

# Trim Yourself To Fit The World

Aaron Tippin

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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