

Divine Comedy, The "Hate My Way"

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I could be a smack freak
And hate society
I could hate god
And blame dad
I might be in a holocaust
Hate hitler
Might not have a child
And hate school
I could be a sad lover
And hate death
I could be a neuro
And hate sweat
No
I hate my way

I make you in to some
I can't rise above the church
I'm caught in a jungle
Vines tangle my hands
I'm always so hot and it's hot in here
I say it's all right

My pillow screams too
But so does my kitchen
And water
And my shoes
And the road
I have a gun in my head
I'm invisible
I can't find the ice

A slug
I'm tv
I hate

A boy was tangled in his bike forever
A girl was missing two fingers
Gerry ann was confused
Mr. huberty
Had a gun in his head

So i sit up late in the morning
And ask myself again
How do they kill children?
And why do i want to die?
They can no longer move,
I can no longer be still...

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