

# Miłosz Kurzok, Behind Blue Eyes - Przesłuchania

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