

Some people love shoes of certain kinds  
Some people love afternoons or the way the moon shines  
And they have their own reasons to feel the way they do  
That's why I ask myself - what it is with you?

Is there something wrong with the way I speak?  
Do you even see me when I pass you on the street?  
I'll close my eyes and let it be  
Because I just can't see why you love to hate me

Some people love weekends because they can fool around  
Some people love thunderstorms because of how the drops of rain  
fall down  
And they have their own reasons, whatever they may be  
That's why I think it's kind of funny that you don't have one f  
or me

Is there something wrong with the way I speak?  
Do you even see me when I pass you on the street?  
I'll close my eyes and let it be  
Because I just can't see why you love to hate me

And it sucks to face the truth that I ain't got no reasons too  
Never asking for questions why I feel the way I do  
And I know it's stupid on my part to say that I love you  
Even though I know you hate me and you don't know why you do

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