

# 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?

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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.