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Son Volt "Who"

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A mobile means to make the time A whirlwind half mast the senses Shaking your own brand of rhyme Shaking your own brand of rhyme

On wide avenues The air moves the sound, cruising around Who makes the minutes move? The postmeridian new

Who? Who else but you Who? Who else but you

With gypsy scarf and an old world mouth A mojo hand brought up from the south Shaking your own brand of rhyme Shaking your own brand of rhyme

On wide avenues The air moves the sound, cruising around Who makes the minutes move? The postmeridian new

Who? Who else but you Who? Who else but you

Eye level with Goliath's shoes Spitting out these well worn blues Eye level with Goliath's shoes Spitting out these well worn blues

Who? Who else but you Who? Who else but you

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