Where Do I Hide

Nickelback

Got criminal record, I can't cross state lines
First on the bad list and you're last on mine
Lookin' for a scapegoat, long past due
Walking down the aisle, I'm staring straight at you
I still hear him screaming, "Where do I hide?"
And now he asks and I say, "Hurry inside"
He said, she said and no she don't
Be back before morning, and you know she won't
Well I remember that summer like yesterday
And I remember his mother as he was dragged away
I still hear him screaming, "Where do I hide?"
And now he asks and I say, "Hurry inside"
A whole lot of memories yours and not mine
And now he asks and I say, "Hurry inside"
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Where do I hide?

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