

Rivermaya, Sampip

Some people love shoes of certain kinds
Some people love afternoons or the way the moon shines
And they have their own reasons
To feel the way they do
That's why I ask myself, what it is with you?

Is there something wrong
With the way I speak?
Do you even see me
When I pass you on the street
I'll close my eyes and let it be
Because I just can't see
Why you love to hate me

Some people love weekends
Because they can fool around
Some people love thunderstorms
Because of how the drops of rain fall down
And they have their own reasons
Whatever they may be
That's why I think it's kind of funny
That you don't have one for me

And it sucks to face the truth
That I ain't got no reasons too
Whenever asked the simple question
Why I feel the way I do
And I know it's stupid on my part
to say that I love you
Even though I know you hate me
And you don't know why you do.