What Some People Throw Away

Aaron Pritchett

An old piece of rope held up his pants
As I backed up he threw up his hands
So, I got out and closed the door
And asked him what he stopped me for
He reached down and picked up a burlap bag
There at the city dump he showed me all he hadA blanket for the colder nights
An old King James and a pocket knife
A worn out watch and a lucky rabbits foot
A picture in a broken frame
He said, ?I wish I knew her name?
As he gently brushed his hand across her face
"What some people throw away"I turned to hide my tear-filled eyes
Then shook his hand and said goodbye
To me it was just a second load
But he held it like a bag of gold
I was too ashamed to tell him at the time
Everything he was holding was mineA blanket for the colder nights
An old King James and a pocket knife
A worn out watch and a lucky rabbits foot
A picture in a broken frameHe'll never know I knew her name
What I'd give to put that smile back on her face
"What some people throw away"A picture in a broken frame
He'll never know I knew her name
What I'd give to put that smile back on her face
"What some people throw away"Oh, it broke my heart to hear that old man say
What some people throw away

Songwriters
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