

Hate Me

Pain

I gotta think of something
To make you think less
Of me, that I am nothing
To hold on to, cause we are through
I dislike you
I wish that you could hate me
Then things would be so easy
Just get me off your mind
If the ***** would have a son
Then I would be the one

So hate me
Geese, flying from the winter
That's what I should do, do, do
Or become a sprinter
And run away
Cause we are through
I dislike you
I wish that you could hate me
Then things would be so easy

Just get me off your mind
If the ***** would have a son
Then I would be the one
I am being mean
Like no one's ever been
Just hate me
I wish that you could hate me
Then things would be so easy
Just get me off your mind