

# 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