## I Hate - Live From The Borderline, London

## **Passenger**

I hate racist blokes, telling tasteless jokes
And explaining where people belong
I hate ignorant folks, who pay money to see gigs
And talk through every fucking song
I hate people in night clubs, snorting coke
And explaining where your going wrong
Well if you agree, then come hating with me
And feel free to sing along

Well I hate pointless status updates on Facebook
FYI we were never M eight's
We pretend to be friends on the internet
When in real life, we have nothing to say
To each other, oh brother I have love for my mother
For good times, for music and my mates
Yeah I laugh, and live and I have love to give
But sometimes all you can do is hate

Well I hate them fussy eaters, you cook them fajitas
They only eat pizza and chips
I hate stepping outside, for a smoke and some guy
Coughs, like your lungs are his
And I hate queuing up, for festival toilets
Especially when you need to shit
And I hate the X-Factor, for murdering music
You bunch of money grubbing pricks

La, la, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la, la, la

And I hate them magazines, aimed at insecure teens
That make ten year old's race to grow up
Hey kids, let's all be anorexic or better
Eat chocolate until you throw up
Keep your Hollywood stars, and their stupid cars
And the Botox, that makes them look fucked
Just grow old with grace, have you seen Chear's face
It looks like it's been hit by a truck

And it goes
La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la, la, la

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