

# Smallest Man In the World

## Chuck Prophet

What do you say when you see him out on the street?  
What's he get paid?  
Where does he find shoes for those feet?  
Does he feel extra-special, like he's blessed and he's cursed?  
When he says, "It's no big deal," don't it kinda sound rehearsed?  
Well, I've heard he's a charmer, but he runs hot and cold  
Whatever he is, he's the smallest man in the world  
I saw him one time on Bourbon street outside a bar  
as he climbed from the back of a shiny black Lincoln Town Car  
Where can he hang out when he wants to lay low?  
And when he looks in the mirror, where does he go?  
When he boxes his shadow which one takes the fall?  
Whatever he does, he's the smallest man in the world  
Where can he sit when he just has to have a good view?  
When he's called a liar, well how much can he really prove?  
They say he's been married, he put in his time  
Lived in a tower and blew his own mind  
Don't he feel like a child when the waitress says "Doll"?  
"What can I get you doll?"  
Whatever she says, he's the smallest man in the world  
Smallest man in the world (Where you runnin' off to there little fella? Ah, look at him go)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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