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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