

Big, Strange, Beautiful Hammer

The Mr. T Experience

Discretion is a must, rising from the dust,
On your feet but just a bit unsteady
You want to close your eyes, be taken by surprise
But not before you're absolutely ready
So lay low, as time permits
And you'll know it when it hits:
It's gonna sound like a big
It's coming down like a big
It's gonna pound like a big, strange, beautiful
Hammer

You're feeling like a saint, powerful but faint
Like you want to call for an attendant
Heavy in your hand, courage on demand
You feel safe, and strangely independent
Once baptized in pain and light
You'd be advised to hold on tight
When you collide with a big
You coincide with a big
Filled inside with a big, strange, beautiful
Hammer

It's coming down on you
It's gonna drive you home

Hammer, hammer,
Big hammer, strange hammer

Discretion is a waste, now you've had a taste
You see yourself as well-maintained and polished
Existence is a test, we try to do our best
But we're on a quest to be demolished
It's your right, so don't be shy
Day and night you're smitten by
The might of a big
The blinding light of a big
In the night of the big, strange,
Beautiful hammer

Hammer, hammer,
Big hammer, strange hammer