

Neil Sedaka, The Other Side Of Me

You think you know me pretty well,
But how can you tell,
You never get inside my head.
The times we talk, we never speak,
We play hide and seek
So many things are left unsaid.

Why can't you see
What's on the other side of me,
The side of me that reaches out to you.
Sweet thoughts and dreams,
Like drops of rain on rippling streams
That wind and bend,
Rivers with no end,
Flowing on the other side of me.

It seems I always get unstrung
I trip on my tongue
With words that come out somethin' else.
I'm so afraid the things I say
Might chase you away,
I have to hide behind myself.

Why can't you see
What's on the other side of me,
The side of me that reaches out to you.
Why must I hide
These feelings that have been denied.
Only you can set me free
See what's on the other side of me.

La la la la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la
I have to hide behind myself.

Why can't you see
What's on the other side of me,
The side of me that reaches out to you.
Why must I hide
These feelings that have been denied.
Only you can set me free
See what's on the other side of me,
On the other side of me,
On the other side of me.