

# Who You Really Are

John Wesley Harding

You got a brain just like a steam shovel  
And I'm tar upon the road  
You've got a body like a shotgun  
That I'm trying to unload  
If you are yin and yang then baby  
I must be ego and id  
I'm the Man from La Mancha, whoever he is  
And you're a bold El Cid  
Well come on baby I want to know who you really are  
Come on baby I want to know who you really are  
You got a beret like Che Guevara  
But your dress makes me see stripes and stars  
Oh come on baby I want to know  
Who you are  
Who you really are

You got imagination like a lift  
I'm stuck between the floors  
Your soul looks like a doorman  
I'm revolving in his doors  
I try to read you like a book  
You laugh between the lines  
You got a sense of humor like a motorway  
Clearly I'm not an exit sign  
Well come on baby I want to know who you really are  
Come on baby I want to know who you really are  
Well you tell us that you're going far  
How come your stocks are still where they are  
Oh come on baby I want to know  
Who you are  
Who you really are

You've got a future like a family photo  
And I'm just out of shot  
Well when your car is freezing over  
My collar's getting hot  
You're fighting wars in your inside  
And I'm a pacifist  
Yeah, but if you were my country Baby  
You know that I'd enlist  
Oh come on baby I want to know who you really are  
Come on baby I want to know who you really are  
Well I guess I'm in the gutter gazing at stars  
Baby don't tread me down too far  
Guess I'm in the gutter gazing at stars  
Baby don't tread me down too far  
Guess I'm in the gutter gazing at stars  
Baby don't tread me down too far  
Oh come on baby I want to know  
Who you are