

The Proclaimers, Hate My Love

I like the smell of petrol
I love the taste of booze
But I hate my love for you
Yeah I hate my love for you

I like Johnny Cash
Singing "A Boy Named Sue"
But I hate my love for you
Yeah I hate my love for you

You're worse than drink
You're worse than crack
For you they should bring hanging back
And I should be the one to string you up

I hate the sound of cliché
As it begins to call
But I hate my love for you
Most of all

Hate my love for you, hate my love for you

I'd tell your ma
I'd tell you pa
But you don't come from Arkansas
And I can't send you back where you belong

I like the way you're standing
In just your high heeled shoes
But I hate my love for you
Yeah I hate my love my love for you
I hate my love for you
Yea I hate my love for you