

Real McCoy

"I Hate My Band"

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

I hate my band they are what I am
They're filthy deceitful from fire to pan
And when I look back on what they've done to my life
They've cost me my dog, my job, and my wife

I hate my band more than you could know
They take yer mother and coarcer to sew
The holes in their socks and even their kilts
They've spoiled the mil before it's been spilt

But don't get me wrong they're goods lads at heart
Halos and horns, they got pitchforks and harps
I'm singin' you the story so that it be told
I toured as a young man, they made me old

I hate my band it's always the same
They waste all my time and they force me to play

When the concert is over the music is done
We constantly battle cuz 'it's half the fun

But don't get me wrong they're goods lads at heart
Halos and horns, they got pitchforks and harps
I'm singin' you the story so that it be told
I toured as a young man, they made me old

I hate my band for all and for one
If we didn't sing it there'd be nae song at all
When finally alone and safe in my grave
I comfort to know that I may have escaped
So do me a favor when I've played my hand
Inscribe on my tombstone "I hate my band."

Visit [Real McCoy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.