

Blossoms Gin

"Whitewash"

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Written by B. Leen, R. Wilson

The night never happened

if it's alright with you.

Not a word of our weakness,

so much as a clue.

There's a place outside.

I'm glad to play no part.

The fairest arms can tally up

the faintest stars.

Wash away my weekend.

Shatter my sight.

C'mon sweet amnesia

You're needed here tonight.

Take a seat in the shadows.

Forget it, as it goes.

Dissipate in the morning air,

all you know.

If you find out

you'll find every lie you might.

I was nowhere near last night

Whitewash everything in sight.

These suspicions have been
long drained dry.
Our persistence holds them here
a maze of bars
and rented rooms remain.
Enough to make you almost look away.
The night never happened
if it's alright with you.
Another for the collection
of things we didn't do.
That private party is over.
That God we got new starts.
The fairest arms can tally
up the faintest stars.
When it comes down
in a clear and certain light,
I was nowhere near last night.
I was nowhere near last night.
Whitewash everything in sight...

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