

Hiding

Pianos Become the Teeth

There's no good in your eyes anymore
And it makes you want to drive home, drunk and alone
Curse the faces in the wheat
Drown yourself in the gold because you can't let it go
Makes you almost miss the smell of smoke in your clothes
And it makes you want to wear the wool
It's that need like nothing else
You bullshit with the best and wait for what's perfect
You bitch and moan more than most about
Where you think your life will take you
But you know that's no sort of pretending
I guess it's the things that I don't say,
We're just pretending
There's no good in your eyes anymore
Nothing is worse than doing nothing,
And I know, well, who's hiding it?
Who the hell is hiding it?
But you can't stay angry forever,
And I know, but you can't stay angry forever, or so I'm told.
But the house gets so quiet
Sitting here wishing for just an hour or two, alone with you
Well, it's always too personal,
Always too close to comment
They all mention how tired you look
And you realize you haven't said a word in hours
Well, who's hiding it?
Who the hell is hiding it?
I guess it's the things that I don't say.