

L.O.V.E. I Hate You

Swingin' Utters

Your selfishness is horrid And your beauty is queen Puts the pain
in gut-wrenching And the grass a sickly green The troubles of
youth Have got your hair in a mess And when you speak there's length
in excess About your storm and stress Our love was never sacred
Kept me figuring out what to do L-O-V-E, I hate you There's
blood on the frosting When you cut the cake The meaning lies
much deeper You're a big mistake Let me count the ways On the
squirming centipede You'll never find what you're looking for With
these insatiable needs Your passion is a pesticide The birds
and bees are never in my trees You'll never find what you're
looking for With these insatiable needs The trouble of youth
Have got your hair in a mess When you speak There's length in
excess About your storm and stress