

## Interview

Simon Carly

A sweet young man sat on my chair  
With a tape machine and a face of fear  
He asked how does it feel to be who you are  
I thought, this boy really thinks I'm a star  
I answered him with humility  
And then asked him if he'd like some tea

Interview, who's interviewing who  
Are you interviewing me  
Or am I interviewing you

He asked if the rug was some ancient, lovely thing  
I lied and said "Yes a gift from a king"  
I watched his arms and how his lips moved  
He asked me if my parents approved  
He asked to see my Ruby ring  
And if as a child I had liked to sing

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I said yes, Oh yes 400 times  
"You're so open" he said "do you always tell the truth?"  
"Never," I said, "What's that?"

But how would it feel to hold me in your arms  
You could get to know me down on the farm  
Then you could see me as the child I've become  
'Cause being grown up can be so lonesome  
Baby, how would it feel to hold me now  
Baby, how would it feel to hold me now

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