

I Don't Hate You

Plan B

Yeah. What's up man? How long's it been? How long's it been Dad? I don't know.
I'd say about...

16 years since you went searching for the holy ghost
And got lost along the way like money in the post
Holier than most is how you used to act walking round with your Bible spitting
out quotes like they were facts
Paint it black
Men women children as well
If you don't worship god then you're going to hell
Always had to take it one step further you couldn't just pray nope's
Had to shove it down peoples throats like gay blokes
Like that Basement Jaxx song where's your head at
When did you lose your mind same time your hair fell out
And your beard started to grow grey hairs started to show or was it when you
started speaking in tongue on road
I was only 6 years old how could you subject me to that shit verbal syphilis
Complete ***** gibberish
I was sick of it but too afraid to say
Only saw you once a fortnight at of all of them you had to choose that day
To Bible bash evangelising in the street
Looking like a tramp who collected trash
Even though you was brass you could have tried to look normal
Even if you was ***** in your head its awful
I know but I'm glad you done a disappearing act screw you
How could I ever introduce anyone to you
Baby this my dad he's a religious nut. ("oh, hello... what the ****!")

I don't hate you I don't love you neither
You mean nothing to me (your) just another geezer
I wont hit you
Still I wont hug you neither
If we ever meet again cold is how I'm gonna treat ya [x2]

When we talk about your antics now there always met with laughter. "Did he really
used to make you pray before you ate a mars bar?"
Yes. Every time we put something in our mouths we had to pray to Jesus
Why the **** you think I never used to eat Malteser's
I slag you off now and don't feel bad about it afterwards
Just like all the other kids abandoned by their fathers
"i hate my dad, Homer Simpson look-a-like fat bastard!"
Yeah, well at least you weren't stuck with Ned Flanders
Who the **** was I supposed to go to for answers?
Hey mum what's this sticky shit in my pyjamas?
You weren't around to teach me shit
Sold your own kids for some bitch
And no one's seen you since
But I bet you turn up when I'm rich chatting shit
Like it weren't your fault
Probably blame it on your bitch
Coz your bitch minds warped
We could hear it in her voice every time she talked me and Lauren were young
but we weren't dumb we knew what was going on
First time I met her when she was just your wife to be
I remember that something just didn't seem right to me
From what I could see
It was simple and plain

She had you under manners like a dog on a chain
Sometimes I used to wonder where you were and why you left
Was it all because of her or what you thought was best
But times have changed and I'm used to you not being there so now I no longer wonder nor do I care
You could be dead for all I know
Even more ***** up in your head for all I know
Coz all I really know is that you left without saying bye
And aint ever looked back since. Yes there was a time, you could have built a bridge but now the gaps to great
And you might find if you try, it'll jus collapse under the weight
Coz now its far too late coz we all grown up
How can you be part of our lives now when you've missed so much (that's why!
)

You cant run away from your past coz your past is hereditary
The blood that courses through my veins is your legacy
And will probably be the only thing ever left to me from you
Coz just like you
I myself have been gifted with a musical talent
Except I go by the name of Ben Drew not Paul Balance
You lived your life like your namesake hung in the balance
Then you fell off the wagon and now the only thing that's apparent is
You aint half the man you used to be
But I am more than you could ever be
Coz you could never see the world as I see it
Where as you try to be something you aint ..I be it
And real fast your past is coming back to haunt you
Its gods will that such a big mistake like me should taunt you
Daunt you
Like a nervous feeling in your gut
I call it fate, but you can call it whatever the **** you want
Your just a lost little boy so here's one less worry for ya
I don't hate you
I just feel sorry for ya
In fact I pity you
I got so much shit on you
If I saw you on the street, I wouldn't even spit on you
(But I don't hate you. Hating takes too much effort, and you aint worth the
***** time of day. As for love, that went when you went. Long ago)