

I'm Little But I'm Loud

Connie Smith

A lots of folks have told me I got poor
For I got right a winter apple picked up in the fall
But even as a youngin' I was not the bashful type
Cause I could yell up loud to stop them all
I'm little but I'm loud I'm poor but I'm proud
I'm countrified and I don't care who knows it
I'm like a Banty Rooster in a big red rooster crowd
I'm puny short and little but I'm loud

I learned to do my singing walking long behind a plow
The singing teacher always passed me by
And so I had to sing the only way I know how just rear back open
up and let her fly
Well I'm little but I'm loud

Well I sang a special solo song in church one Sunday morn
And I was plumbin' barest to my skin
I hit a high and turn around and as sure as I was burn
Two cows and fourteen hearses come walking in
I'm little but I'm loud

I'm puny short and little but I'm loud