

# Lyrics. Eb Ab. Bb. Page 1

Mr. Big Stuff

Who do you think you are?

Mr. Big Stuff

You're never gonna get my love

Now because you wear all those fancy clothes (oh, yeah)

And have a big fine car, oh (ooh) yes, you do now

Do you think I can afford to give you my love? (Oh, yeah)

You think you're higher than every (ooh) star above

Mr. Big Stuff

Who do you think you are?

Mr. Big Stuff

You're never gonna get my love

Now I know all the girls I've seen you with

I know you broke their hearts one after another now, bit by bit

You made 'em cry, many poor girls cry

When they try to keep you happy, they just try to keep you satisfied

Mr. Big Stuff, tell me, tell me

Who do you think you are?

Mr. Big Stuff

You're never gonna get my love

(Instrumental break)

Cm. F Ab. Bb

I'd rather give my love to

A poor guy that has a love that's true (oh, yeah)

Than to be fooled around (ooh) and get hurt by you

'Cause when I give my love, I want love in return (oh, yeah)

Now I know this is a lesson Mr. Big Stuff (ooh) you haven't learned

# Page 2

Mr. Big Stuff, tell me  
Who do you think you are?  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna break my heart  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna make me cry  
Mr. Big Stuff, tell me  
Just who do you think you are?  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna break my heart  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna make me cry  
Mr. Big Stuff, tell me, tell me  
Just who do you think you are?  
Mr. Big Stuff  
You're never gonna get my love