

Hugh X. Lewis, I Hate Myself

(I hate my dreams) for missing you (I hate my lips) for kissing you
(I hate my arms) for holding you and I hate myself for loving you

When you walked out on me it should have ended then
But I keep coming back and each time I swear never again
(I hate ny dreams..

Why can I face the truth that you and I are through
But I can't change my heart so I crawl like a fool back to you
(I hate dreams..
I hate myself for loving you