

## Next Big Thing

### Material Issue

I met her at a bar where I often sit down  
And have myself a drink  
She played my favorite song  
Before I had time to think

So I bought her a round and she pounded it down  
Let out a laugh like a freight train  
We exchanged small talk  
Doesn't it feel that way?

She said, "You and I we're two of a kind, not afraid to dream  
We could be, the next big thing"

She told me, her roommate was gone for the weekend  
Borrowed her car and took off with her boyfriend  
They'd be married soon  
Was it December or June?

She was an artist with a two bedroom apartment  
Her dad kept her going on a weekly allowance  
She'd be graduating soon  
Was it December or June?

She said, "You and I we're two of a kind, not afraid to dream  
We could be, the next big thing"

So I bought her one more  
And she stared at the door  
Watching the parade moving out and in  
She made fun of their clothes  
She said that I could never be one of those

And I thought to myself, you're just like everybody else  
Standing at the station, but missing the train  
I turned to catch her expression  
She walked back over to me

And I said, "You and I we're two of a kind, not afraid to dream  
We coulda' been, the next big thing"

The next big thing  
The next big thing  
The next big thing