

# Small Y'all (with George Jones)

Kenny Chesney

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?  
And 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 a-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

Songwriters

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