

Here's Where the Story Ends

The Sundays

People I know, places I go
Make me feel tongue tied
I can see how, people look down
They're on the inside Here's where the story ends People I see, weary of me
Showing my good side
I can see how, people look down
I'm on the outside
Here's, where the story ends
Ooh here's, where the story ends It's that little souvenir, of a terrible year
Which makes my eyes feel sore
Oh I never should have said, the books that you read
Were all I loved you for
It's that little souvenir, of a terrible year
Which makes me wonder why
And it's the memories of the shed, that make me turn red
Surprise, surprise, surprise Crazy I know, places I go
Make me feel so tired
I can see how people look down
I'm on the outside Here's, where the story ends
Ooh here's, where the story ends
It's that little souvenir, of a terrible year
Which makes my eyes feel sore
And who ever would've thought, the books that you brought
Were all I loved you for
Oh the devil in me said, go down to the shed
I know where I belong
But the only thing I ever really wanted to say
Was wrong, was wrong, was wrong It's that little souvenir, of a colorful year
Which makes me smile inside
So I cynically, cynically say, the world is that way
Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise Here's, where the story ends
Ooh here's, where the story ends
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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