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 wayI 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 rightMy pillow screams too
But so does my kitchen
And water
And my shoes
And the roadI have a gun in my head
I'm invisible
I can't find the iceA slug
I'm TV
I hateA 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 headSo 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 stillI hate
My way

Songwriters

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