

Afghan Whigs, The "Hated"

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I smoke a pack a day
I hit the pipe sometimes
& drink my pay
Screw my friends
Understand my need to offend
Come home & smack the woman around
Tried to apologize
But she deserved it that i know
Strangled with her pantyhose
What's with the flowers
Can't you smell me
I buried you & still you kill me
With all your crying i can tell
That your disease will make me well
Twist your head so i can witness
Come & crawl inside my sickness
I'm hated
Undisguised
Never known why Now i like it

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