

# Hate My Way

## Throwing Muses

I could be a smack freak  
And hate society  
I could hate God  
And blame Dad  
I might be in a Holocaust  
Hate Hitler  
Might not have a child  
And hate school  
I could be a sad lover  
And hate death  
I could be a neuro  
And hate sweat  
No

I hate my way I make you in to a song  
I can't rise above the church  
I'm caught in a jungle  
Vines tangle my hands  
I'm always so hot and it's hot in here  
I say it's all right My pillow screams too  
But so does my kitchen  
And water  
And my shoes  
And the road I have a gun in my head  
I'm invisible  
I can't find the ice A slug  
I'm TV

I hate A boy, he was tangled in his bike forever  
A girl was missing two fingers  
Gerry Ann was confused  
Mr. Huberty  
Had a gun in his head So I sit up late in the morning  
And ask myself again  
How do they kill children?  
And why do I want to die?  
They can no longer move  
I can no longer be still I hate  
My way

Songwriters

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