

The Who, Four Faces

He kicked me out
He kicked me out
He kicked me out
He kicked me out

You must've heard of them, a kind of screwed-up blend
Split personality
Two sides to fight and argue all night
Over coffee or tea

Well that's okay, I wouldn't mind, touch
Or even three, and that's no joke
But with a four-way split, the pocket money's hit
And all of me is broke

I got four heads inside my mind
Four rooms I'd like to lie in
Four selves I want to find
And I don't know which one is me

I get four papers in the box each day
Four girls ringing that I want to date
I look in the mirror and see my face
But I don't know which one is me (Don't know which one is me)

He kicked me out, he kicked me out
He kicked me out, he kicked me out

I wake up over here and then I'm over here
I'm trying to brush my teeth
It's little things that are hard
Like starting up the car and I'm still underneath

I get along alright, in fact it's fun at night
I get four-dimensional dreams
But I have to think before I take a drink
I get hungover times sixteen

There are four records I want to buy
Four highs I'd like to try
Every letter I get I send four replies
And I don't know which one's from me

I've got four hang-ups I'm trying to beat
Four directions and just two feet
I've got a very very secret identity
And I don't know which one is me

You think it's funny, I can tell
Well, you don't understand too well
I get so lonely and turned around
But I can't let it bring me down

I got four hang-ups I'm trying to beat
Four directions and just two feet
Got a very very secret identity
And I don't know which one is me