

Big Man

The Charlie Daniels Band

Big Man you got your hands on some money,
A Cadillac and a hundred pretty girls,
Stop. Look around you. Don't you think it's funny?
There's something missing from your world.
And your days are getting shorter,
Nights are getting cold.
You've been young for so long,
You're afraid of growing old.
Yes there's something missing,
Could it be your soul?
Big Man.
They say that lasting things don't linger.
Lots of friends is something you don't lack.
And they jump every time you snap your fingers.
You out to hear them talk behind your back.
Oh yeah.
To your face, you're Leonardo. The coolest of the cool.
To your back, you're Punchinello, (Jesus just[?]) a fool.
There ain't a damn thing you can say,
Cause you made up the rules.
Big man.
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Big man.
Sock it to me.
Big man you keep getting bolder.
You try to make your wealth into desire.
Ever stop to look over your shoulder.
All the broken pieces left behind.
And you run from post to pillar,
At a supersonic pace.
Searching out your outliers in a (world of disgrace[?])
You may win the battle,
But you're going to lose the race.
And I'm sorry for you.
Big man