

Don't Laugh At Me (Live With Symphony Orchestra)

Peter, Paul & Mary

I'm a little boy with glasses, the one they call the geek
A little girl who never smiles
'Cause I have 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 beggar 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 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 Well I'm fat, I'm thin
I'm short, I'm tall
I'm deaf, I'm blind
In a way we're all I'm black, I'm white
And I am brown
I'm Jewish, I'm Christian
And I'm a Muslim I'm gay, I'm lesbian
I'm American Indian
I'm very, very young
I'm quite aged I'm quite well fed
I'm very, very poor 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 My country, 'tis of thee, oh, sweet land of liberty
It is of thee, that I sing

Songwriters

Seskin, Steve / Shamblin, Allen Published by

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