

The Runt

Hank Snow

Rough him up and shove him down
Make him cry when he comes 'round
Treat him any way you want
After all he's just runt, just a little runt

Runt is what they called him
But his name was Buddy Grey
He lived out on Maple Street
'Bout a mile away

Hand-me-downs were all he wore
Poverty and nothing more
Always someone laying for ' the runt

They catch him in the school year
When he came out to play
Then get him in a circle
Where he couldn't get away

They'd shove him here
And they'd shove him there
If he fell down, nobody cared
Just anything to keep him scared -- the runt

Then one day walking home from school
The teasing went just too far
They chased the runt out in the street
Nobody saw the car

They only heard that awful sound
They saw the broken body on the ground
Then everybody gathered around -- the runt

They buried him on Sunday
His classmates all were there
And the tears filled each every eye
When runt's mother said a prayer

Lord, even though you've taken him
I think I understand
He's finished the job you've sent him for
And done it like you planned

If you made all people to look the same
It just wouldn't be right I guess
So you put a few now and then, like my runt
To bring others' happiness

His shortness makes others feel tall
His weakness makes others feel strong
His features make others feel pretty and handsome
And his sadness brings others a song

So rough him up and shove him down
Make him cry when he comes 'round
Treat him any way you want
But thank God for the runt

Yes, thank God for my little runt