

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.