

# Sheryl Crow, Behind Blue Eyes

No one knows what it's like  
To be the bad man...  
To be the sad man...  
Behind blue eyes.  
No one knows what it's like  
To be hated...  
To be fated...  
To telling only lies.

But my dreams -  
They aren't as empty  
As my conscience seems to be.  
I have hours, only lonely...  
My love is vengeance  
That's never free.

No one knows what it's like  
To feel these feelings  
Like I do...  
And I blame you.  
No one bites back as hard  
On their anger.  
None of my pain and woe  
Can show through.

But my dreams -  
They aren't as empty  
As my conscience seems to be.  
I have hours, only lonely...  
My love is vengeance  
That's never free.

When my fist clenches crack it open  
Before I use it and lose my cool.  
When I smile tell me some bad news  
Before I laugh and act like a fool.  
If I swallow anything evil  
Put your finger down my throat.  
If I shiver please give me a blanket.  
Keep me warm...Let me wear your coat

No one knows what it's like  
To be the bad man...  
To be the sad man...  
Behind blue eyes.

(cover of the original by The Who)