

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