Anything (Where to Begin)

Music by Maxwell Beer and Alex Rothfield  
Lyrics by Carrie Caffrey

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And he gets benched again the Hillside laughing stock. He tried to

rock the boat but it's still standing what a shock.

Another year, another bust. And

I'm left lying in the dust. Another nobody. Just one more thing I'll never be.

So I'll never be the pot-head op-ed journalist or the kid who build his car. I've tried to melt

into a mold but they're all taken so far. (Cause) When I got here

everyone already knew where they fit in. They'll be at mile twenty-six when I find where to be-

gin. I'm not the jock the joke the one who speaks Chinese but hey, the truth

is that by now I'd do anything to fit in, please. I'll be the flirt, the freak the live action-role-play
Anything (Where to Begin)

Am C/G D/F# Bb/D Eb G C

king. I'd stick my finger in a socket to be good at anything.

Dm Gm

He's getting screwed again well, who would be surprised.

Am F G

He thought that he'd wised up, become the guys he'd idolized. But

Em Am Em Am

come the play, well look who's down. Your favorite fumbling football clown, who

Dm G G/A G/B

thought he could succeed. The world would rather watch him plead. So I'll never-be-the

F C

math geek at peak aptitude, who could ace the SAT. I've tried to stay

Am G F G

inside the lines, but they're all foreign to me. (Cause) Ev'ry day I'm

F G Am C/E D

knocking on doors when I knew I can't get in. They'll all be

Dm G C

multi-billionaires when I find where to begin. I'm not the jock
the joke the one who speaks Chi
nese but hey, the truth is that by now I'd do
a-ny-thing to fit in, please. I'll be the flirt, the freak the live ac-
tion-role-play
thing. I'd stick my
finger in a so-
cket to be good at a-
ny-thing.
Win-son's e-
'ry-one's best friend. Sky-
lar's the baby, who gets to keep play-
ing pre-
tend. But I'm
stuck as the__ boy won-
der who's po-
wer-less 'till the end, no su-
per-
latives to my name. The on-
ly
kid who re-
 mains the same. In this stu-
pid school that's a game I'll ne-
ver win. 'Cause
I can't e-
ven find where to be-
gin. I'm not the jock__ the joke the one who speaks Chi-
nese but hey, the truth is that by now I'd do a-
ny-thing to fit in, please. I'll be the flirt,
fingers in a socket Glue my fingers to a rocket. Buy a
safe and never lock it. Put a spider in my pocket just to know I'd have something to bring. Maybe
by our senior spring! They'll know something about me And somehow they'll all see._
Something._ Anything._

C/F G

C/A Bb C

E/G# Am F C

F G

C G/B Am G F G C