

Elvis Costello

"Who Do You Think You Are?"

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The hunted look, the haunted grace
The empty laugh that you cultivate
You fall into that false embrace
And kiss the air about her face
Who do you think you are?

The tres bon mots, you almost quote
From your quiver of literary darts
A thousand or so tuneless violins
Thrilling your cheap little heart
Who do you think you are?

My cigarette burns right down to the ash
My coffee cup is unstained
Waiter hovers close at hand
His courtesy's strained

Who do you think you are?
I close with my regards
Well, I'm the red-face gentleman
Caught in this picture postcard
Who do you think you are?

Trying my best to make the best of your absence
Though the joke gets tired and sordid
And sea-shell hearts get trampled under foot
Punchlines unrewarded

But even at this distance it's not easy to accept
The vision that I chase returns when I least expect it
I've fallen from your tired embrace
I kiss the air about the place that should be your face

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