

I Hate Your Guts On Sunday

Screeching Weasel

I hate your guts on Sunday
No other day of the week
I hate your guts on Sunday
But Monday morning you look so sweet

I hate your guts on Sunday
And I'm not even sure why
'Cause I love your guts on Friday night
You gotta go work while I stay here

Just sitting and scratching in my underwear
Hating you on Sunday really only means I care
I hate your guts on Sunday
And I don't know what to do

Monday's the catalyst for readjusting my attitude
I hate your guts on Sunday
I hate my own guts as well
But every other day I think you're swell

Sunday always feels like a funeral
Like setting the alarm to be on time for school
But don't sweat and don't forget
That every other day I think you're totally cool