

Who Do You Think You Are?

Brett Dennen

Where are all my old friends?
It's been a long time gone.
We've been drifting apart for so many years.
I hope they're still marching on.
Some of em' probably happy with families working hard to get ahead.
Some of them are lost, some are wondering, some of them are already dead.

Who do you think you are?
It's the life you made.
Don't be afraid of the hands you play.

There's an old man sleeping in the parking lot
I wonder what he dreams about
Businessmen in suits taking millions over coffee trying to buy each other out
There's an officer, a senator, a digger and a sewer
A beggar and thief.
They all sit at different table but they all drink the same poison as me

Who do you think you are?
It's the life that you made.
Don't be afraid of the hands you play.
Who do you think you are?
It's the life that you made.
Well don't be afraid of the hands you play

The power went out, and the stars came out
and I went out for a walk in the dark
There were fireflies flittin'
and I heard the poet spittin' rhymes out in the park
And I felt myself drift up off the ground and I rose above the trees
And I saw my life in photographs of fading memories

Who do you think you are?
It's the life that you made.
Don't be afraid of the hands you play.
It's the life that you made.
Don't be afraid of the hands you play.