Peter Murphy, Big And Tiny Live

Stepping on the road He made his way To the stellar far land of his desire Singing strange and hazy by the day Like all the pretty things he once admired

Singing pretty like a bird Singing pretty like a high class fool Big Love of a Tiny fool Big Love of a Tiny fool

All that he loved was yet to be As he threw that starry look into his crowd A holy seer without a holy book Such easy meat to the hunting hounds

Sang the key of minor sonnet That he got from the major cool Big Love of a Tiny fool Big Love of a Tiny fool

He'll make it, he'll deliver Don't forget it, he's all heart Beauty innocence Fire without a spark

Sitting pretty like a bird Sitting pretty like a high class fool Big Love of a Tiny Fool Big Love of a Tiny Fool

He'll make it, he'll deliver Don't Forget it, he's all heart Beauty innocence fire without a spark

He'll make it he'll deliver Don't forget it, it's all heart Beauty innocence Fire without a spark