

# The Who, Four Faces

He kicked me out  
He kicked me out  
He kicked me out  
He kicked me out

You must've heard of them, a kind of screwed-up blend  
Split personality  
Two sides to fight and argue all night  
Over coffee or tea

Well that's okay, I wouldn't mind, touch  
Or even three, and that's no joke  
But with a four-way split, the pocket money's hit  
And all of me is broke

I got four heads inside my mind  
Four rooms I'd like to lie in  
Four selves I want to find  
And I don't know which one is me

I get four papers in the box each day  
Four girls ringing that I want to date  
I look in the mirror and see my face  
But I don't know which one is me (Don't know which one is me)

He kicked me out, he kicked me out  
He kicked me out, he kicked me out

I wake up over here and then I'm over here  
I'm trying to brush my teeth  
It's little things that are hard  
Like starting up the car and I'm still underneath

I get along alright, in fact it's fun at night  
I get four-dimensional dreams  
But I have to think before I take a drink  
I get hungover times sixteen

There are four records I want to buy  
Four highs I'd like to try  
Every letter I get I send four replies  
And I don't know which one's from me

I've got four hang-ups I'm trying to beat  
Four directions and just two feet  
I've got a very very secret identity  
And I don't know which one is me

You think it's funny, I can tell  
Well, you don't understand too well  
I get so lonely and turned around  
But I can't let it bring me down

I got four hang-ups I'm trying to beat  
Four directions and just two feet  
Got a very very secret identity  
And I don't know which one is me