

# Poets Smalltown, Everything I Hate

I think I am elastic  
These arms, they are a wonder  
They go from sideways up and under  
I think it's time for something drastic  
And it could be more than I bargained for  
Ten to one it is

Oh I'm into everything I hate  
My spirit is not fooled-  
My members take the bait  
Oh I'm into everything I hate  
Still not dead enough  
To stifle this debate

These heels were made for bruising  
And the cobblestones they're using  
Are the pleasures of my chosing  
Oh, I must be born for losing  
Here, we souls, to hurt no more  
I lift these hands just like before  
Cover m' life and down so soon  
Til I'm just like You

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Careful little eyes what you see  
Careful little feet where you go

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