

## **BIG HOUSE**

Spend my days working in the city  
Spend my nights out on the prowl  
Look at my hands they sure are dirty  
Trying to make ends meet somehow  
Baby, baby, I want to be your lover  
But I ain't got the pocket change  
Look at me now my trees are falling  
Building a home all over again

### *Chorus*

*Big house, I want it to touch the sky  
Big house, a place to laugh and cry  
Big house, building a room full of dreams  
Big house, I want it to touch the sky  
Big house, a place to live and die  
Building it over and over and over again*

I'm a hammer and I'm a jigsaw  
Run my hands on this block of wood  
So many souls in this foundation  
But it don't look like it could  
Baby, baby, have a little mercy  
Give me kindness if you can  
Tell me how to go on living  
Doing something I can understand

### *Chorus*

*Big House, I want it to touch the sky  
Big House, a place to laugh and cry  
Big House, building a room full of dreams  
Big House, I want it to touch the sky  
Big House, a place to live and die  
Building it over and over and over again*

Bob Rose

### Song note

This organizing / rock song was written in 1985 during the first PARC wilderness trip experience at Camp Kandalore. It was first performed in a campfire setting- to inspire member campers and staff to go forward to and collectively undertake the first renovation of the PARC Drop-In space. Subsequently, it was sung many times in both solo and band performances, building on the poetic theme of PARC beginning as *a living room for people who had none*, and someday, through community activity, becoming much more than that.