

Hate your guts

Black Label Society

I got the call Monday mornin', oh no
Sometime around 9 a.m.
I felt down and out, left for dead
Lost without a friend Now how you live with yourself
Child, I just don't know
But as far as I'm concerned I think ya really suck
You're rotten and you really blow I hate your guts
Oh, I wish that you was dead
I hate your guts
You're damn right that's what I said I hate your guts
And I wish that you was dead
Gonna dig the hole myself
But I'd rather run ya over with my truck instead Your first name should be ass
Your last name should be wipe
Believe me when I say this
See I've been shit on more than twice Well, it's funny how it works
And don't just seems to never end
Just when ya think ya had enough
They'll bend ya over and fuck ya once again Say I hate your guts
And I'm wishing you were dead
Yeah, I'll be hating your guts
You're damn right that's what I said I hate your guts
I'm wishing you was dead
Gonna dig the hole myself
But I'd rather run ya over with my truck instead
And start of that engine What's mine is mine, what's yours is mine
And that's the way it's gonna be
If ya got a problem with that ya little bastard
Don't ya come around to me Now I've been doin' this now for quite a many day
I'll rip off your nuts
And shove them down your throat
And head off on my merry way Money hungry and greedy
Oh child, you're just downright wrong
You see you pissed me off so many times
I just had to write this song Everyone's got their problems
And don't I know you sure got yours
But you make livin' child
And you make it seem like a back breakin' chore I hate your guts
I wish that you was dead

I hate your guts
You ain't got clean idea
You're damn right that's what I saidI hate your guts
I'm wishing you was dead
I'd dig the hole myself
But I'd rather run ya over with my truck instead

Songwriters

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