

# Hate

Iggy Pop

An evil look that tells me to fuck off  
From the one who 'll never treat me soft  
I start to boil and to concentrate  
On images of anger and of hate  
These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn too late  
These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn too late

the mean stupidity of what he says  
The millions who admire it and they spread  
And all I want to feel is just them dead  
And have to eat the things they did and said  
These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn so late  
These are the ways I feed my hate  
These are the lights that burn too late  
Hate  
Why am I afraid?  
Afraid