

# Behind the Sun

[Eric Clapton](#)

My love has gone behind the sun  
Since she left the darkness has begun  
Smile that used to shine on me  
And nothin' 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 weddin' band And the clouds hang low  
And the flowers that used to grow  
In my heart  
Are dying now, dying now Dying now  
Dying now

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