# Big Time

**Ian Hunter**

ne more town on the merry-go-round
One more room with no view
One more punk eatin' nothing but junk
Trin' to make a phone call to you
Well maybe I'll never, get myself together
But something's in the back of my mid
It only takes one call-you can laugh at 'em all
You're never too small to hit the big time

One more slob feeling sick as a dog
After one more night on the booze
One more dive more dead that alive
Tryin' to get my message through
Now, maybe I'll never get my self together
Maybe it's the end of the line
But I'm having a ball-bouncin' off the walls
You're never too small to hit the big time

You're never too small, you're never too small
You're never to small to hit the big time
They can make you crawl, they can make you fall
But you're never to small to hit the big time
You're never too small, you're never to small
You're never too small to hit the big time
If you're fat, if you're bald it don't matter at all
'cos you're never to small-i said you're never to small

To hit the big time (yes indeed)
(the big time(- limousines)
(the big time)-you can have it all
(the big time)- I say you're never too small

One more crowd shoutin'-turn it up loud
One more rose at my feet
One more ring from that cute little thing
One more reason to cheat
Well, maybe I'll never get myself together
Maybe it's the end of the line...