

Zakk Wylde, Hate Your Guts

I got the call Monday mornin'
Sometime around 9 a.m.
I felt down and out, left for dead,
Lost without a friend
Now how you live with yourself
Well child, I just don't know
But as far as I'm concerned I think ya
Really suck, you're rotten and you really blow

I hate your guts
I wish that you was dead
I hate your guts
You're damn right that's what I said
I hate your guts
And I wish that you was dead
I'd dig the hole myself
But I'd rather run ya over with my truck instead

Your first name should be ass
Your last name should be wipe
Believe me when I say this
Cus I've been shit on more than twice
Well it's funny how it works
It just seems to never end
Just when ya think ya had enough
They'll bend ya over and fuck ya once again !

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What's mine is mine
What's yours is mine
And that's the way it's gonna be
If ya got a problem with that ya little bastard
Don't ya come around to me
Now I've been doin' this now
For quite a many day
I'll rip off your nuts and
Shove them down your throat and
Head off on my merry way

Money-hungry and greedy
Child you're just downright wrong
Ya pissed me off so many times
I just had to write this song
Everyone's got their problems
And I know you sure got yours
But you make livin' child
Seem like a back breakin' chore

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