

The Real Me

John Entwistle

Can you see the real me...can ya...can ya...
I went back to the doctor
To get another shrink
I sit and tell him 'bout my weekend
But he never betrays what he thinks

Can you see the real me doctor?

I went back to my mother
I said I'm crazy ma help me
She said I know how it feels son
'cause it runs in the family
Can you see the real me mother?

The cracks between the paving stones
Like rivers of flowing veins
Strange people who know me
Peeping from behind every window pane
The girl I used to love
Lives in this yellow house
Yesterday she passed me by
She doesn't want to know me now
Can you see the real me, can you?

I ended up with the preacher
Full of lies and hate
I seemed to scare him a little
So he showed me to the golden gate
Can you see the real me, preacher?

Can you see the real me, me, me, me...