

Mr. Hate

The Tubes

I must admit, I was a bit confused
I saw my picture in the mornin' news
You say my sister's dead; my mom is, too
You said I killed 'em, but it's just not true
Nothin's real; nothin's certain
But when I read your words, it just starts hurtin'

Everybody's tryin' to convict me
For taking benzedrine and LSD
But that's all ancient history
And it's just between God and me

I hate rock 'n' roll, don't smoke pot
Maybe a drunk, but a user I'm not

This is a warning from my own hands
Never corner a frightened man
I might kill somebody tryin' to escape
You better listen to Mr. Hate

I can't believe the things my school friends said
Sometimes I think I wish that they were dead
I get so mad that I just see red
Then something blows apart inside my head
It's all erroneous information
I've gotta make a little clarification

This is a warning from my own hands
Never corner a frightened man
I might kill somebody tryin' to escape
You better listen to Mr. Hate

I'm not gonna wash your dishes, anymore...
I'm not gonna fry your burgers
I don't need it
You never understood me, anyway
You'll never catch me...
I won't give up...
You'll NEVER take me alive!

This is a warning from my own hands
Never corner a frightened man
I might kill somebody tryin' to escape
You better listen to Mr. Hate

You better listen to Mr. Hate
You better listen to Mr. Hate
You better listen to Mr. Hate
You better listen to Mr. Hate