

# 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  
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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  
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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