

Hiding in Your Hands

When it's just you and some song
That you don't know how to play
Fake your way through, strum along
Be cool and you're okay
So your fingers get tangled in a pile
Your rhythm is a mess
But nobody sees 'cause you smile
And the world will never guess
Can't let them know
'Cause no one understands
Your face can't show
What you're hiding in your hands
Daughter and son, man and wife
Fill the photos on these walls
Look at the fun, perfect life
Of plastic dress-up dolls
Happy house on a quaint suburban street
The sun hangs in the sky
Everything framed nice and neat
In a lovely little lie
Can't let them know
'Cause no one understands
Your face can't show
What you're hiding in your hands
La-da-da-da
La-da-da
La-da-da-da-da-da-da
La-da-da-da
La-da-da
Look at her, a total trainwreck
Let her off this ride
Lift her out from all the pain
She tells herself she needs to hide
When it's just you and that song
It's impossible to play
Fake your way through, strum along
And everything's okay
Can't let them know
'Cause no one understands
Your face can't show
No one understands
Your face can't show
What you're hiding in your hands
La-da-da-da
La-da-da

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