

My Biggest Fan

Loudon Wainwright III

My biggest fan is a four hundred pound man
Who knows how many stone hang onto his bones
And you ask how come, but hey, look
His mother was a professional cook
When he was one his father took off
It was a trauma that he never shook off
He was dealt that hand
My biggest fan

After the show fans say thanks and hello
They proffer something to sign
Or deliver a glib line
And you know there's never any escape
From the fan who wants to give you his tape
But when no other knows how it's all done
In the dressing room there remains but one
And it's my main man
My biggest fan

Some fans Harrison-stalk - the big guy likes to talk
He knows every song, what's been good and gone wrong
He knows the story of my whole cheesy life
The name of each kid, ex-girlfriend, and wife
Every label that I've even been on
Yes, he's obsessed, he doesn't fawn
He understand
My biggest fan

Most fans are average guys and gals
Anxious to be your bosom pal
For a night or just an hour
For a bite or some kind of shower
They got a plan
You understand

My fan is so large he's a one man entourage
There's much more there to him than Tom, Dick, Harry, or Jim
Oh, if you want to know just how big
A fan he is, he comes to every gig
Sometimes I sell out - hey man, that's no sin
Somehow my fan always manages to squeeze in
And is happy to stand
He's still my biggest fan

But the biggest surprise, aside from his size
Is just how he can move when it comes to show biz
In the triumvirate I count a top three
Yeah, there's Bob, then there's Neil, then there's me
Naturally Bob's number one
Yeah, the runner up, that's Mr. Young
I'm number three in command
But he's still my biggest fan

Yeah, I'm his third man
But he's still my biggest fan