

Don't Laugh At Me

Mark Wills

I'm a little boy with glasses the one they call the geek
A little girl who never smiles 'cause I've got braces on my teeth
And I know how it feels to cry myself to sleep I'm that kid on every playground who's always chosen last
A single teenage mother tryin' to overcome my past
You don't have to be my friend, but is it too much to ask? Don't laugh at me, don't call me names
Don't get your pleasure from my pain
In God's eyes we're all the same
Someday we'll all have perfect wings
Don't laugh at me I'm the cripple on the corner, you've passed me on the street
And I wouldn't be out here beggin' if I had enough to eat
And don't think I don't notice that our eyes never meet I lost my wife and little boy when someone crossed that
yellow line
The day we laid them in the ground is the day I lost my mind
And right now I'm down to holdin' this little cardboard sign, so Don't laugh at me, don't call me names
Don't get your pleasure from my pain
In God's eyes we're all the same
Someday we'll all have perfect wings
Don't laugh at me I'm fat, I'm thin, I'm short, I'm tall
I'm deaf, I'm blind, hey, aren't we all? Don't laugh at me, don't call me names
Don't get your pleasure from my pain
In God's eyes we're all the same
Someday we'll all have perfect wings
Don't laugh at me

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