

Lauper Cyndi

"Maybe Hell Know"

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Fashion fascists out in droves,
Some with powder up their nose ...
And the money men who had to steal away.
Telling stories who they've had.
Who's a no count, who looks bad.
Then they turn around and say how much they like you
...
Like you ... Like you ? No.
I love to hate you... I love to hate you ... I really do.
Playing games with people lives
Change the rules when stakes are high.
All the vampires come out at night to play ...
Things are different today, that is always what you say.
Well maybe so, except for people like you ...
Like you ... Like you ? No.
I love to hate you ...
Look around you can't look down.
You might miss out on what you think is cool ... You fool.
You've decided who I am, in this brief experience
And if it's worth spending your precious time on me.
My friend Mel he could relate,
Told me once I love to hate
I get so hot the words get stuck
Stuck like you ...
Like you ... Like you ? No.
I love to hate you ...
It's not just the clothes that you wear
Or the way you do your hair
It's just you.

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