

## Who Do You Think You Are?

Elvis Costello

The hunted look, the haunted grace  
The empty laugh that you cultivate  
You fall into that false embrace  
And kiss the air about her face  
Who do you think you are?  
The tres bon mots you almost quote from your  
QUIVER of literary darts  
A thousand or so tuneless violins thrilling your cheap  
little heart  
Who do you think you are?

My cigarette burns right down to the ash, my coffee  
cup is unstained  
The waiter hovers close at hand  
His courtesy strained

Who do you think you are?  
I close with my regards  
Well I'm the red-face gentleman  
Caught in this picture postcard  
Who do you think you are?

Trying my best to make the best of your absence  
Though the joke gets tired and sordid  
Sea-shell hearts get trampled under foot  
Punchlines unrewarded

But even at this distance it's not easy to accept  
The vision that I chase returns when I least expect it  
I've fallen from your tired embrace  
I kiss the air around the place that should be your face.