

Biggest Man In Los Angeles

Andy Grammer

I got my start on the street
With the monkey next to me he'll
Shake your hand for a dollar,
If you're nice kiss your cheek
To my left I can see
Chinese flipping bowls on their heads from their feet
Yo
Strolling on the scene
Are my arch-enemies
Break-dancers take your crowd, your girl, your money
Balloon man's telling me to turn down please
And the psychic agrees
I begin to see that

Oh I'm home, I'm right where I belong
And there's no where else that I'd rather be

Because those moments on the street
When the crowd would rock with me
I felt like the biggest man, the biggest man in Los Angeles
You see all I really need
Are some ears to hear me dream
I feel like the biggest man, the biggest man in Los Angeles
Standing on the street, yeah
Just standing on the street

Trombone cuts deep through the crowd doing Motown moves
With his hat tucked down
A belly dancer passes the tip jar around
And the men are confused, slightly aroused
Muslims, Christians preaching, wishing
I would shut up so the people could listen
Supposed to cut through all this noise
With my little voice, I begin to see that

Oh I'm home, I'm right where I belong
And there's no where else that I'd rather be

And the day goes dark
I pack my car
Stare out at the ocean
Take some time
A quiet smile
Let it all just soak in

Cause those moments on the street
When the crowd would rock with me
I felt like the biggest man, the biggest man in Los Angeles
You see all I really need
For my life to feel complete
Are some ears to hear me dream, some ears to hear dream
Yes,
Those moments on the street
When the crowd would rock with me
I felt like the biggest man, the biggest man in Los Angeles
All I really need
Are some ears to hear me dream

I feel like the biggest man, the biggest man in Los Angeles
Standing on the street
Ya,
Just standing on the street
Just standing on the street
Just standing on the street