

Who the Hell Are You

The Taxpayers

When the days get long, I remember Atlanta
I can taste the summer on my tongue when I think of the city where I was young
I remember Atlanta
I could've been a big deal. Could've been a top pick, but I threw out my arm, so I went into steel
When I moved up to Cleveland, I got a house in Linndale. Worked in the steel mill for a bit, but my ambitions died and life went to shit
I remember the weather there, it was like a war zone
I fell behind in rent and I bounced some checks, so they kicked me out

Who the hell are you? Did you put me here?
Can you spare a blanket or a cigarette? See, I lost my coat in a football bet
You know, I used to be a pitcher back in the Georgia summer
Did I tell you about how I threw out my arm? I remember Atlanta
I remember Atlanta
I could've been a big deal back in '79, I remember Atlanta