

# Hiding Place

[Coco Montoya](#)

When I was a young boy, pride of my family  
And my mama used to hang me out to dry  
You know the boy couldn't have it  
Sometimes he just had to find  
A hiding place to hang his head and cry Talking about a hiding place, hiding place  
Little bit of shelter from the blues Here I am as a young man, my feet out on the highway  
Summer breeze to tell me what to do  
I might meet a young lady and stop off for a while  
Reality thought blowing through Talking about a hiding place, hiding place  
A little bit of shelter from the blues  
And it ain't no disgrace if you gotta hide your face  
We all need the hiding place to get us through  
Yes, we do Oh, I can tell the difference between right and wrong  
I can't always tell which one's best for me  
But I know this dirty city like the back of my dirty hand  
And still can't seem to find no sanity Now I'm looking out a window and you are looking in  
And we both are thinking and we like just what we see  
You say you can't be certain, baby, what I see in you  
But you're [Incomprehensible] what you see in me Talking about a hiding place, a hiding place  
Just a little bit of shelter from the blues  
And it ain't no disgrace if you got to hide your face  
We all need a hiding place to get us through Talking about a hiding place, hiding place  
We all need a hiding place to get us through

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