

Don McLean, Great Big Man

Rust on your fingers, you got trouble at your feet.
Keep the home fires burning, but look out for the heat
'cause there's a man at the window who knows just what you think,
and there's a water boy behind you who won't give you a drink
Well it's a hard, hard time, no easy road in sight,
it takes a great big man to win a great big fight.
When it comes to dying, no matter what you tell,
They'll let you into a heaven 'cause you lived your life in hell.
Well they've got no way to reward you but to let those breezes blow,
And you've got nothing left to do but to let your anger show.
'Cause it's a hard, hard time, no easy road in sight,
it takes a great big man to win a great big fight.
Think about your baby, think about your wife,
Think about your banker who's trying to take your life.
Think about this planet that's rolling through the night.
Oh can you turn your back on such a great big fight?
You got the muscle, big man, you got the power,
but you're getting weaker with each passing hour.
Just like a flame in the rain, like a light in the night,
well if it's you that must stay, well then it's you that must fight!
'Cause it's a hard, hard time, your future's not bright,
it takes a great big man to win a great big
great big man to win a great big fight.