

# 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