

# Ian Hunter, Big Time

(ian hunter)

One more town on the merry-go-round  
One more room with no view  
One more punk eatin' nothing but junk  
Trin' to make a phone call to you  
Well maybe I'll never, get myself together  
But something's in the back of my mid  
It only takes one call-you can laugh at 'em all  
You're never too small to hit the big time

One more slob feeling sick as a dog  
After one more night on the booze  
One more dive more dead than alive  
Tryin' to get my message through  
Now, maybe I'll never get my self together  
Maybe it's the end of the line  
But I'm having a ball-bouncin' off the walls  
You're never too small to hit the big time

You're never too small, you're never too small  
You're never too small to hit the big time  
They can make you crawl, they can make you fall  
But you're never too small to hit the big time  
You're never too small, you're never too small  
You're never too small to hit the big time  
If you're fat, if you're bald it don't matter at all  
'cos you're never too small-i said you're never too small

To hit the big time (yes indeed)  
(the big time(- limousines)  
(the big time)-you can have it all  
(the big time)- I say you're never too small

One more crowd shoutin'-turn it up loud  
One more rose at my feet  
One more ring from that cute little thing  
One more reason to cheat  
Well, maybe I'll never get myself together  
Maybe it's the end of the line...