

Big New World

Steve Forbert

What a big new world
Is it all this tall?
Shelves in the den
And the fan blades that spin
Seem far away
On my hands and knees
I can crawl the hall
Wide open door
To the warm carpet floor
Says, "Please, come through"

When I'm alone and in my room
And lights are low
I want some more of all those things
That make time go
I like the strange and changing
Daytime sights and sounds
And I like that ev'ning fun
When everyone's around

In the pots and pans
I enjoy myself
Food I'll consume
If I hold my own spoon
In my own way

When I'm alone and in my room
And lights are low
I want some more of all those things
That make time go
I like the strange and changing
Daytime sights and sounds
And I like that ev'ning fun
When everyone's around

Let me laugh with you
Toss me high and smile
Sleep - what a bore
What's the point? What's it for?
And why so soon?
When I'm alone and in my room
And lights are low
I want some more of all those things
That make time go
I like the strange and changing
Daytime sights and sounds
And I like that ev'ning fun
When everyone's around

Oh la, la, la, etc
What a big new world