

Melt

Big Red Machine

Well, you're out on the street
And you're having a laugh
Well there's nothing beseeched
You got no kind of map
Well, you wanted to keep
So just follow your feet
With your heart in your mouth
And your boring that Peet
Are you hot on the couch?
And you're blowing through pouches
Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are

(Yeah)

Well, you want it to keep
So you stay on your sea
Well, you know it's a scene
When you're having to seem
Well, I know it's a struggle

It's some kind of debacle
Well, you are who you are
Well you are who you are, who you are, who you are, who you are, who you are
Well, you are who you are

Well, I know it's a struggle
It's some kind of debacle
Well, I know it's a struggle
It's some kind of debacle now
Well, I know it's a struggle
It's some kind of debacle
And you fancy your feast
But you dreading your speech
Just follow your feet
Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are

Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are
Well, you are who you are
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