

You Hurt Me (and I Hate You)

Eurythmics

Well, the sun came up this morning
Like a burning red balloon
It broke into my window
And it slipped across the room
It spread itself upon me
Like the smell of sweet perfume
I was sleeping like a baby
I'm not a savior
I'm not a saint
I'm not an angel
I'm not that quaint
Don't need a preacher
To be that wise
Don't need a teacher
I've got my eyes
You hurt me
And I hate you
You hurt me
A history of bitterness
You have left a blazing trail
If you had been a hammer
I'd be a broken nail
You gave me nothing
Nothing but regrets
Don't think it's over
It's not over yet
You hurt me
And I hate you
You hurt me
And every time
You try to fool yourself
You've only got yourself
To blame
And every lie you ever
Told yourself
Will all come back to you
One day

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