

Screeching Weasel "Veronica Hates Me"

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She always has something to
say to ruin an otherwise nice day
She always has to start a fight
She doesn't like the way I think
She don't understand why i must
drink to go out on Friday night
But I know what she's doing
I know that I'm losing
I know that she's screwing me
Veronica doesn't like the way I dress
Veronica thinks my hair is such a mess
Why the deposition?

Veronica's definition of love is hate
Veronica hates me
She thinks I oughtta get a job
and quit taking up space on her
couch with my hand deep in my crotch
She don't know how to shut her mouth
I don't know what I'd do
without her to drag me down
She asks me when is the wedding
and I'm getting ready to
yank out the net and push

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