

# Big George

## Humble Pie

Rock On - 1971  
(Ridley) Once upon a time there  
was a friend of mine called  
Big George  
All the movers in the town  
Knew his kinda frown  
And his how do  
He was the kind of a guy  
He'd look you in the eye  
And he'd say more sir  
And to get him on the run  
It'd take a 10 ton gun  
And that's no joke sir  
But I ain't seen him  
In a long long time  
I ain't been back that way no  
So give him my regards  
And I'll make the day  
I'll make the day Every Friday night  
as they turn out the lights  
at Callum county hall  
We can move him from the bar  
Make it to the car  
And he'd say where to?  
The idea's to live  
Two days to thrill  
And one weeks wages in my boot  
We used to ride the border line  
With blues, women and booze  
Making fun time  
Son of a guns  
Yeah at night he's hot  
Big George  
Sometimes at night  
You'll find him in a fight  
Big George yeah  
My hands are full  
You had 'em all  
All of them gone Sax Solo  
He's a hard man to beat

With a size 10 feet  
Don't mess with big George  
Or he'll put you in the ground  
Later to be found  
Don't mess with big George  
I kind of gutter smile  
When I think of her style  
Way back in those days  
But fair Raven had it all  
He never took her palm  
No big George Don't mess with Big George  
He's my pal don't mess with Big George  
Eh he eh baby don't mess with  
Big George  
Oh no, no no no, don't mess with  
Big George

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>