

Big Man

Bob Dylan

Concrete hills filled with lavender
Careful, sniff too much and it'll damage ya
I saw a couple good men turn to scavengers
Knife out lights out, they turn ravenous
The crow lingers round itchy little fingers
Bees buzzing round cats waiting for a stinger
Piggies catch you with the poppy they might turn you to a singer
It's happened to a few once they put 'em through the ringer

Big man, big man, you're the king of this land
Where are you going? Where are you going?
Big man, king of his land
Where are you going? Where are you going?

Concrete hills filled with sheep
Grazing on the grass, I can get it quite cheap
Crickets in the garden make it hard to get to sleep
Looking through the curtain for a chirping little thief
The bird hovers, though farmers don't get bothered
In a strange way it makes you feel a little honoured
To know they care enough to keep their beady eyes upon us
But one bad crop and we'll all be fucking goners

Big man, big man, you're the king of this land
Where are you going? Where are you going?
Big man, king of his land
Where are you going? Where are you going?

Look at you, you think you know it all
You're so fucking smart
You don't know shit son, you don't know shit
One day you'll learn, one day you'll learn

Big man, big man king of everything you see and touch
You're the ruler of this land but this land don't amount to much
'Cause money [?] so you've seen and done it all
You're a fool, you're a fool, you're a fool, I'm a fool