Who You Really Are (live)

John Wesley Harding

You got a brain just like a steam shovel
And I'm tar upon the road
You've got a body like a shotgun
That I'm trying to unload
If you are yin and yang then baby
I must be ego and id
I'm the Man from La Mancha, whoever he is
And you're a bold El Cid
Well come on baby I want to know who you really are
Come on baby I want to know who you really are
You got a beret like Che Guevara
But your dress makes me see stripes and stars
Oh come on baby I want to know
Who you are
Who you really areYou got imagination like a lift
I'm stuck between the floors
Your soul looks like a doorman
I'm revolving in his doors
I try to read you like a book
You laugh between the lines
You got a sense of humor like a motorway
Clearly I'm not an exit sign
Well come on baby I want to know who you really are
Come on baby I want to know who you really are
Well you tell us that you're going far
How come your stocks are still where they are
Oh come on baby I want to know
Who you are
Who you really areYou've got a future like a family photo
And I'm just out of shot
Well when your car is freezing over
My collar's getting hot
You're fighting wars in your inside
And I'm a pacifist
Yeah, but if you were my country Baby
You know that I'd enlist
Oh come on baby I want to know who you really are
Come on baby I want to know who you really are
Well I guess I'm in the gutter gazing at stars

Baby don't tread me down too far
Guess I'm in the gutter gazing at stars
Baby don't tread me down too far
Guess I'm in the gutter gazing at stars
Baby don't tread me down too far
Oh come on baby I want to know
Who you are

Songwriters
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