

Bruce Hornsby, Big Swing Face

Your cymbal crashing
Your teeth are gnashing
You're in your element
We love to see you
We love to be you
You're in your Renaissant costume

You do what hell you want to do
Make people scream for you
We love to hear you

You've got your big swing face
You know the night away out in space
Looks like a beautiful, beautiful place
You've got your big swing face

???? unintelligible
You bow to the crowd
But you gotta looka down
Some people laughing
It's easy to love
When there's a billion clouds above

I know you're the great being
You're so hilarious
You're leaving us in the dust

Your big swing face
You roll the night away out in space
Looks like a beautiful, beautiful place
You've got your big swing fa-ya-ya-ya-yace

In your constant foolery
Pink sandals and jewelry
You're a funny guy
You'll never wonder why

You've got your big swing face
You've got your lonely night away out in space
Looks like a beautiful, beautiful place
You've got your big swing fa-ya-ya-ya-yace

Like a beautiful, beautiful place
You've got your big swing fa-ya-ya-ya-yace