

Little Big Man

Screeching Weasel

I'm not just some dilettante If you'll excuse me, I've got names to drop You think my lyrics don't make sense? Well, maybe you're a little dense

Pretentious? Moi? Don't be absurd Sure, I use some twenty dollar words But brother, I'm the salt of the Earth And while my band might be subpar And I'm stuck here tending bar I hold my own with all the punk rock stars

My politics are so correct I march along in perfect step And all my pals think like I do That's how I know I've got a clue

Now let me make this crystal clear You point and laugh at all that I hold dear But I've got the respect of all my peers And they're allowed to take the piss But if you cross me then I'll shake my fist And tell the internet about it

I'm a big man

It's time for me to show my ass And pass some rumors on as fact Now don't you dare call me a clown I'll have my lawyer shut your website down

I went on tour with NOFX I didn't really have a job with them But I'll have you know they're personal friends I got to ride Fat Mike's giraffe And we all sat around and laughed At everyone who's sick of my act

Little big man I'm a big man Little big man