

## Mr. Big

## The Strangers

In the reflection of his limousine  
He combs his hair and straightens up his tie  
He's sure done well in the corporate world  
That boy from the streets who's riding high

He's got a pocket full of people to call  
When he needs to get an obstacle removed  
His hands been clean as the obstacle screams  
He never lets it put him off his food

In the tiny world of Mr. Big  
Birds don't sing, the moon is hidden

He's got a massive chain like Marley's ghost  
Every day he makes another link  
He doesn't care, 'cos it's made of gold  
And what can't be bought means nothing to him

In the tiny world of Mr. Big  
Birds don't sing, the moon is hidden

He's got a man who drives his limousine  
A smile always spread across his face  
He's got no millions, but he don't care  
'Cos he's got more than the man who pays his wage

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Birds don't sing, the moon is hidden  
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