

# 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

Sixteen 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 six years old how could you subject me to that shit verbal syphilis  
is  
Complete fuckin' 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 evangelizing in the street  
Looking like a tramp who collected trash  
Even though you was ? you could have tried to look normal  
Even if you was fucked 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 fuck!)

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

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 fuck 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 fuck 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 ?  
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  
'Cause your bitch mind's warped  
We could here 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 fucked up in your head for all I know  
'Cause all I really know is that you left without saying bye  
And ain't 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 just collapse under the weight  
'Cause now its far too late 'cause we all grown up  
How can you be part of our lives now when you've missed so much (that's why!  
)

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You can't run away from your past 'cause 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  
'Cause 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 ain't half the man you used to be  
But I am more than you could ever be  
'Cause you could never see the world as I see it  
Where as you try to be something you ain't, I be it  
And real fast your past is coming back to haunt you  
It's God's 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 fuck 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 ain't worth the fuckin' time of day.  
As for love, that went when you went. Long ago