

## Jean-Jacques Goldman "Ensemble"

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Mr. Big Stuff  
Jean Knight

(Oh yeah, ooh)  
Mr. Big Stuff  
Who do you think you are  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
Now because you wear all those fancy clothes (oh  
yeah)  
And have a big fine car, oh yes you do now  
Do you think I can afford to give you my love (oh yeah)  
You think you're higher than every star above  
Mr. Big Stuff  
Who do you think you are  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
Now I know all the girls I've seen you with  
I know you broke their hearts one after another now, bit  
by bit  
You made 'em cry, many poor girls cry  
When they try to keep you happy, they just try to keep  
you satisfied  
Mr. Big Stuff, tell me tell me  
Who do you think you are  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
I'd rather give my love to a poor guy that has a love  
that's true (oh yeah)  
Than to be fooled around and get hurt by you  
Cause when I give my love, I want love in return (oh  
yeah)  
Now I know this is a lesson Mr. Big Stuff you haven't  
learned  
Mr. Big Stuff, tell me  
Who do you think you are  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna break my heart  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna make me cry

Mr. Big Stuff, tell me  
Just who do you think you are  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
Mr. Big Stuff

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