Hanson, End Of The Line

She's walking 'round in emptiness
She's missing the guilt
She left in her prom dress
She can't take back all her regrets
Her only hope is what she did
She'll soon forget
This must be the end of the line

The skies a blur
My drug, my friend
Sometimes you can't avoid the lonesome, bitter end
She breathing in some nicotine
And when she's down she'll drown this town in kerosene

This must be the end of the line
This must be the end of the line
This must be the end of the line

The ganja boys
The locker there
Maybe the truth is just too much for your to bear
You can't avoid a compromise
Maybe this is just a reflection of what's on your mind

This must be the end of the line
This must be the end of the line
This must be the end of the line

Even after all this time, we're still making it fine
Even after all this time, we're still making it fine
Even after all this time, we're still making it fine

This must be the end of the line
This must be the end of the line
This must be the end of the line
She's walking 'round in emptiness
She's looking for the good
She left in her prom dress