

## Who Are You?

Squeeze

I could smell the rain  
Dripping through the fresh cut grass  
I could spell your name  
On the wet and steamed up glass  
But you were just a name, a face I had conceived  
As being beautiful, very beautiful  
And so hard to believe  
I could catch the drops  
As they fell from on the roof  
I could hardly stop  
Feeling so long in the tooth  
Before I had to guess at what you might be  
And being beautiful, very beautiful  
Is the face I still see

Who are you?  
Imagination painted you  
Who are you?  
With its finest brush  
Who are you?  
Each stroke with tender love  
Who are you, who are you, who are you?

I could see her face  
Magically there she was  
My mouth drew a taste  
So sweet it lingered on  
And there she was by me, walking through the square  
And being beautiful, very beautiful  
At last I found her there