

# Absynthe Minded, Your Backdoor

It was the city outdoors  
I wanted to gallop  
The streets were lit  
And we were not yet drunk  
The sledge hammer blows  
I delivered in moments  
Of truth and candour  
They made you wonder  
If this boy isn't real  
Then what do I feel  
This must be real  
But I can't stand it  
'Cause he's making me weaker  
Than I was before  
That is exactly what happens  
When you let me in through your backdoor

Ooooooh  
Your backdoor  
Ooooooh

I met you in springtime  
The state you were in  
Exploring and waiting  
For real life to begin  
You couldn't accept that  
I live by my own rules  
Our roads went apart  
And then your phone call  
You asked me what is it  
You wanted me to be  
I told you there was nothing  
That I wanted you to be  
I'm not talking morals  
But likes and dislikes  
That is exactly what happens  
When you let me in  
Through you backdoor

Ooooooh  
Your backdoor  
Ooooooh  
Your backdoor  
Ooooooh  
Your backdoor  
Ooooooh