

Inkwell

"Equador Is Lovely This Time Of Year"

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I don't know how street lights congregate
These dark sidewalks and me in the Garden state
This question I'm asking, postcards I should be
sending

This direction I'm heading, let's toast to new
beginnings
Now that this one two and everyone else knew we
should

Just blame the night
Blame the empty sky above
Just blame the night

I don't know when lines begin to blur
Those long phone calls, words begin to slur
This phone call I'm making, distances not worth taking

This direction I'm heading, let's toast to new
beginnings
Now that this one two and everyone else knew we
should

Just blame the night
Blame the empty sky above
Just blame the night

Just blame the night
Blame the bitter taste of love
Just blame the night

Stay on the line, just stay on the line
and now there's static on the other side

Just blame the night
Blame the empty sky above
Just blame the night

Just blame the night
Blame the bitter taste of love

Just blame the night

Now that this one two and everyone else knew we
should

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