

Randy Travis "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 yourselves?
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 just wantin' to die.

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

Now lady, you say you don't live him no more.
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 yourselves?
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 yourselves?
Don't it make you feel small y'all?

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

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