

Who You Are

Pearl Jam

Come to send not condescend
Transcendental consequences to transcend...
Where we are...Who are we? Who we are...
Trampled moss on your souls...
Changes all you're a part...
Seen it all not at all...
Can't defend the command...
Take me a for a ride before we leave...
Circumstance clappin' hands...
A driving winds happenstance...
Off the track in the mud...
That's the moss in the aforementioned verse...
...miraculous...and a little...
Just a little time, before we leave...
Stoplight plays its part...
So I would say you've got a part...
What's your part? Who you are
You are who, who you are...