

The Afghan Whigs, Hated

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Up In It

Hated

I smoke a pack a day

I hit the pipe sometimes

& drink my pay

Screw my friends

Understand my need to offend

Come home & 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 & 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 & crawl inside my sickness

I'm hated

Undisguised

Never known why

Now i like it