L.O.V.E. I Hate You

Swingin' Utters

You're selfishness is horrid
And you're beauty is queen
Puts the pain gut-wrenching
And the grass a sickly green
The troubles of youth
Have got your hair in a mess
And when you speak there's length in excess
About your storm and stressOur love was never sacred
Kept me figuring out what to do
L-O-V-E, I hate youThere's blood on the frosting
When you cut the cake
The meaning lies much deeper
You're a big mistake
Let me count the ways
On the squirming centipede
You'll never find what you're looking for
With these insatiable needsYour passion is a pesticide
The birds and bees are never in my trees
You'll never find what you're looking for
With these insatiable needs
The trouble of youth
Have got your hair in a mess
When you speak
There's a length in excess
About your storm and stress
(Bonnel)

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