

The Beautiful South, In Other Words I Hate You

It took a few packed bags and a few slammed doors
It took a false, false smile with a septic pause
From my plastic moustache to your clip-on claws
(In other words I hate you)

It took a thousand fights with a thousand draws
It took a blinkered vision for a long lost cause
As Romeo leaves to light applause
(And softly says I hate you)

My attitude leaves a lot to be desired
My fashion sense has never been quite right
But I'd rather live in drainpipes
Than with friends that I've acquired
(In so many words I hate you)

Those winter nights just spent indoors
That criminal fizz in the drink he pours
We smooch all night to "The Theme From Jaws"
(In other words I hate you)

What's yours is mine and mine is yours
A screaming for a get out clause
Here's the man with a thousand mother-in-laws
(In other words I hate you)

My looks leave a lot to be desired
My music taste has never been the trend
But me and Perry Como, well our patience has expired
In so many words I hate you