

## 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