

Little Things

Hurray For The Riff Raff

If I could go anywhere I would go
Down where my soul is empty so
I wouldn't bear the weight of you

If I could be anything
I'd be a bird with wooden wings
I wouldn't fly but I wouldn't break

Oh oh oh it's these little things
You are gone and now I'm free
And I can do anything

There's pretty flowers on the table
There is smoke coming out your mouth
It's blowing out the window now

Oh oh oh it's these little things
You are gone and now I'm free
And I can do anything

If I keep pushing them all away
I'll have nothing left to say
I'd be a blank, a blank page

But when depression, it gets in me
It makes it so I can barely speak
And I can't say, hey come back please

Oh oh oh it's these little things
You are gone and now I'm free
And I can do anything

Oh oh oh it's these little things
You are gone and now I'm free
And I can do anything
Anything
Anything
Anything