

# 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