

Pure Hatred

Tank

There's one type of person, that I love to hate, there's one in here, hangin' round some jailbait
Just wait for an hour, the pleb will demonstrate the girls he gets are ones that inflate
She might need a little persuading, to tell you how much it's worth
There's a cavity, you are invading it's the value, not the pride that hurts
Oh yeah all I got for people that are just like you is pure hatred
Knock you down sideways, you won't feel a thing
Her brother thinks he's still inside a big ring, so that's what your man says, so put him in a sling
So any marriage thoughts are just an inkling
The last time, was really amazing
There's no way that I would die of thirst
It's not the real reason I'm straining
It's the voice not the head that hurts
Oh Yeah all I got for people that are bred like you is pure hatred
So what's the attraction of wasting all your life
With a girl your mother said would be a good wife
So stuff all the flowers, the tassles and the like
Don't give up your job without a good fight
It's not just a bed you're making, you're soon to wear maternal skirts
It's not your parents sheets you are staining, I bet your first time really hurt