

What You Is

Robyn Hitchcock

You might have been a villain
With a capital V
You might have had a plane to catch
And left your family

It doesn't matter what you was
It's what you is and what you is
And what you are

You might have been a mid wife
Trying to help somebody in
You might have been a cardinal
With an A to Z of skin
Open up your window
Honey, let me in

You might have been Columbia
Releasing orange 45's
(How does it feel?)
You might have been the empress bee
In her furry little hive
(Buzz, buzz)
All the other bees

It doesn't matter what you was
It's what you is and what you is
And what you are

Well, you've got to come from somewhere
But you don't have to go back there anymore
Hey

You might have been the police
Knock, knock, knocking at the door
You might have been a nice young man
On a nice young floor

It doesn't matter what you was
It's what you is and what you is
And what you are

One more, yeah
It doesn't matter what you was
It's what you is and what you is
And what you are

You might be looking innocent
Umm, deep inside you're not
You might be feeling guilty
Just a little not a lot

It doesn't matter what you was
It's what you is and what you is
And what you are, yeah

Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey