

Good Charlotte

"The Story Of My Old Man"

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I don't know too 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 through 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 through 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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