

Matt Kennon**"You Had To Pick On Me"**

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He hid behind his lunchbox
Everyday at that bus-stop
Where some big ole boys got their kicks
Kickin' him 'round

He was scared as hell of that recess bell
That playground was more like a battlefield
And he knew he'd get himself killed
If he didn't back down

With black in his eye and blood in his mouth
On the way home, all he thought about
Is we could've been team-mates, we could've been
friends
You could've made a difference, you could've stepped
in
If you didn't like me, you should've just let me be
But no... you had to pick on me

She heard them laughin' 'bout the way she looked
In the hallway at the high-school she hid behind her
books
Everyday in that lunch-room, she wouldn't eat a thing

She stared in that mirror, hatin' what she'd see
Tryin' to be pretty became a disease
She was killin' herself, just dyin' to fit in

The diary she kept underneath her bed
Hid all those words, that she never said
We could've been sisters, cheerin' at the games
We could've gone to prom, shared the same limousine
If you didn't like me, you should've just let me be
But no... you had to pick on me

It's time to make a stand, take responsibility
Cause it's gotten outta hand
There should never have to be
Another child's headstone
That might as well read...
You had to pick on me

Yeah, you had to pick on me

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