

Steve Greenberg

"Big Bruce"

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The folk history of America
Is the history of it's heroes
Big workin' men like John Henry,
Paul Bunyon & Big Bad John

But today I'd like to introduce a new folk hero
He didn't work in a mine or on a railroad
Or any of those strenuous occupations
He worked in a beauty salon & his name was Bruce

Well at the beauty salon every morning at ten
Big Bruce arrived & kind of tip-toed in
He wore bell bottomed pants & a polka-dot tie
And whenever he spoke, it was just to say 'Hi'

Big Bruce
Big Bad Bruce

And everyone knew when he swished into town
You could smell his perfume for miles around
He stood six foot five, & weighed 106
With a curl in his hair & a smile on his lips

Big Bruce
Big Old Bruce

The boys all say he's from Abilene
Where he had a social group called
The Lone Star Queens
Some say Hollywood or Beverly Hills
Where he got arrested for passing
Three dollar bills

That's Bruce
Dumb Old Bruce

Then came the day of that terrible fire
Something went wrong in the number five dryer
Into the chaos of those matronly dames
Went Big Bad Bruce just a fannin' the flames

Big Bad Bruce

Big Bad Brucey Woosey

Well the flames grew higher & the fire got worse
And someone heard Brucey cry,
'Mercy I forgot my purse'
Into the fire with a squeal & a shout
We waited an hour, but he never came out

Poor Bruce
Poor Old Bruce

Where that salon once stood, there's a grocery store
But his name will live forever more
In the annals of time & the hall of fame
As the gay young cat who went down in flames

Big Bruce
You might say this has been kind of a fairy tale

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