

Something to Hide

The Streets

Chorus: Kevin Mark Trail

We've all got something to hide
Something to bury
What did you bury?

Verse 1: Mike Skinner

My thoughts feel like cobwebs in a room no one's been in
And someone's got a Hoover and sucked them all up
He blows out the smoke from his gasper full of green shit
Smoke floats up like rumours of my poor luck
Picking bits of sigga weed from both of his lips
On a quiet Sunday morning with the smell of cut clovers
I feel in captivity in my own living room
Listening to songs about men killing each other

Chorus: Kevin Mark Trail

All got something to hide
Something to bury
What did you bury?

Verse 2: Mike Skinner

Normally, trying to make a conversation come back to me
But this waterboarding with twenty questions and every mention is agony
Wish he would just go around stirring up apathy
Under this cold exterior beats my heart of stone
Sitting in my dressing gown, I tighten the terry belt
Don't sweat the petty things and don't pet the sweaty things
How weird is this life? It's not like anything else

Chorus: Kevin Mark Trail

What did you bury? Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We've all got something to hide
Something to bury
What did you bury?
I said we've all got something to hide
Something to bury
What did you bury?

Verse 3: Mike SKinner

He was all the way right, I had almost nothing left
We pretend that we are making do while sliding into death
Like we slide into DM's with a little guest list
We can make it through the night
Pick up the papers from Tuesday last June
Lick my fingers to turn the page like Auntie Sue used to do
My demise as a man was Gradual, cute to see
From the top of who's who to the bottom of "Who's he?"
Word from the bird as I bogart the cigarette
The most hard bit isn't yet, the most hard bit is yet
Sleep with one eye open without losing the high ball
The perfect hangover cure is the juice of a wine bottle

Chorus: Kevin Mark Trail

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