

The Man Behind The Woman

Rupert Holmes

I'm a superstar in her living room.
I'm a superstud in her bed.
And I own the greatest mind that the world
has ever known
When she tells me what I'm thinking in my head.
And I can't believe that I need her love,
When I'm obviously much too high and fine;
Any yet every now and then, I suspect within myself
She's put in me everything I thought I was mine.

I'm the man behind the woman
Who's held captive by the man.
She's so far within me,
If she left I wouldn't stand.
Certainly stumble.
Probably crumble.

I've a noble voice when I sing to her-
But as I recall, she often sings along.
And it's just occurred to me, when she screams
A little bit,
It's to warn me off the route to somewhere wrong.

I'm the man behind the woman,
But she makes me think reverse,
Builds me while I bind her,
I get strong while she gets worse.

I'm the man behind the woman,
And I'm leaning on her love.
I don't want her underneath my thumb,
But miles above.
If I untied her,
I might get beside her.