

Ste McCabe

"Hate Mail"

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It seems I can't get away from high browed faces
Talking about abolishing races
I've been around this place for way too long
I know that what you don't understand must be wrong
Well the Daily Mail must make you feel
Like your nasty little ways have mass appeal
You've got style, I must confess
For a piggy little hitler in a floral dress
I've got to get out of here
The smell of middle England gives me The Fear
I'm the story that makes you sick
And what's my crime? Well take your pick
It all seems a little unfair
Earth calling Tory land, anyone there?
You've got wisdom I must conclude
For a sheltered old yuppie who calls ignorance truth
Now one, two, three, four
Who's the piggy that we'll ignore?
Five, six, seven, eight
For all the immigrants who you hate
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
You and your family values can rot in hell
You've got views, you proudly explain
But you're the hypnotised playing out a therapists
game.

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