

Gin Blossoms, Seeing Stars

(Robin Wilson)

Spit it out, the sad truth
One of many secrets we acquired in youth
My dirty clothes
Lately I keep 'em in the luggage that you to gave me
With a little luck, one night
We'll drink together in a different light
Our heads down, our ears ring
We only see angels when we both believe
Take me, take mine, hide it away
Take me, take mine, hide it away
Spit it up, the right words
Of course we always keep 'em where we know it hurts
The little things you did too
I'd almost still believe if it weren't for you
Take me, take mine hide it away, hide it away (so late?)...
You said "Surround me when it's over, I can't stand it another night"
Forever now and definitely sober
When we stare in a different light
Spit it out, the sad truth
One of many secrets we acquired in youth
The right words
Lately I keep 'em in the luggage that you gave to me
Take me, take my hurting away (so late)
Take me, take my hurting away, hurting away (so late)
Take me, take mine, hide it away (so late)
Take me take my hurting away, hide it away (so late)