

# What Some People Throw Away

Aaron Pritchett

An old piece of rope held up his pants  
As I backed up he threw up his hands  
So, I got out and closed the door  
And asked him what he stopped me for  
He reached down and picked up a burlap bag  
There at the city dump he showed me all he had

A blanket for the colder nights  
An old King James and a pocket knife  
A worn out watch and a lucky rabbits foot  
A picture in a broken frame  
He said, "I wish I knew her name"  
As he gently brushed his hand across her face  
"What some people throw away"

I turned to hide my tear-filled eyes  
Then shook his hand and said goodbye  
To me it was just a second load  
But he held it like a bag of gold  
I was too ashamed to tell him at the time  
Everything he was holding was mine

A blanket for the colder nights  
An old King James and a pocket knife  
A worn out watch and a lucky rabbits foot  
A picture in a broken frame  
He'll never know I knew her name  
What I'd give to put that smile back on her face  
"What some people throw away"

A picture in a broken frame  
He'll never know I knew her name  
What I'd give to put that smile back on her face  
"What some people throw away"

Oh, it broke my heart to hear that old man say  
What some people throw away