Mr. Big Stuff

Mr. Big Stuff

(Oh yeah, ooh)
Mr. Big Stuff
Who do you think you are
Mr. Big Stuff
You're never gonna get my love

Now because you wear all those fancy clothes (oh yeah)
And have a big fine car, oh yes you do now
Do you think I can afford to give you my love (oh yeah)
You think you're higher than every star above

Mr. Big Stuff
Who do you think you are
Mr. Big Stuff
You're never gonna get my love

Now I know all the girls I've seen you with
I know you broke their hearts one after another now, bit by bit
You made 'em cry, many poor girls cry
When they try to keep you happy, they just try to keep you satisfied

Mr. Big Stuff, tell me tell me
Who do you think you are
Mr. Big Stuff
You're never gonna get my love

I'd rather give my love to a poor guy that has a love that's true (oh yeah)
Than to be fooled around and get hurt by you
Cause when I give my love, I want love in return (oh yeah)
Now I know this is a lesson Mr. Big Stuff you haven't learned

Mr. Big Stuff, tell me
Who do you think you are
Mr. Big Stuff
You're never gonna get my love

Mr. Big Stuff
You're never gonna break my heart
Mr. Big Stuff

You're never gonna make me cry

Mr. Big Stuff, tell me
Just who do you think you are
Mr. Big Stuff
You're never gonna get my love
Mr. Big Stuff

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