

Danny Elfman, The Little Things

Have you heard the news?
Bad things come in twos.
But I never knew
'Bout the little things.

Every single day
Things get in my way.
Someone has to pay
For the little things.

And I'm through with the stories
And I'm sick to my shoes.
And the walking and the talking,
It's got nothing to do with
The final solution.
It's a box full of tricks.
And I'm through with repairs
When there's nothing to fix,
When there's nothing to fix,
When there's nothing to fix,
And it all comes down to you.

Let the headlines wait,
Armies hesitate.
I can deal with fate
But not the little things.

Armageddon may
Arrive anyday.
I can't get away
From the little things.

With a pile of cares
And a bucket of tears,
I could look at the sunlight
And I feel no fear.
With a mountain of maybes
And some Icarus wings,
And I'm armed with delusions
And one little thing,
And that one little thing,
And that one little thing,
And it all comes down to you.

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