

Clarks, The

"Behind My Back"

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Lost in love and lost in lies
Lost in.... my mind's eyes
Of all the things I've lost in life
My mind's what I miss, by far

Jesus came from my hometown
But he left when he found out
About the lovers and the liars...
These days who can tell them apart?

Behind my back, behind my back, behind my back
Strange things that go on behind my back

Tight and loud just you and me
Lost and gone, from here it will be
Who'd have thought you'd play that part
Who'd have known you'd be breaking my heart

Behind my back, behind my back, behind my back
Strange things that go on behind my back

Short in sight we couldn't see
Lost in lies I'd never believe
High on life and just too proud
It just never occurred to me
That you'd be home just bedding down
Behind my back
Behind my clown

Behind my back, behind my back, behind my back
Strange things that go on behind my back
Behind my back, behind my back, behind my back
Strange things that go

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