

Hiding

[Sean Watkins](#)

What are you hiding from me? What are you hiding
Beneath the leaves that color you, and all the things that make you what you feel?
The sun ain't inviting I know, the sun ain't inviting
But I've sat beneath the bridges and I've watched the water pass between my toes You wonder who to follow,
and you lie about your heart
There's no need to buy tomorrow, when there's no place to start So where are you hiding from me? Where are
you hiding?
My little troll beneath the bridge, well I've counted down from ten and here I am Well you wonder who to
follow, and you lie about your heart
Well there's no need to buy tomorrow, when there's no place to start I saw a bird fly its cage out of the darkness
Well its wings could take it anywhere, but I watched as it flew back from where it came You wonder who to
follow, and you lie about your heart
Well there's no need to buy tomorrow, when there's no place to start

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