

Theory of a Dead Man "Hate My Life"

Visit "[Hate My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

So sick of the hobos
Always beggin' for change
I don't like how I gotta work
And they just sit around and get paid

I hate all of the people
Who can't drive their cars
Bitch, you better get out of the way
Before I start falling apart

I hate how my wife
Is always up my ass
She always wants to buy brand new things
But I don't have the cash

(aw, please kill me now)

(Refrain)
Well I hate my job, all my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
I hate my life

How come I never get laid?
Nice guys always lose
How could she have another headache?
There's always some kind of excuse

I still hate my job
My boss is a dick
I don't get paid nearly enough
To put up with all of his shit

-(Refrain)-
I hate my job, all my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
I hate my life

-Musical Interlude-

I hate that I can't tell

When a girl's underage
And how when I tell her she's a nice piece of ass
Then her daddy punches me in the face

So if you're pissed like me
Bitches, here's what you've gotta do
Put your middle fingers up in the air
Go on and say 'Fuck you'

-(Refrain)-

I hate my job, all my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
I hate my life

So much at stake
Can't catch a break
I hate my life

No there's nothing new
And it sucks to be you
I fucking hate my life

Fuck

Visit [Theory of a Dead Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.