

Sheryl Crow, 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 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.

(cover of the original by The Who)