

# What You Is

Robyn Hitchcock

You might have been a villain  
With a capital V  
You might have had a plane to catch  
And left your family

It doesn't matter what you was  
It's what you is and what you is  
And what you are

You might have been a mid wife  
Trying to help somebody in  
You might have been a cardinal  
With an A to Z of skin  
Open up your window  
Honey, let me in

You might have been Columbia  
Releasing orange 45's  
(How does it feel?)  
You might have been the empress bee  
In her furry little hive  
(Buzz, buzz)  
All the other bees

It doesn't matter what you was  
It's what you is and what you is  
And what you are

Well, you've got to come from somewhere  
But you don't have to go back there anymore  
Hey

You might have been the police  
Knock, knock, knocking at the door  
You might have been a nice young man  
On a nice young floor

It doesn't matter what you was  
It's what you is and what you is  
And what you are

One more, yeah  
It doesn't matter what you was  
It's what you is and what you is  
And what you are

You might be looking innocent  
Umm, deep inside you're not  
You might be feeling guilty  
Just a little not a lot

It doesn't matter what you was  
It's what you is and what you is  
And what you are, yeah

Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey