

Hugh Blumenfeld

"Mr.Big"

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Walks in a bar in a nonchalant way
We all want to hear what he's got to say
You don't need an invite to be at the lig
Hanging out and being cool with Mr.Big

Reading your bible in bed at night
That bed ain't made for a man of your height
Samson's locks cut off after the gig
Can you grow them back being Mr. Big?

Is there water flowing under the bridge?
Is that a storm brewing up on the ridge?
Are the wheels still on the undercarriage?
Got to have all the answers when you're Mr. Big

Spoke out for the disenfranchised few
Woke up later wearing someone else's shoes
Pardon me don't think it's a dig
But the colour don't suit you being Mr. Big

You maybe next 'cos you're standing tall
Your Aunt Sally's waiting down in the hall
Little or large she don't give a fig
There's always room for her around Mr. Big

Is that a storm brewing up on the ridge?
If that's a scratch then there must be an itch
Do all your plans go by with out any hitch?
Got to have all the answers when you're Mr. Big

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