

Squeeze "Who Are You?"

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I could smell the rain
Dripping through the fresh cut grass
I could spell your name
On the wet and steamed up glass

But you were just a name, a face I had conceived
As being beautiful, very beautiful
And so hard to believe I could catch the drops
As they fell from on the roof I could hardly stop

Feeling so long in the tooth
Before I had to guess at what you might be
And being beautiful, very beautiful
Is the face I still see

Who are you? Imagination painted you
Who are you? With its finest brush
Who are you? Each stroke with tender love
Who are you, who are you, who are you?

I could see her face magically there she was
My mouth drew a taste so sweet it lingered on
And there she was by me, walking through the square
And being beautiful, very beautiful at last I found her
there

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