

# 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