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## Big (In a Small Way)

When I first started writin' my rhymes  
I thought that I would be gigantic  
A legend in my own time,  
Driving nubile young women quite frantic  
And so for my Grammys, my gold records and all  
I cleared a space on my bedroom wall  
And waited for fame to knock at my door  
"Cause it would, of that I was sure

Chorus:

And hey, hey, hey  
I'm big, I'm big, I'm big, so big  
Big – in a small way

But Fame, that tight-fisted shrew,  
She just barely nods as she passes  
And while I watch she gives all the breaks to  
Pretty boys with loose lips and tight asses  
My wall's still as bare as a baboon's behind  
As I wait for the honours that will never be mine  
I should get the message and give it up I suppose  
But my ego's the size of Ringo Starr's nose

I thought I'd made all the right moves  
When people would cry "Entertain us!"  
I sang folk, jazz, rock, country and blues  
But I just got confused and not famous  
They say what sells music is raw animal sex  
I should have aimed for their groins and not their intellects  
And though I'm sure Elton John might not agree  
Short and bald ain't sexy and it's never gonna be

But makin' music is its own reward  
And its value never decreases  
While fame can be a double-edged sword  
That cuts the moths and the candle to pieces  
I've still got my own teeth and my sense of humour  
And who knows like Willie Nelson I might be a late bloomer  
But if I ain't, then I don't give a damn  
"Cause if y'all listen, tell y'all what I am...