

Screeching Weasel, I Hate Your Guts On Sunday

I hate your guts on Sunday
no other day of the week
I hate your guts on Sunday
but Monday morning you look so sweet
I hate your guts on Sunday
and I'm not even sure why
'cause I love your guts on Friday night
You gotta go work while I stay here
just sitting and scratching in my underwear
Hating you on Sunday really only means I care
I hate your guts on Sunday
and I don't know what to do
Monday's the catalyst for readjusting my attitude
I hate your guts on Sunday
I hate my own guts as well
but every other day I think you're swell
Sunday always feels like a funeral
like setting the alarm to be on time for school
But don't sweat and don't forget
that every other day I think you're totally cool