

Hate Yourself

The Sunday Drivers

My lovely ways have become so nasty
The things that you loved, those things once took your fancy
Have you ever, in your mess, found a chance to hate yourself?

There is not a grain of truth in anything you've been doing
How you dare to say: "I'm alright, I'm in my isle, I don't need
you"

Listen to my voice, I know is not your choice, I'm the same who
Listened to your voice, and know, was not my choice. How I need
ed you.

We never thought we could ever get old
Get old or lost or to find new roads
Have you ever, in your mess, found a chance to hate yourself?

There is not a grain of truth in anything you've been doing
How you dare to say: "I'm alright, I'm in my isle, I don't need
you"

Listen to my voice, I know is not your choice, I'm the same who
Listened to your voice, when it was not my choice. How I needed
you.