

Portugal. The Man "Hate Song"

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Don't look around at the scenery today
"cause you probably won't understand it
Don't settle down in a permanent way
"cause you haven't the right to demand it

I'm writing you a hate song
I don't want to have to hold your hand
I'm writing you a hate song
And I'm hoping that you'll understand

Let it be said that it hasn't been said
When there wasn't the will to unearth it
Relive the germs to awaken the worms
Just to ask them if it's worth it
So let's get one thing straight:
The halls have narrowed, leaving aphids in the
marrow...

So you say so
And I say what
And the difference ain't worth debating
I never wanted the mud in the face
But I couldn't have known what was waiting...

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