

Veronica Hates Me

Screeching Weasel

She always has something to
Say to ruin an otherwise nice day
She always has to start a fight
She doesn't like the way I think
She don't understand why I must
Drink to go out on Friday night
But I know what she's doing
I know that I'm losing
I know that she's screwing me
Veronica doesn't like the way I dress
Veronica thinks my hair is such a mess
Why the deposition?
Veronica's definition of love is hate
Veronica hates me
She thinks I ought a get a job
And quit taking up space on her
Couch with my hand deep in my crotch
She don't know how to shut her mouth
I don't know what I'd do
Without her to drag me down
She asks me when is the wedding
And I'm getting ready to
Yank out the net and push