

Tom McRae, Hidden Camera Show

If you won't
Carry a gun
And if you won't
Learn to run

Hide from the world
It will come for you
You have no place in this time

If you won't
Carry a gun
And if you won't
Learn to run

Hide from the world
It will come for you
You have no place in this time

And it's the cars on the highway
It's the drunks singing 'my way'
We're all caught in a hidden camera show
And it's the thrill of deception
It's the chill of rejection
In the faces of the people we don't know

If you love
Bury it deep
When you talk
Know that talk is cheap
Swallow your tongue
This is not your fight
It's braver sometimes just to run

And it's the cars on the highway
It's the drunks singing 'my way'
We're all caught in a hidden camera show

And it's the cars on the highway
It's the drunks singing 'my way'
We're all caught in a hidden camera show
And it's the blink of a shutter
It's the hitman in the gutter
We're all caught in a hidden camera show
And I close my eyes
Turn my face to the sky
I won't smile for your hidden camera show