

Theory of a Dead Man

"I Hate My Life"

Visit "[I 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
You better get out of the way
before I start fallin' 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

I hate my job,
all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the beat we're in
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 a headache,
there's always some kind of excuse

I still hate my job,
My boss is an ass
I don't get paid nearly enough,
to put up with all of your shit

I hate my job,

all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the beat we're in
Nothing turns out right
There's no end in sight
I hate my life

I hate that I can't tell, when a girls on a rage
I tell her she's a nice piece of ass
then her daddy punches me in the face
So if you're just like me
This is what you gotta do

Put your middle fingers out through the air,
come on and show em again

I hate my job,
all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the beat we're in
Nothing turns out right
There's no end in sight
I hate my life

So much at stake,
Can't catch a brake
I hate my life
No it's nothing new,
it sucks to be you
You hate my life

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.