

# Bjork, Who Do You Think You Are?

(Elvis Costello / Live Union Chapel 99)

The hunted look, the haunted grace  
The empty laugh that you cultivate  
You fall into that false embrace  
And kiss the air about her face

Who do you think you are?

The tres bon mots you almost quote from your  
Quiver of literary darts  
A thousand or so tuneless violins  
Thrilling your cheap little heart

Who do you think you are?

My cigarette burns right down to the ash  
My coffee cup is unstained  
The waiter hovers close at hand  
His courtesy strained

Who do you think you are?  
I close with my regards  
Well I'm the red-face gentleman  
Caught in this picture postcard

Who do you think you are?

Trying my best to make the best of your absence  
Though the joke gets tired and sordid  
Sea-shell hearts get trampled under foot  
Punchlines unrewarded

But even at this distance  
It's not easy to accept  
The vision that I chase returns  
When I least expect it  
I've fallen from your tired embrace  
I kiss the air  
Around the place  
That should be  
Your face