Anthrax, Hy Pro Glo

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