

Seeing Stars

Gin Blossoms

Spit it out, the sad truth
One of many secrets we acquired in youth
My dirty clothes lately I keep them
In the luggage that you 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 them
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
Take me, take mine hide it away, hide it away

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 them
In the luggage that you gave to me

Take me, take my hurting away
Take me, take my hurting away, hurting away

Take me, take mine, hide it away
Take me take my hurting away, hide it away

So late
So late
So late
So late
So late