

Hiding

Reef

Hiding from the faces that we know
Riding to the places we have grown

And I walk in the sun but my feet are damp
And I speak with the folk like my fathers son
And my feet they are worn but they're comfortable
Let our fathers sing this

Hiding
Riding
Hiding oh don't you want to go away?
I'm feeling that I'm far away today
Away
I'm feeling that I'm far away today

Singing
There will come a time to sing
Stirring
After days of being still