

10 things i h8 bout u. "poem"

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I hate the way you talk to me,
and the way you cut your hair.

I hate the way you drive my car,
I hate it when you stare.

I hate your big dumb combat boots
and the way you read my mind.

I hate you so much it makes me sick,
it even makes me rhyme.

I hate it...I hate the way you're always right,
I hate it when you lie.

I hate it when you make me laugh,
even worse when you make me cry.

I hate it when youre not around,
and the fact that you didnt call.

But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you,
not even close;
not even a little bit;
not even at all.

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