

David Gray, What Are You

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