

## **Price of Being Small**

(Words and Music by Mark Wesling and Dana A. Zbozien)

This song is for anybody who's ever felt small

Talking to my dog and seeing eye to eye  
Looking at the people all up in the sky  
'Cause that's the price of being small

Sitting on a chair, my feet can't touch the floor  
I can't reach the doorknob of any door  
'Cause that's the price of being small

(Chorus 1)

Oh, when will I grow some more?  
So I can be more respectable

Sitting at the table, and being afraid of heights  
At my age, don't I have any rights?  
'Cause that's the price of being small

Riding in the car with the windows down  
I can't reach the button, now my hair's all blown around  
But that's the price of being small

(Chorus 1)

Oh, when will I grow some more?  
So I can be more respectable

In the swimming pool, I'm tied to a tube  
Did I do something wrong? 'Cause this seems very rude  
'Cause that's the price of being small

(Continued)

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My Mom and Dad are tall, they seem to have a ball  
Throwing me around like I'm some kind of ball  
Oh, that's the price of being small

(Chorus 1)

Oh, when will I grow some more?  
So I can be more respectable

I guess this is my life, I have nowhere to go  
But up in the air when I finally start to grow  
I know that day is coming soon

But I know one thing's for sure, my parents do love me  
'Cause if they didn't, well I don't know where I'd be  
Lost in a jungle, that's for sure

(Chorus 2)

Oh, one day I'll grow some more  
And I will be more respectable

I know one day  
There has to be a way  
I know I'll be taller when I'm four

And I will be more respectable  
Yes, I will be more respectable  
That day, I will be more respectable