Hated

Afghan Whigs

I smoke a pack a day I hit the pipe sometimes and drink my pay Screw my friends Understand my need to offend Come home and smack the woman around Tried to apologize But she deserved it, that I know Strangled with her pantyhose What's with the flowers Can't you smell me I buried you and still you kill me With all your crying I can tell That your disease will make me well Twist your head so I can witness Come and crawl inside my sickness And I'm hated Undisguised Never known why And I'm hated

Undisguised Never known why Now I like it [x4]