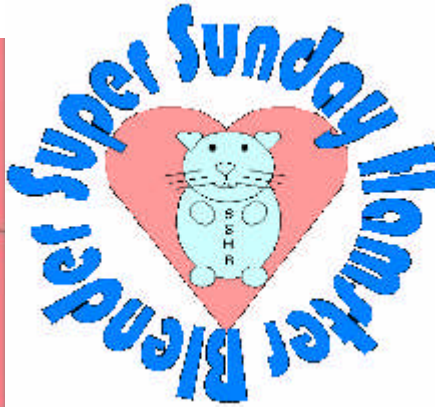
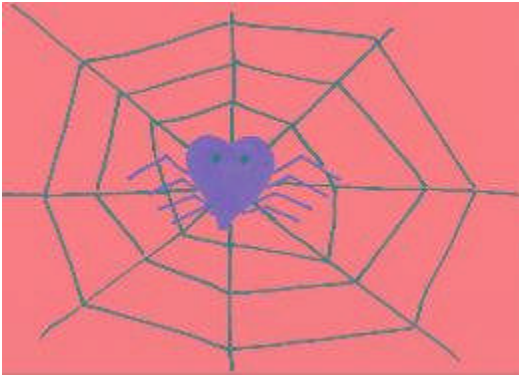


The Love Behind Our Backs

(11.2007 - J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux/E. Lamoureux/R. Lamoureux)



I used to keep one eye in the back of my head

And the other was suspicious of the first
I remember the day when deceit was disguised

And courtesy camouflaging the curse

Now people and their gossip holding court
like Aesop

Except their fable's meant to unwind
You know you're invited and unrequited
When it was left for you to find

Misdirections and dissections on the floor
So now we have our answer to what are
friends for
Maybe love's hidden or bed-ridden in the
cracks
Maybe one day we'll find the love behind
our backs

I'm fatigued from fighting, I'm withdrawing
weapons, I miss the cloak
and dagger days
Now every time I turn around I find the
shadows filled with
conspiracy and their clichés

Misdirections and dissections on the floor
So now we have our answer to what are
friends for
Maybe love's hidden or bed-ridden in the
cracks

Maybe one day we'll find the love behind
our backs

I'm paranoid, I may be skeptical, I'm also
hesitant, and I'm cynical
But your double-talk and duplicity has
become so boring to me

Can't we take an evening ride and maybe
see the Sawtelles play
and let our bruises reconcile?
A few drinks, a little time not to think or
plot our revenge on napkins
of denial

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So now we have our answer to what are
friends for
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cracks
Maybe one day we'll find the love behind
our backs

Is it sadistic, too simplistic to believe?
Among all the drifters and these whispers
that they weave.
But now and again, my friend, corruption
starts to crack
Now and again, defend, the love behind our
backs