

The Pretenders, Who's Who

When we meet again
Just refer to me as "back then"
Or pretend not to recall
Ever knowing me at all
Or hanging round my door
Begging for more

When you begin
Playing to win
That's when the losers rush in

I got better than you
At jumping the queue
To get closer to seeing who's who

A man without a home
Is never alone
Well, just look at what he's got
The whole parking lot
In those unsheltered places
There's always other faces

Take mine for a start
It's like a modern work of art
Disturbing and lacking in heart

I got better than you
At jumping the queue
To get closer to seeing who's who

Must be so wonderful
Being you every day
Oh, it must be so wonderful
Always getting your way

A common dialogue
Is the best thing that you'll get
From the woman you call your wife
So try not to forget
To tear out and burn
The things you unlearn

Your future exists
In her shopping lists
Please call your office

I got better than you
At jumping the queue
To get closer to seeing who's who

I got better than you
I got better than you