

Who Do You Think You Are

The Union

You think you know the thoughts deep inside my head
And you think you know the words even though they're not said yet
And you're, oh, so sure, how I should wear my hair
Excuse me while I laugh because I don't really care

It's not your world, it's not your car
It's not your mind, it's not your place
It's not your song, it's my guitar
And it's my stage

Who do you think you are?
(Motherfucker, motherfucker)
Who do you think you are?
(Motherfucker, mutha)

You don't like the kind of flashy clothes I wear
You think you know the easy way from here to there
You write the books and then you tell me how to read
So quick to cut me down and then you tell me how to bleed

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