

Kenny Chesney "Small Y'all"

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Honey, you think he's got an attitude
So you treat him just a little too rude
Buddy, you think she's a little too cold
So you act like a two year old

Don't it make you feel low, Joe?
Don't it make you feel mean, Jean?
Don't it make you feel ashamed of yourself?
Don't it make you feel small, y'all?

Boy, you say something bad about her brother
Girl, you say something mean about his mother
Tempers flare and insults fly
And you're both wanting to die

Don't you feel like a jerk, Kirk?
Don't you feel like a ninny, Jenny?
Don't it make you feel ashamed of yourself?
Don't it make you feel small, y'all?

Lady, you say you don't love him no more
And mister, you kick down the bedroom door
She calls you names you never heard before
And now it's a full scale war

Don't it make you feel crazy, Daisy?
Mentally ill, Bill?
Don't it make you feel ashamed of yourself?
Don't it make you feel small, y'all?

Six o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten
The neighbors, all know that you're at it again
And two little kids just a few feet away
Hear every word you say

Don't it make you feel bad, Dad?
Don't it make you feel wrong, Mom?
Don't it make you feel ashamed of yourself?
Don't it make you feel small, y'all?

Don't it make you feel ashamed of yourself?
Don't it make you feel small, y'all?

With a pickle in the middle
And a mustard on top

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