Little Things

Good Charlotte

Yeah, this song is dedicated to every kid who ever got picked last in gym class (yeah, 1999)
This is for you
To every kid who never had a date to no school dance (2000 eternal)
This is for you
To everyone who's ever been called a freak (come with meeeee)
Here we, here we go
What? (y'all know what I'm talking about, y'all know what I'm saying)

Like the time in school when we got free lunch and the cool kids beat us up (reduced lunch!)
And the rich kids had convertibles and we had to ride the bus (fifty-five)
Like the time we made the baseball team, but they still laughed at us (we still suck)
Like the time that girl broke up with me cause I wasn't cool enough
Trick!

Things...
The little things they always hang around
The little things they try to break me down
The little things they just won't go away
The little things made me who I am today
You want to hate me know
But I won't stop know, cause I can't stop now

What? Come on. Ungh.
Here we go

Like the time mom went to that institute cause she was breaking down (I just can't take it!)
Like the car we had that wouldn't start, we had to walk to get around (Can I get a ride?)
And that same year on Christmas Eve, Dad went to the store (uh, I'll see you guys later)
We checked his room, his things were gone
We didn't see him no more
Dick!

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The little things they try to break me down
The little things they just won't go away
The little things made me who I am today
You want to hate me know
But I won't stop know, cause I can't stop now

It always seems those little things they take the biggest part of me...

And I know that those little things they make the biggest part of me break down
I'm breaking down
Break down
Gotta maintain

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written by MADDEN, BENJI/MADDEN, JOEL
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