

Big Stuff (Prologue)

Billie Holiday

So you cry
What's it about, baby?
You ask why
Blues had to go and pick you
So you go
Down to the shore, kid's stuff
Don't you know
There's honey in the store for you, big stuff
Let's take a ride in my gravy train
The door's open wide
Come in from out of the rain
So you stare
Call it despair, big stuff
Don't you dare
I'm on the square about you
Let's have a try
It maybe that you're my guy
Let's take a ride on my gravy train
The door's open wide
Come in from out of the rain

Songwriters

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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