

## Simple Minds

### "Hate in a Puddle"

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[Illogic]

I hate when it rains, cause in puddles I encounter this  
guy  
Unable to give a rebuttal but swift as the pain flood his  
eyes  
wonderin why he's a gift with no purpose  
A priceless one-of-a-kind piece that's worthless  
Grounded with no surface  
And when he shows one, it's a facade  
Cause inside he fights feelings that he was mistake by  
God  
I see his confusion and self-deception  
Questions of relevance and intelligence  
He holds an illusion of self-acceptance  
that he shows to those outside lookin in  
He's outside lookin in to his own life; lookin for strength  
to carry on as a pawn in this chess game of existance  
In his mind he wants to go on to the dawn  
and leave the stress that came with existance  
Hopin in death he'll find life  
Cause as he lives, he roams the dark, tryin to find light  
He's made his heart so hard, he doesn't even cry  
anymore  
Cause he's confronted sorrow frequently  
His heart's been broken frequently  
It's like he's lost some part of him and just haven't  
found it yet  
So in his search, he's left with nothin but questions and  
regret  
All he wants to know is how one day, he's content  
and the next day he's cryin  
cause his life isn't what he thought life meant  
He just wants to be happy, with his love and all  
But too often I get messages through telepathic calls  
He's askin me through a puddle what more must he  
endure to continue  
But for some reason he knows he most endure to  
continue

[Chorus]

When I walk past puddles, my reflection calls beggin

me  
to answer his questions about life and his perceptions  
and tell him why I hate him so much  
And you wonder why I hate him so much?  
Now when I walk past puddles, my reflection calls  
beggin me  
to answer his questions about life, and his perceptions  
and tell him why I hate him so much  
Damn, I wonder why I hate him so much

[Illogic]

Why did I hate him so much? I wondered, pondered on  
the question  
What in my mind caused me to despise my reflection?  
I didn't know I just knew when I saw him, how I felt  
and hated the fact that he had to play with the cards  
that he was dealt  
He's come in contact with some ill things that can't be  
explained  
Life's extracted his energy to where the pain can't be  
contained  
So to me he comes, sheddin tears like skin  
Intimate with some, only the ones he calls friends  
If he even exists, he only exists in pain  
It's like his life is a myth  
and he's been blessed with the gift of shame, I mean  
From birth to love he's been betrayed  
He's an unknown in how to cope with that pain and  
dissapointment  
he's come to know as he's grown  
He feels he stands alone in this world of puddle  
images  
And he awaits the time for when, time finishes  
He tries to elevate thought, but he's still chillin in the  
basement  
Awaitin a rebirth of his soul as it fears it's spiritual  
placement

[Chorus]

[Illogic]

God I pray you can give me a purpose or help me find it  
Cause on this narrow path of self-damnation, I can't  
find it  
Is it somethin I need to know, some way I need to grow  
to get out of this rut, God give me some self-trust  
Love is somethin I'm lookin for but I've found it, or have  
I?  
I wanna live but can I, or do I have to die to?  
I try to, have life but my life seems kinda worthless  
as I'm starin at this puddle

God I pray that you can give me a purpose or help me  
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Is it somethin I need to know, some way I need to grow  
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trust  
Love is somethin I'm lookin for - thought I found it, or  
have I?  
I wanna live but can I, or do I have to die to?  
I try to, have life but my life seems kinda worthless  
as I'm starin in this puddle

[Chorus]

{\*music changes\*}

[Illogic]  
I sit alone in dismal silence  
Peering into the eyes of my reflection  
Wondering if his thoughts are adjacent to my own  
What visions of eerie savagery  
are passing if purity lurks in the mind of he who I  
mirror?  
Lookin at him I am disgusted  
He lacks beauty in all external areas  
and internally he seems so confused  
Perplexed with this conundrum of life  
He proceeds to function or cope, lookin at it realistically  
Esteem he lacks, in all areas of existance  
Reason unknown  
What is the cause of the lack of this self-acceptance?  
I mean it seems like he needs constant assurance  
Some type of ritual proof that he's even worth the  
oxygen he breathes  
A, light that shines upon him  
Is his living in vein? Does he have a purpose?  
Answer - eternally unknown

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