

John Oszajca, I hate you (my friend)

No one here likes you
Go away
Get a clue
Go back to your fucking zoo
Or whatever it is you do
I don't know why
I don't like what's in your eyes
and I'd love to split 'em wide
I could pretend
Can't you understand
I hate you, my friend
And some call it obsession
And some call it pure hate
And others call it pathetic
But some totally relate
I'd rather go to hell
Than shake your hand or wish you well
In case you couldn't tell
Go ahead boy drink your drink
Go ahead boy do your thing
Can you ????
and the words to every song I sing
I could pretend
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