

Little Jimmy Dickens **"I'm Little But I'm Loud"**

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A lot of folks have told me
I was pulled 'fore I was ripe
A winter apple picked off in the fall
But even as a youngin'
I was not the bashful type
'Cause I could yell the loudest of them all.

CHORUS

I'm little, but I'm loud
I'm poor, but I'm proud
I'm countrified and I don't care who knows it
I'm like a banty rooster
In a big, red rooster crowd
I'm puny, short and little, but I'm loud.

I learned to do my singin
Walkin' 'long behind a plow
The singin' teachers always passed me by

And so I have to sing
The only way that I know how
Just rare back, open up and let 'er fly.

CHORUS

I sang a special solo song
In church one Sunday morn'
And I was plumb embarassed to my chin
I hit a high note, looked around
And sure as I was born
Two cows and fourteen hogs were walkin' in.

CHORUS

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