

Mansun, What It's Like To Be Hated

I had to sing this for me
Watch myself pilloried
Ugly, scruffy, no one
But then I guess that you knew
Nasty, bitter, enraged
A nice polite english way
Full circle, desensitised
I'm right back where I began

Hated, broken

The dead flowers reject
Sad glaucoma in mist
Injustice wells up in me
We are shit and refuse

Hated, broken

It's what it's like to be hated
I am afflicted and ill
It's what it's like to be hated
I wrote this song for myself

We are shit and refuse to wallow in rejection
My will is shattered again
My leeches, parasite friends
No man's an island they said
I breathe my solitary air

Explain myself to noone
Beautiful sad solitude

Hated, broken

Learn to ignore all the slurs
You can get used to all things

Hated, broken

Piss in the face of the sick
Unjust vendetta's uncool
Unjust, unwanted, reject
Uninformed, understood
A silence, broken my will
Afflicted, shattered and sick
Popularity stakes
OVERRATED you said
Isolation can feel like a utopian state
To be this liked is to be suffocated you said
Beauty, sadness, enraged of solitude can be bare
Disturbed, unwanted at birth
The f**king joke that we are
I've never had any friends
Could be a sweet suicide
A f**king homo in flesh
To weak to protest