

Hate

Iggy Pop

An evil look that tells me to fuck off
From the one who'll never treat me soft
I start to boil and to concentrate
On images of anger and of hate
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn too late
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn too late
The mean stupidity of what he says
The millions who admire it and they spread
And all I wanna feel is just them dead
And have to eat the things they did and said
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn so late
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn too late
Hate, hate, hate
Hate, hate, hate, hate
Why am I afraid?
Why am I afraid?
Why am I afraid?
Why am I afraid?
Afraid, afraid, afraid, afraid
Afraid, afraid, afraid, afraid

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