

Eric Clapton, Behind The Sun

(Eric Clapton)

My love has gone behind the sun;
Since she left, the darkness has begun.
The smile that used to shine on me
Is nothing more than a memory.

I see her face, I hear her voice.
She made her move, I had no choice
But walk and cry, wipe tears with my hand,
The one that carries a wedding band.

And the clouds hang low
And the flowers that used to grow
In my heart
Are dying now, dying now.

Dying now.