

Who Do You Think You Are

Angus & Julia Stone

Poems are old and dusty, today
Is that all you got to... got to say
'Cause all the diamond rings, they don't mean a thing, babe
'Cause I got you and you got me, babe
Ditched all your friends to score some dope
Then you had the nerve to talk about Murphy's Law
'Cause we're leaving here to outta space, get your things
Pack your bags and get your suitcase 'cause I gotta ask ya

Who do you think you are
Who do you think you are
Who do you think you are
Who do you think you are

All the kids smoking rocks and playing their guitars
Can you see the shadows walk the street, can't forget who they
are
Ah, with China Whites screaming out, screaming out your name

Do you leave good enough alone, do you hold onto the chain
Can you imagine what that it is to cross an ocean of blue
So pack your bags, get your suitcase 'cause I gotta ask ya

Who do you think you are
Who do you think you are
Who do you think you are
Who do you think you are

Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds tooth
Clean as a hounds, clean as a hounds tooth

Who do you think you are
I gotta ask ya
Who do you think you are