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 cryTalking about a hiding place, hiding place
Little bit of shelter from the bluesHere 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 throughTalking 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 doOh, 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 sanityNow 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 meTalking 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 throughTalking about a hiding place, hiding place
We all need a hiding place to get us through

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