

## Behind the Sun

Eric Clapton

My love has gone behind the sun;  
Since she left, the darkness has begun.  
The smile that used to shine on me  
Is nothing more than a memory.

I see her face, I hear her voice.  
She made her move, I had no choice  
But walk and cry, wipe tears with my hand,  
The one that carries a wedding band.

And the clouds hang low  
And the flowers that used to grow  
In my heart  
Are dying now, dying now.

Dying now.