

# Gin Blossoms, I'm Still Wondering Where Those Bastards Are

We were on our way to Flagstaff  
Driving up that windy road  
With two roadworthy vehicles  
And one hellacious load  
Somehow they fell behind us  
We thought we'd meet them there  
But here we are in Flagstaff  
And the van's Christ knows where  
And I'm still wondering where those bastards are  
They're probably swilling in some Sedona bar  
I think I'll have a cigarette and I'll sit here on the car  
'Cause I'm still wondering where those bastards are  
Well they didn't bother calling  
They knew just where we'd be  
The band was told to start at nine  
And now it's ten-fifteen  
If we don't get set up and play  
The bar will close its doors  
Then we'll have to pay for our way home  
By sweeping up the floors  
But I'm still wondering where those bastards are  
They're probably swilling in some Sedona bar  
I think I'll have a cigarette and I'll sit here on the car  
'Cause I'm still wondering where those bastards are  
The owner told us flatly  
We won't play here again  
Until hell freezes over,  
Perhaps not even then  
Well it's time to leave this empty bar  
It's closing anyway  
You might say we're shit out of luck  
But all that I can say is...  
I'm still wondering where those bastards  
They're probably swilling in some Sedona bar  
I think I'll have a cigarette and I'll sit here on the car  
'Cause I'm still wondering where those bastards are.