I hate the way you talk to me  
And the way you cut your hair  
I hate the way you drive my car  
I hate it when you stare  
  
I hate your big dumb combat boots  
And the way you read my mind  
I hate you so much that it makes me sick  
It even makes me rhyme  
  
I hate the way you're always right  
I hate it when you lie  
I hate it when you make me laugh  
Even worse when you make me cry  
  
I hate the way you're not around  
And the fact that you didn't call  
But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you  
Not even close, not even a little bit, not even at all.