

# Zakk Wylde, Born To Lose

A little hating in the morning time  
a little hating come around noon  
Ain't no remorse,  
All that you think  
Ain't no regret,  
All that you do

Jesus,  
Hell Yeah, What do we do?  
Jesus,  
Can you hear us screaming up above?  
Lord?  
I guess we were just born to lose

A little hating on my TV screen  
A little hating in the news that I read  
Lay to rest a soul so kind  
Rewarding the wrong  
Feeding The Twisted Mind

You Lookin' At Me  
Forever hurt  
Forever bleed  
It ain't black  
It ain't white  
It ain't wrong  
Lord knows it ain't right

Jesus,  
Hell Yeah, What do we do?  
Jesus,  
Can you hear us screaming up above?  
Lord?