

## 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...