

## **Phil McLean**

# **"Small Sad Sam"**

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Here's a tale of a man who was puny and weak  
Stood four foot six in his stocking feet  
Kinda narrow in the shoulder and heavy in the waist  
Everything about him seemed to be misplaced, small  
Sam

He slid into town one rainy night  
Runnin' like a dog away from a fight  
He had a pretty big mouth for a guy his size  
And everything he said was a pack of lies, small Sam

One day he got on a downtown bus  
First thing you know there was an awful fuss  
They threw Sam off into the street  
For trying to steal an old lady's seat, bad Sam

One day nobody knows what for  
An elevator stuck on the eighty-fifth floor  
Some cables broke and so it's said  
That car just hung there by a thread  
The women were calm and the men were balm  
But Sam screamed and cried like a little child  
He squeezed himself through the emergency door  
And pulled himself up to the eighty-sixth floor,  
Small Sam, chicken Sam

And then instead of helpin' others get free  
Sam said, I'm lookin' out for me  
The cable snapped and all the way down  
They cursed out Sam when they hit the ground, small  
Sam

Now someday Sams gonna get his due  
And when he does I'll make a bet with you  
There ain't nobody even gonna pass a hat  
'Cause Sam was nothin' but a no good cat  
Yes, small Sam  
Chicken Sam  
No good Sam

