

Screeching Weasel, I Hate Your Guts On Sunday

I hate your guts on Sunday no other day of the week I hate your guts on Sunday but Monday morning you look so sweet I hate your guts on Sunday and I'm not even sure why 'cause I love your guts on Friday night You gotta go work while I stay here just sitting and scratching in my underwear Hating you on Sunday really only means I care I hate your guts on Sunday and I don't know what to do Monday's the catalyst for readjusting my attitude I hate your guts on Sunday I hate my own guts as well but every other day I think you're swell Sunday always feels like a funeral like setting the alarm to be on time for school But don't sweat and don't forget that every other day I think you're totally cool