

## 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.