in her slacks
And you fermented with foetal scrapings from the
morgue
The dismembered remains of those unclaimed
The children of the lost, the lonely, the offspring of the
bored
This vile concoction bubbled and boiled
While virgn bedsheets, still unsoiled
Lay gentle unsuspecting
And in that brief elusive gap
Feeding on the vulval sac
This crass thing unrelenting
Within minutes took it's form
An hour later, you were born
It was a cosmic error of comic book proportions

Well of course you'd like the taste
Of excremental waste
You are what you eat and you can see it in your face
The doctor threw you to the pit bulls
They claimed you as their own
So between the pit bulls and the maggots. you'll always
find a home
And if they'd known what you'd become
An abomination to the Lord
They would have garrotted your baby's neck
With your own umbilical cord
The horror, the disgrace
Transformed your mother's face
So she decided there and then not to abide
She bade a fond farewell
Swallowed a thousand sleeping pills

And after vomiting for an hour, gracefully died
As they dragged her to the hearse
They fumigated and they cursed
For they recalled that even she
Had requested not to be
Present at the hour of your birth

The doctor passed on some time later
Of shame, it is believed
And when the word was heard he delivered the turd
Not even his good wife grieved
They burned the surgery to the ground
Destroyed the utensils that had been so instrumental
In bringing you into the open air
And from that day forth, you grew out of control
A vicious seething mole
That you survived while others died
It's a fucking crying shame
And if only the good die young
Well, you're gonna live forever

So my weary friend
The time has come to end
What I began so lovingly, so long ago
I'll keep the last words simple
And pray that you understand
For there's many more here who want to bend your ear
They've formed a queue
It's dedicated just to you
Permit me to finish by saying
It's been a pleasure, an unmitigated pleasure
To be so honest and so frank
And I'm sure I speak for everyone
So there's not only me to thank

And lastly, lastly, I was once taught a valuable lesson
If you're uncertain of the answer do not ask the
question
I just hope you're happy now
And it's settled in your heart
Next time you ask if I like you
You'll know the answer from the start
Listen to the track again if you're confused

(And then I go and spoil it all by saying something
stupid...)

Visit [Paul McDermott](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.