

Billy Joel, Big Man On Mulberry Street

Why can't I lay low
Why can't I say what I mean
Why don't I stay home
And get myself into some boring routine

Why can't I calm down
Why is it always a fight
I can't get unwound
Why do I throw myself into the night

I'm on the outside
I don't fit into the groove
Now I ain't a bad guy
So tell me what am I trying to prove

Why can't I cool out
Why don't I button my lip
Why do I lash out
Why is it I always shoot from the hip

I cruise from Houston to canal street
A misfit and a rebel
I see the winds talking to themselves
And I can understand
Why is it everytime I go out
I always seem to get in trouble
I guess I made an impression on somebody
North of hester and south of grand

And so in my small way
I'm a big man on Mulberry street
I don't mean all day
Only at night when I'm light on my feet

What else have I got
That I'd be trying to hide
Maybe a blind spot
I haven't seen from the sensitive side

But you know in my own heart
I'm a big man on Mulberry street
I play the whole part
I leave a big tip with every receipt

I'm so romantic
I'm such a passionate man
Sometimes I panic
What if nobody finds out who I am