

The Afghan Whigs, Hated

I smoke a pack a day
I hit the pipe sometimes
and drink my pay
Screw my friends
Understand my need to offend
Come home and smack the woman around
Tried to apologize
But she deserved it, that I know
Strangled with her pantyhose
What's with the flowers
Can't you smell me
I buried you and still you kill me
With all your crying I can tell
That your disease will make me well
Twist your head so I can witness
Come and crawl inside my sickness
And I'm hated
Undisguised
Never known why
And I'm hated

Undisguised
Never known why
Now I like it x4