

Steve Lukather, Love The Things You Hate

Does it matter if it works out as planned
When the author is the pen in your hand
When your mind does what you don't understand
Remember that a sentiment changes every day
As every sun leave
Dows, arrows pointing every way
Hey, look around, this is you
Don't you worry 'cos it's fine to be confused
When you're questioning your fate
In time, you will see
All that makes you who you are, will become so clear to you
And don't you love the things you hate
Life will give it's gift if we don't hesitate
Some see the paper, then throw the present away
If you feel you're dying and the clock just makes you wait
Time may find us in tomorrow looking for today
Hey look around, this is you
Don't you worry 'cos it's fine to be confused
When you're questioning your fate
In time, you will see
All that makes you who you are, will become so clear to you
You should love the things you hate