

my old man

Good Charlotte

I don't know much about, too much of my old man
I know he walked right out the door we never saw him again
Last I heard he was at the bar doing himself in
I know I got that same disease, I guess I got that from him This is the story of my old man
Just like his father before him
I'm telling you do anything you can
So you don't end up just like them, like them Monday he woke up and hated life
Drank until wednesday and left his wife
Thursday thru saturday lost everything
Woke up on sunday miserable again I remember baseball games and working on the car
He told me that he loved me and that I would go far
Showed me how to work hard and stick up for myself
I wish he wasn't too hard to listen to himself This is the story of my old man
Just like his father before him
I'm telling you do anything you can
So you don't end up just like them, like them Monday he woke up and hated life
Drank until wednesday and left his wife
Thursday thru saturday lost everything
Woke up on sunday miserable again Again...again...Someday he'll wish that he made things right (made things
right)
Long for his family and miss his wife (miss his wife)
Remember the days he had everything (everything)
Now he's alone and miserable again

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