

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! 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

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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