

Screeching Weasel, Veronica Hates Me

She always has something to say to ruin an otherwise nice day
She always has to start a fight
She doesn't like the way I think
She don't understand why i must drink to go out on Friday night
But I know what she's doing, I know that I'm losing
I know that she's screwing me

Veronica doesn't like the way I dress
Veronica thinks my hair is such a mess
Why the deposition?
Veronica's definition of love is hate
Veronica hates me

She thinks I oughtta get a job and quit taking up space on her couch
With my hand deep in my crotch
She don't know how to shut her mouth
I don't know what I'd do without her to drag me down
She asks me when is the wedding, and I'm getting ready
To yank out the net and push

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Vernoica hates me
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1-2-3-4
Veronica won't leave me alone
Veronica won't leave me alone
Veronica won't leave me alone
Veronica won't leave me alone
Woah-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oooh