

# What Are You?

David Gray

What are you?  
What are you becoming?  
What have you become?

Once you sang your own song  
Now you're dancing to the same drum  
What have you become?

And what is that you're wearing?  
Money's ugly confidence

You sacrificed the poem of your imagination  
For these pounds and pence

Me I take the cynic's role  
Throw scorn on your empty mind  
I've seen this monotonous world  
Make dull what used to shine  
You lost interest  
You lost your spine  
Oh that spine fine fine

Yeah  
When there's nothing left  
On this plate you're handed  
You find yourself  
Running the gauntlet  
Of all of these double standards  
It's very thin ice over which you're skating  
And after this black winter the thaw

So what are you  
Tell me tell me what are you  
And what have you become