

Hate

Lita Ford

He was born on an average day,
Looked like any other baby
Neighbors said "what a lovely boy you have," yeah
Through the years he could've been
Most anybody's kid,
Never did anything to show
The madman living in his soul
Never know he was going crazy
A little bit at a time.

Hate, don't you love it?
The world can't seem to get enough of it
Hate, don't you want it?
You love the way you feel when you're on it
Hate, hate.

All through his high school days
He kept himself hid away
Never let anybody close
He was just the quiet one
Slowly coming undone
Who knew there was something missing from his soul?
Like a spider building up a web
A little bit at a time

Hate, don't you love it?
The world can't seem to get enough of it
Hate, don't you want it?
You love the way you feel when you're on it
Hate, hate.

Last night on the evening news,
I heard his name and it turned my head
Something 'bout a local boy
And fifteen people dead
He thought he was a guardian angel
Gonna put this world at peace
He was talking 'bout happiness
Like it was some kind of disease

He died on an average day
At the state penitentiary
They laid him in his grave
The camera's rolled and the people waved

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Hate, don't you love it?
The world can't seem to get enough of it
Hate, don't you want it?
You love the way you feel when you're on it
Hate
I can't get enough, don't you love it?
Hate!