

John Entwistle, The Real Me

Can you see the real me?
Can ya?
Can ya?

I went back to the doctor
To get another shrink
I sit and tell him bout my weekend
But he never betrays what he thinks

Can you see the real me, Doctor?
Doctor?
Can you see the real me, Doctor?
Woah, Doctor!

I went back to my mother
I said "I'm crazy ma, help me"
She said "I know how it feels son
Cause it runs in the family"

Can you see the real me, Mama?
Mama?
Can you see the real me, Mama?
Woah, Mama!

Can you see
Can you see
Can you see the real me?
Can you see
Can you see the real me
The real me
The real me

The cracks between the paving stones
Look like rivers of flowing veins
Strange people who know me
Peeping from behind every window pane
The girl I used to love
Lives in this yellow house
Yesterday she passed me by
She doesn't wanna know me now

Can you see the real me?
Can ya?
Can ya?
Can you see the real me?
Can ya?
Woah, yeah!

I ended up with a preacher
Full of lies and hate
I seemed to scare him a little
So he showed me to the golden gate

Can you see the real me, preacher?
Preacher?
Can you see the real me, preacher?
Preacher?

Can you see
Can you see
Can you see
Woah

Can you see the real me, Doctor?

Can you see the real me, Ma?

Can you see the real me?