

# Lagwagon, I Must Be Hateful

I can't make the damn phone ring  
It's simply pathetic if I call you anymore  
I can't figure it now  
We tallied our scores  
I got knocked out  
I know when you come to town  
I know where you drop your dime and whom it's for  
I'm not good enough to time your cup of coffee 15 years... was long enough  
Look at me.  
I'm an old colleague  
Another hard knocks day acquaintance  
Finally you are free of me  
It must be true or you'd give a minute  
But it's always my fault  
Always it's your forgiveness  
This unbalanced resolve  
I must be hateful  
So I hang up the phone  
Call it a small sacrifice  
You still hear me now  
Dear you, the vinyl it was blue  
Stalking poor Blake commiserating drunks at sea  
Do you remember when Jawbreaker rocked "The boat"?  
I'm sure you do...and don't Look at me.  
I'm an old fly buddy  
Just a blue coach class acquaintance  
Finally you are free of me  
It must be true 'cause it only makes sense  
I can still see you now  
Pictures are in every town  
I can still write it down "I must be hateful"  
I can hang up the phone  
Even at those lofty heights  
You still hear me now