

Nazz, Back Of Your Mind

You know you don't have to tell me
What it is makes a man angry
But what you do have to tell me
What it is that you think there is to laugh about
Standing here waiting for an explanation
Seems like a waste of time
Try to see how much you can get away with
You might get away with anything you'd say
I don't know your mind

You can take what's mine, you can share my bed
You can go where I go, you can cry when I'm dead
But you don't get nothing 'til you tell me what's in
The back of your mind

You're somebody special
Or I won't let you be with me
And I don't like to get angry
But it's my habit of taking things seriously
I know what you do when I'm not around you
To see you're doing right
I got evil in mind but I wouldn't put it past you
Your silence shows that you won't disclose
Just what's in your mind