

## **The Sunday Drivers**

### **"Hate Yourself"**

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My lovely ways have become so nasty  
The things that you loved, those things once took your  
fancy  
Have you ever, in your mess, found a chance to hate  
yourself?

There is not a grain of truth in anything you've been  
doing  
How you dare to say: "I'm alright, I'm in my isle, I don't  
need you"  
Listen to my voice, I know is not your choice, I'm the  
same who  
Listened to your voice, and know, was not my choice.  
How I needed you.

We never thought we could ever get old  
Get old or lost or to find new roads  
Have you ever, in your mess, found a chance to hate  
yourself?

There is not a grain of truth in anything you've been  
doing  
How you dare to say: "I'm alright, I'm in my isle, I don't  
need you"  
Listen to my voice, I know is not your choice, I'm the  
same who  
Listened to your voice, when it was not my choice. How  
I needed you.

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