

Reef, Hiding

Hiding from the faces that we know

Riding to the places we have grown

And I walk in the sun but my feet are damp

And I speak with the folk like my fathers son

And my feet they are worn but they're comfortable

Let our fathers sing this

Hiding

Riding

Hiding oh don't you want to go away?

I'm feeling that I'm far away today

Away

I'm feeling that I'm far away today

Singing

There will come a time to sing

Stirring

After days of being still