

## Mr. Hate

## The Tubes

I must admit, I was a bit confused  
I saw my picture in the mornin' news  
You say my sister's dead; my mom is, too  
You said I killed 'em, but it's just not true  
Nothin's real; nothin's certain  
But when I read your words, it just starts hurtin'

Everybody's tryin' to convict me  
For taking benzedrine and LSD  
But that's all ancient history  
And it's just between God and me

I hate rock 'n' roll, don't smoke pot  
Maybe a drunk, but a user I'm not

This is a warning from my own hands  
Never corner a frightened man  
I might kill somebody tryin' to escape  
You better listen to Mr. Hate

I can't believe the things my school friends said  
Sometimes I think I wish that they were dead  
I get so mad that I just see red  
Then something blows apart inside my head  
It's all erroneous information  
I've gotta make a little clarification

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I'm not gonna wash your dishes, anymore...  
I'm not gonna fry your burgers  
I don't need it  
You never understood me, anyway  
You'll never catch me...  
I won't give up...  
You'll NEVER take me alive!

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