

# Lyle Lovett, No Big Deal

It's Sunday morning  
The coffee's on  
That gray cat's still yawning  
Because Saturday is gone

And I still feel the feeling  
Of how you felt upon me  
And it may be no big deal to you  
But it's a very big deal to me

You were down and dirty  
He was tall and twenty-nine  
And I am only disconcerted  
Because you said you knew I wouldn't mind

But I still feel the feeling  
Of how you telephoned me  
And it may be no big deal to you  
But it's a very big deal to me

But you can't make a cool cat crazy  
Like you can't make a gray cat brown  
And you can't keep a wild cat  
When she knows the wildest cat's in town

So it's Sunday morning  
Yeah I guess I had it coming  
'Cause I started recalling  
A time I went astray

And I still feel the feeling  
Of her last words of warning  
She said, "Man it may be no big deal to you,  
But it's a very big deal to me."

She said, "Man it may be no big deal to you,  
But it's a very big deal to me."