Nickelback, Where Do I Hide

Got a criminal record, I can't cross state lines
First on the bad list, and you're last on mine
Lookin for a scapegoat, long past due
Walking down the aisle, staring straight at you

I still hear him screaming "where do I hide?"
And he asks and I say "hurry inside"

He said, she said, No she don't
Be back before morning, You know she won't
I remember that summer, like yesterday
And I remember his mother, As he was dragged away

I still hear him screaming "where do I hide?"
And he asks and I say "hurry inside"
A whole lot of memories
Yours and not mine
And he asks and I say "hurry inside"

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