

Brett Dennen, Who Do You Think You Are?

Where are all my old friends?
It's been a long time gone
We've been drifting apart for so many years
I hope they're still marching on

Some are probably happy with families
Working hard to get ahead
Some of them are lost
Some are wandering
Some of them are already dead

Who do you think you are?
It's a life you made
Don't be afraid of the hands you played

There's an old man sleeping in the parking lot
I wonder what he dreams about
Businessmen in suits taking meetings over coffee
Trying to buy each other out

There's an officer, a senator, a digger, and a sower
A beggar and a thief
They all sit at different tables
But they drink the same poison as me.

Who do you think you are?
It's a life you made
Don't be afraid of the hands you played

Who do you think you are?
It's a life that you made
Well, don't be afraid of the hands you played

Well the power went out
And the stars came out
And I went out for a walk in the dark

There were fireflies flittin'
And I heard the poet spittin'
Rhymes out in the park

And I felt myself drift up off the ground
And I rose above the trees
And I saw my life in photographs
Of faded memories

Who do you think you are?
It's a life that you made
Well, don't be afraid of the hands you played