

Tom Wolfe, Where He Can Hide

He puts them all to sleep
And goes to bed
He prays their souls to keep
And lays his head
Then he takes all the questions
And rolls them up in a ball
And he puts all the answers
In the room down the hall
Where he can hide
From himself
Where he can hide
Where he can hide from her
He hangs them out to dry
Under the sun
He knows he has to be
The lonely one
Then he takes all his memories
And he pulls 'til it tears
And he puts all his feelings
In the space behind the stairs
Where he can hide from himself
Where he can hide
Where he can hide from her
And time has been no friend to him
He is resigned to the fact that
He can't let go of his history
Won't repeat,
He can't get it back
(Guitar solo)
Then he takes all the sorrow
That the world dishes out
And he buries his dreams from yesterday
Under the house
Where he can hide
From himself
Where he can hide
Where he can hide from her
And from himself