

Billie Holiday, BIG STUFF

Leonard Bernstein

So you cry

What's it about, baby?

You ask why

Blues had to go and pick you

So you go

Down to the shore, kid's stuff

Don't you know

There's honey in the store for you, big stuff

Let's take a ride on my gravy train

The door open wide

So you stare

Call it despair, baby

Don't you care

I'm on the square about you

Let's have a try

It maybe that you're my guy

Let's take a ride on my gravy train

The door open wide

Come in from out of the rain