

Whores of Babylon, The "Who Are You"

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Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?
Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?
Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?

I woke up in a Soho doorway
A policeman knew my name
He said, 'You can go sleep at home tonight
If you can get up and walk away'

I staggered back to the underground
And the breeze blew back my hair
I remember throwin' punches around
And preachin' from my chair

Well, who are you?
(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)
I really wanna know
(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)
'Cause I really wanna know
(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)

I took the Tube back out of town
Back to the Rollin' Pin
I felt a little like a dying clown
With a streak of Rin Tin Tin

I stretched back and I hiccupped
And looked back on my busy day
Eleven hours in the Tin Pan
God, there's got to be another way

Well, who are you?
(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)
Oh, who are you?

(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)
Oh, who the hell are you?
(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)

Who are you?
Ooh wah ooh wah...

Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?
Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?
I really wanna know
(Who are you?
Who, who, who, who?)

I know there's a place you walked
Where love falls from the trees
My heart is like a broken cup
I only feel right on my knees

I spit out like a sewer hole
Yet still receive your kiss
How can I measure up to anyone now
After such a love as this?

Oh, tell me, who are you?
(Who are you?
Who?)
I really wanna know
(Who?)
Oh, I really wanna know
(Who?)
Come on, tell me
Who are you, you, you, oh, you?

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