

Anthrax, Hy Pro Glo

I...

Who, what, where, when, why,
How many ways can you lie
How many ways can you try
How many ways can you die

What am I gonna do
I can't look at you
What are you gonna do
You're no hypocrite

I bash my head against the wall everyday
You'd bash your head against the wall anyway
And then you'd turn around to see if I care
But I can't, and I never did
What'd you expect me to give
You never deserved my respect

How many ways can you try
It burns a hole inside my mind

What am I gonna do
I can't look at you
Can't look like you
I'm no hypocrite

What are you gonna do
You love to look at you
Don't have a clue
You're no hypocrite

You've hgot a hole inside that you have to feed
You've got a hole you'll use to get what you need
And then you look to see if I care
But I can't, and I never did
What'd you expect me to give
You never deserved my respect

You've got that look I wanna know
You've got that look, the hy pro glo