

# 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.