

Hidden Camera Show

Tom McRae

If you won't
Carry a gun
And if you won't
Learn to runHide from the world
It will come for you
You have no place in this timeIf you won't
Carry a gun
If you won't
Learn to runHide from the world
It will come for you
You have no place in this timeAnd it's the cars on the highway
It's the drunks singing "My way"
We're all caught in a hidden camera showAnd it's the thrill of deception
It's the chill of rejection
In the faces of the people we don't knowIf you love
Bury it deep
When you talk
Know that talk is cheapSwallow your tongue
This is not your fight
It's braver sometimes just to runAnd it's the cars on the highway
It's the drunks singing "My way"
We're all caught in a hidden camera showAnd it's the cars on the highway
It's the drunks singing, "My way"
We're all caught in a hidden camera showAnd it's the blink of a shutter
It's the hitman in the gutter
We're all caught in a hidden camera showAnd I close my eyes
Turn my face to the sky
I won't smile for your hidden camera show

Lyrics provided by

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