

# What Are You?

David Gray

What are you becoming? What have you become?  
Once you sang your own song  
Now you're dancing to the same drum  
What have you become? And what is that you're wearing?  
Money's ugly confidence  
You sacrificed the poem of your imagination  
For these pounds and pence Me, I take the cynic's role  
Throw scorn on your empty mind  
I've seen this monotonous world  
Make dull what used to shine  
You lost interest, you lost your spine  
Oh, that spine, fine, fine When there's nothing left  
On this plate you're handed  
You find yourself running the gauntlet  
Of all of these double standards  
It's very thin ice over which you're skating  
And after this black winter, the thaw So what are you?  
Tell me, tell me what are you  
And what have you become

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