

Gin Blossoms, Pieces Of The Night

Is it any wonder that the stars just don't rush by
When you're only doin' 60 through this oh-so-vacant night
But it's lacking something big this time
What the hell did you expect to find
Aphrodite on a barstool by your side
Twelfth night we go
After something everyone should know
Somewhere in the distance out of sight...
Then I saw: gin mill rainfall
What do you remember if at all
Only pieces of the night...
And is it any wonder in the middle of the crowd
If you let your feet get trampled on
When the music is that loud
But you wanted to be where you are
But it looked much better from afar
A hillside in shadow
Between the people and the stars
Twelfth night we go
After something everyone should know
Somewhere in the distance out of sight...
Then I saw: gin mill rainfall
What do you remember if at all
Only pieces of the night...
It seems so distant
But still only half the night away
Where notions between your questions come too
Is it any wonder where
The pieces of the night have been...