

Your Backdoor

Absynthe Minded

It was the city outdoors
I wanted to gallop
The streets were lit
And we were not yet drunk
The sledge hammer blows
I delivered in moments
Of truth and candour
They made you wonder
If this boy isn't real
Then what do I feel
This must be real
But I can't stand it
'Cause he's making me weaker
Than I was before
That is exactly what happens
When you let me in through your backdoor

Ooooooh
Your backdoor
Ooooooh

I met you in springtime
The state you were in
Exploring and waiting
For real life to begin
You couldn't accept that
I live by my own rules
Our roads went apart
And then your phone call
You asked me what is it
You wanted me to be
I told you there was nothing
That I wanted you to be
I'm not talking morals
But likes and dislikes
That is exactly what happens
When you let me in
Through your backdoor

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