

Aaron Tippin, Trim Yourself To Fit The World

Each time the good Lord makes a man
He always breaks the mold
So it sure does raise a flag for that
Rebel in my soul
When some phony carbon copy says
I'm the black sheep of the fold
Well, this is what I tell 'em
When I tell 'em where to go

If you trim yourself to fit the world
There won't be nothin' left
Just a little here and a little there
Till you won't know yourself
You'll be a pile of shavings
When they put you in your grave
If you trim yourself to fit the world
You'll whittle yourself away

I could change to fit his world
But I just ain't that kind
Some sell their soul for the easy road
The devil's always buying
I can't count the ones I've known
Who fell right into line
Now they walk around with their heads hung down
They've got no piece of mind

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So before you sign that dotted line
Or do something that you'd rather not
Before you compromise your stand
Friend, let me tell you what
Don't let the crowd get so loud
You can't hear your conscience speak
'Cause I'm willing to bet that you'll soon regret
That you sold yourself so cheap

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