

Hate My Life

Theory of a Deadman

So sick of the hobo's, always beggin' for change
I don't like how I gotta work, and they just sit around and get paid
I hate all of the people who can't drive their cars
Bitch you better get out of the way before I start falling apart
I hate how my wife is always up my ass
She always wants to buy brand new things but I don't have the cash
I hate my job, all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
I hate my life
How come I never get laid, nice guys always lose
How could she have another headache, there's always some kind of excuse
I still hate my job, my boss is a dick
I don't get paid nearly enough to put up with all of his shit
I hate my job, all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
I hate my life
I hate that I can't tell when a girl's underage
You know, I tell her she's a nice piece of ass
then her daddy punches me in the face
So if you're pissed like me, bitches here's what ya gotta do
Put your middle fingers up in the air, go on and say "Fuck You"
I hate my job, all of my rich friends
I hate everyone to the bitter end
Nothing turns out right, there's no end in sight
I hate my life
So much at stake, can't catch a break
I hate my life
No, it's nothing new hearing "it sucks to be you"
I fuckin' hate my life!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>