

Hiding in a Song

Hooverphonic

Honey I'm a hider
I never ever show my hell
You know I'm not a fighter
Keep my gun pointing at myself
I've been thinking real hard now
'Bout all that you had to say
It got real black and nasty
I want to feel elastic
I close my eyes
Put the music real loud
It's the only way I know
To ride this storm out

You can cry until the break of dawn
Keep screaming 'til your pretty voice is gone
I'm hiding in a song
Will we ever go back?
Back to heaven's gate
Where one and all are dead right
Never carry their own weight
I've been thinking real hard now
'Bout all that you had to say
I claim to be elastic
Snap... Nasty