

# Pete Townshend, 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 faded,  
to telling only lies,  
but my dreams, they are as empty,  
as my conscience seems to be.  
i have hours,  
only lonely,  
my love is vengence,  
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 woes,  
can shoot through.  
but my dreams, they are as empty,  
as my conscience seems to be.  
i have hours,  
only lonely,  
my love is vengence,  
that's never free.  
when my fist clenches crack it open,  
before i use it and lose my mind.  
if i smile tell me some bad news,  
before i laugh and act like a fool.  
and if i swallow anything evil,  
put your finger down my throat.  
and if i shiver won't you give me a blanket,  
keep me warm and 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