

The Story of My Old Man

Good Charlotte

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've 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 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

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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