

Lyle Lovett "No Big Deal"

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It's Sunday morning, the club is on
That great cat's still yawning
Because Saturday is gone

And I still feel the feeling
Of how you felt upon me
And it may be no big deal to you
But it's a very big deal to me

You were down and dirty
And he was tall and twenty nine
And I'm only disconcerted
Because you said you knew I wouldn't mind

But I still feel the feeling
Of how you telephone me
And it may be no big deal to you
But it's a very big deal to me

But you can't make a cool cat crazy
Like you can't make a gray cat brown
And you can't keep a wild cat
When she knows the wildest cat's in town

So it's Sunday morning
Yeah and I guess I had a coffee
Ooh 'cause I start recalling
A time I went astray

And I still feel the feeling
Of her last words of warning
She said, "Man, it may be no big deal to you
But it's a very big deal to me"

She said, "Man, it may be no big deal to you
But it's a very big deal to me"

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