

## Exies, The "Big Head"

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Well he walks with his head up high  
Flips a wink and wonders why  
He nevers gets his wool  
Maybe he's a stone-blessed pharaoh tease  
And maybe he speaks Manganese  
She couldn't really care much about it  
Hey there Bighead  
You Bighead, you're alright  
He's wasted, but feeling alright  
Well she drives with her eyes straight ahead  
Always win cause she never said  
Anything to lead you in  
Out with her head up high, a tasty twisted lullaby  
She couldn't really care about this  
When the jig is up you'll find yourself  
With just your hand  
By the Thermador you'll stay  
Cause at least it keeps you warm

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