

Theory Of A Deadman, Hate My Life

So sick of the hobos always begging for change
I don't like how I gotta work and
They just sit around and get paid
I hate all of the people who can't drive their cars.
Bitch you better get outta the way
Before I start falling apart
I hate how my wife is always up my ass
She always wants to buy brand new things
But I don't have the cash.
I hate my job, all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end.
Nothing turns out right There's no end in sight
I hate my life!
How come I never get laid nice guys always lose.
How could she have another headache
There's always some kind of excuse
I still hate my job, my boss is a dick
"I don't get paid nearly enough
To put up with all of your shit"
I hate my job, all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end.
Nothing turns out right There's no end in sight
I hate my life!
I hate that I can't tell when a girl's underage,
You know, I tell her she's a nice piece of ass,
Then her daddy punches me in the face
So if you're pissed like me
Bitches, here's what you gotta do
Put your middle fingers up in the air
Go on and say "Fuck you!"
I hate my job, all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end.
Nothing turns out right There's no end in sight
I hate my life!
So much at stake, can't catch a break
I hate my life
No, it's nothing new hear "it sucks to be you"
I fuckin hate my life