

# Hate You Too

Martha Wainwright

I heard that you hate me  
You know that I do  
The words that come out of my mouth  
And the sounds telling me  
I hate you too

Next time you should be more careful who  
You're sitting next to  
I might know them  
And they can come & tell me  
All about you

What did I do?  
Did I get to you?  
My arms, my tears, my love, my heart  
The ocean in my heart  
The drought of my heart  
Did it get to you?

I didn't know about your fear for the ladies  
With the guitars & the occasional high-heeled shoe  
The look in their eyes  
Like they need you to want them  
Even if you don't want to

What did I do?  
Did I get to you?  
My arms, my tears, my love, my heart  
The ocean in my heart  
The drought of my heart  
Did it get to you?

Well, I didn't realize about the scrutinizing eyes of your friends  
Their high standards & high commands  
I can tell you I hate you  
You can get up & go back to bed  
But I might run into you one of these days & knock you dead  
Knock you dead

My arms, my tears, my love, my heart  
The ocean in my heart  
The drought of my heart  
Did it get to you?

My arms, my tears, my love, my heart, my soul  
The ocean in my heart  
The drought of my heart