

Big Mouth Blues

Gram Parsons & The Fallen Angels

Oh, well, I was born in a little bitty tar hut
And they called me a man 'cause I couldn't
keep my big, big mouth shut
So what's the sense of me sitting here leaving
When any ole day I might be even
And Lord knows that New York City's got
a lot to do with it
I wish someday I could find the way
to get it out of my grain
This dirty old town's gonna sink right down
and I don't want to go with it
Well I wish there was a way that
I knew to get even
A way to get a lick in
A 'bobbin' and a 'weavin'
Any ole thing besides goin' and a'leavin'
You can do on a train
Well, I once knew a man who sailed around
the world twice
He would have made it three but he took
a lot of bad advice
So you just tell me what's the sense of me
sittin' here leavin'
When any ole day I might get even
And Lord knows New York City's got
a lot to do with it
I wish someday I could find a way to get it out
of my brain
This dirty old town's gonna sink right down
and I don't want to go with it
I wish there was a way that I knew to get even,
way to get a lick in
A 'bobbin' and a 'weavin'
Any ole thing besides goin' and a'leavin'
You can do on a train
Oh, yes!
Well, I once knew a man who sailed around
the world twice
But his motor cooled down and now he's
deliverin' ice
Tell me what's the sense of him
sittin' here leavin'

When any ole day he might get even
And Lord knows New York City's got
a lot to do with it
I wish someday he could find a way to get it out
of his brain
This dirty old town's gonna sink right down
and I don't want to go with it
I wish there was a way that I knew to get even
Way to get a lick in
A 'bobbin and a'weavin'
And all the things besides goin' and a'leavin'
You can do on a train
Oh, yeah

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