

# Tankard, Behind The Back

Rumors growing like a cancer  
From the rotting fester of envy  
Sleazy liars, character assassins  
In the shadows lay their seed  
These two-faced snakes  
Crawling before you  
Serpents, vermin, waiting to jump you  
Weaving webs of poisonous chatter  
Sweet-talk facing you in daylight

Behind the back - what you cannot see  
(B.T.B.) - They pull the knife on you, the hypocrites fight cowardly  
Behind the back - (To) get the best of you  
(B.T.B.) - when you've got friends like that you don't need any enemies

Creedy, groping for attention  
Always hiding their real intentions  
Never honest, ever intriguing  
Sing a poisoned song of praise they never say  
What they are thinking  
Phony brothers speaking with two tongues  
Join our posse, dig us the next day  
False friends, we can do without you  
We have others we can trust

Beat it if you want to kiss ass  
If you want to give us the back star  
We don't need you spreading dirty stories  
We just want to bang in peace  
You'd better not  
Play us for suckers  
Say it, shout it, tell me to my face  
I would like to get it from you straight  
You got anything to say, man?  
Do it like you're not a rat

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Get off our back, Mac