

# Something Big

Tom Petty

It didn't feel like Sunday  
It didn't feel like June  
When he met his silent partner  
In that lonely corner room  
That overlooked the marquee  
Of the plaza all-adult  
And he was not lookin' for romance  
Just someone he could trust  
And it wasn't no way to carry on  
It wasn't no way to live  
But he could up with it for a little while  
He was workin' on something big  
Speed ball rang the night desk  
Said "send me up a drink"  
The night clerk said "It's Sunday man...  
Wait a minute, let me think  
There' a little place outside of town  
Might still have some wine"  
Speed ball said "forget it man  
Can I have an outside line?"  
And it wasn't no way to carry on  
It wasn't no way to live  
But he could up with it for a little while  
He was workin' on something big  
It was Monday when the day maids  
Found the still made bed  
All except the pillows  
That lay stacked up  
At the head  
And one said "I know  
I've seen his face  
I wonder who he is"  
The other said "probably  
Just another clown  
Working on something big"  
And it wasn't no way to carry on  
It wasn't no way to live  
But he could up with it for a little while  
He was workin' on something big

Songwriters

PETTY, TOM  
Published by

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