

# 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

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