

Hate Everything About U

Steve Lukather

Night after night, day after day.
I pass by the house that once was our home.
I look through the windows,
I lean on the bell.
There's a light but there's no sign of you.
The stranger's new car in the driveway tells me your
there.
I know you're there.
I feel like a chump doing time on the street.
Low life and useless as the rags on my feet
showin' through.

You don't know how much I hate everything about you.
Your honey red lips and your eyes big and sparkling
blue.
The curve of your hips and your black Irish hair.
Sends a shiver that runs through me too.
You don't know how much I hate you,
wish it was true.

The alleys are dark, sidewalks are bare.
Time's on my hands empty and cold.
I'm looking for something to knock out the night.
Till the sun comes up shining like new.
The chill in my bones reminds me life isn't fair.
And nobody cares.
To the lost souls surviving on hard knocks and vice.
In a world just as nasty as your world is nice.
(Baby Blue) .
You don't know how much I hate everything about you.
Your voice like good bourbon
so elegant, tasteful and smooth.
You're a goddess, a priestess,
a temptress, a queen.
Greta Garbo's got nothing on you.

You don't know how much I hate you,
wish it was true.

You were kind to my brother.
And good to my friends.
You were passionate, faithful and strong.
I must have been sleeping.
It feels like a dream.
I can't tell just where I went wrong.
Like a dog in the garbage with rocks in my head.
I'm strung out and crazy and can't find the thread,
running through.

You don't know how much I hate everything about you.
The poison that runs through my veins telling me what
to do.
With a flick of a match I could burn down this house.
Taking every last memory of you.
You don't know how much I hate you.

I say, you don't know how much I hate you.

You don't know how much I hate you.
I wish it was true.
Oh, yes I do