

## Plan B

# "I Don't Hate You"

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### Intro

Yeah. What's up man? How long's it been? How long's it been Dad? I don't know. I'd say about...

### Verse 1

16 years since you went searching for the holy ghost  
And got lost along the way like money in the post  
Holier than most is how you used to act walking round  
with your Bible spitting out quotes like they were facts  
Paint it black  
Men women children as well  
If you don't worship god then you're going to hell  
Always had to take it one step further you couldn't just  
pray nope's  
Had to shove it down peoples throats like gay blokes  
Like that Basement Jaxx song where's your head at  
When did you lose your mind same time your hair fell  
out  
And your beard started to grow grey hairs started to  
show or was it when you started speaking in tongue on  
road  
I was only 6 years old how could you subject me to that  
shit verbal syphilis  
Complete \*\*\*\*\* gibberish  
I was sick of it but too afraid to say  
Only saw you once a fortnight at of all of them you had  
to choose that day  
To Bible bash evangelising in the street  
Looking like a tramp who collected trash  
Even though you was brass you could have tried to look  
normal  
Even if you was \*\*\*\*\* in your head it's awful  
I know but I'm glad you done a disappearing act screw  
you  
How could I ever introduce anyone to you  
Baby this my dad he's a religious nut. ("oh, hello... what  
the \*\*\*\*!")

### Chorus

I don't hate you I don't love you neither  
You mean nothing to me (your) just another geezer  
I wont hit you  
Still I wont hug you neither  
If we ever meet again cold is how I'm gonna treat ya x2

## Verse 2

When we talk about your antics now there always met  
with laughter. "Did he really used to make you pray  
before you ate a mars bar?"  
Yes. Every time we put something in our mouths we  
had to pray to Jesus  
Why the \*\*\*\* you think I never used to eat Malteaser's  
I slag you off now and don't feel bad about it  
afterwards  
Just like all the other kids abandoned by their fathers  
"I hate my dad, Homer Simpson look-a-like fat  
bastard!"  
Yeah, well at least you weren't stuck with Ned Flanders  
Who the \*\*\*\* was I supposed to go to for answers?  
Hey mum what's this sticky shit in my pyjamas?  
You weren't around to teach me shit  
Sold your own kids for some bitch  
And no one's seen you since  
But I bet you turn up when I'm rich chatting shit  
Like it weren't your fault  
Probably blame it on your bitch  
Coz your bitch minds warped  
We could here it in her voice every time she talked me  
and Lauren were young but we weren't dumb we knew  
what was going on  
First time I met her when she was just your wife to be  
I remember that something just didn't seem right to me  
From what I could see  
It was simple and plain  
She had you under manners like a dog on a chain  
Sometimes I used to wonder where you were and why  
you left  
Was it all because of her or what you thought was best  
But times have changed and I'm used to you not being  
there so now I no longer wonder nor do I care  
You could be dead for all I know  
Even more \*\*\*\*\* up in your head for all I know  
Coz all I really know is that you left without saying bye  
And aint ever looked back since. Yes there was a time,  
you could have built a bridge but now the gaps to great  
And you might find if you try, it'll jus collapse under the  
weight  
Coz now it's far too late coz we all grown up  
How can you be part of our lives now when you've

missed so much (that's why! )

Chorus

Verse 3

You can't run away from your past coz your past is  
hereditary  
The blood that courses through my veins is your legacy  
And will probably be the only thing ever left to me from  
you  
Coz just like you  
I myself have been gifted with a musical talent  
Except I go by the name of Ben Drew not Paul Balance  
You lived your life like your namesake hung in the  
balance  
Then you fell off the wagon and now the only thing  
that's apparent is  
You aint half the man you used to be  
But I am more than you could ever be  
Coz you could never see the world as I see it  
Where as you try to be something you aint... I be it  
And real fast your past is coming back to haunt you  
It's gods will that such a big mistake like me should  
taunt you  
Daunt you  
Like a nervous feeling in your gut  
I call it fate, but you can call it whatever the \*\*\*\* you  
want  
Your just a lost little boy so here's one less worry for ya  
I don't hate you  
I just feel sorry for ya  
In fact I pity you  
I got so much shit on you  
If I saw you on the street, I wouldn't even spit on you  
( but I don't hate you. Hating takes too much effort, and  
you aint worth the \*\*\*\*\* time of day. As for love, that  
went when you went. Long ago)

Chorus

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