

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