

Hide Yourself (Sunday)

Sounds and signals, speaking soft, not quite right
Flying by, evergreen stars, black as night
On the wings, in the thoughts, of a poem recite
Hide yourself, to yourself, it's a fiery sight

Looking up, constellations, like vigils of stars
Deathly quiet, gravely still, we wait in our cars
Streets and markets, heard it in the closing of bars
Hide yourself, to yourself, it can't be that far

Sunday trails off
Like voices, haunted and new
Sunday trails off
Like you just couldn't do

Fall in love, fall apart, memory ties fate
In hotel rooms, out with lights, it's getting too late
Strings and sirens, wings and wires, rusted down plates
Hide yourself, to yourself, meet me at the gate

Sunday trails off
Like voices, born again new
Sunday trails off
Like you just couldn't do

Down the street, past the traffic, staring down lights
Open doors, pouring out, scared of the heights
Strain to see, pain that he, would hide in the white
Hide yourself, to yourself, it's a sobering sight

Sunday trails off
Like clouds, movingly true
Sunday trails off
Like the plants, covered in dew
Sunday trails off
If only, you knew
Sunday trails off
Like you just couldn't do