

Everyone Hides

Wilco

If you're telling yourself a story
Where the secrets twist like vines
And you know where the bodies are buried
But you can't remember where you buried the mines

Oh, no one denies
Everyone hides
Oh, oh
Everyone hides

If you're selling yourself on a tale
Where the details drift with time
Where the point gets lost in the telling
And the telling was the point all the while

Deep inside
Everyone hides
Oh, oh
Some of the time

If you're selling yourself on a vision
A dream of who you are
An idea of how it should be
And a wish upon a star

Remember
Remember
It can't be denied
Oh, oh
Everyone hides

Oh, no one denies
Everyone hides
Oh, oh
Everyone hides

Oh, oh
Oh, oh
Oh, oh