

## 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

**Mallory Bechtel**