

Kinks, The

"What Are We Doing?"

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What am I doing in a place like this
When it's painfully clear that my face don't fit?
What am I doing acting identikit,
When all I want to do is to be the opposite?
Why am I, why are you,
Who's pretending just who's fooling who
Do we go our way or join in their merry queue.
What are we doing in the pouring rain
Walking hand in hand, I gotta be out of my brain.
What are we doing, is it all for show
Are we drifting along, going along with the flow.
I don't know, I wish I knew
Is it me or you who's fooling
What a bore, where's the door
Are we just for decoration?
What am I doing to you?
What are you doing to me too?
What are they doing to us?
Someone help me, tell me truly.
What are we doing in a place like this
Trying to prove to the world that we really exist
Standing around with all the egotists
Sticking out like a zit knickers all in a twist.
Why are we? I don't know,
Are we merely going with the flow
To prove, who we know
Or drifting along acting a part in a show?
Why am I going through this?
Why are you going through this too?
What are they doing to us?
Someone help me, tell me truly.

So do we go our own way
Or do we join their merry queue
Pretending it's O.K.
Them or us, who's fooling who?

Why are we standing in the acid rain
Watching industrial waste trickling down the drain?
What are we doing under the nuclear glow
What we all gonna do? Where we all gonna go?

What are we doing?
What are we doing?

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