

Lisa Brokop, Big Picture

1st Verse

I'm a collector of masterpieces
Totally into original things
And I've got priceless art hangin' on my walls
And I love the noise that creative brings
Ain't got a vault or security
It's not a velvet rope kind of gallery
It's just

Chorus

Sunshine smilin' on plain white paper
Cardboard cutouts with angel wings
Rainbow drawings by tiny fingers
And a big ol' castle out of popsicle sticks
But my favorite piece ain't got a frame
It's on the 'fridgerator door with the misspelled name
With a cat and the dog and Janie and her sister
There I am in the middle of (the) real big picture

2nd Verse

Used to be the paper, now it's paper dolls
I'm dodgin' crayolas on the kitchen floor
And sometimes I rush to work for peace and quiet
But I miss it all once I'm out the door
And when the world gets crazy and cold
Lucky me, I get to come home to that

(Repeat Chorus)

Tag Chorus

Yeah, you know my favorite piece ain't got a frame
It's on the 'fridgerator door with the misspelled name
With a cat and the dog and Janie and her sister
There I am in the middle of the real big picture
The real big picture
There I am in the middle of the real big picture, yeah
The sunshine is smilin'
The real big picture