

## Behind Blue Eyes

Paula Fernandes

No one knows what its like, to be the bad man,  
to be the sad man, behind blue eyes.  
No one knows what its 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 its 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 or 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.

And if I swallow anything evil,  
put your finger down my throat.  
And if I shiver, please give me your blanket,  
keep me warm, let me wear your coat.

No one knows what its like, to be the bad man,  
to be the sad man, behind blue eyes.