## Hanson, Stories

When we were young stories were told
That I would kiss you sweet like
People said there was a connection between us
Now that we're older stories are told
Of how I'll hold you tight
Whenever I see those people
I tell them they were right

Stories will be told From when our children are young Until they're old About our endless love We must have been a blessing from above

Stories will be told until we're old Stories will be told until the end of time Stories will be told until we're old Stories will be told until the end of time

Until the sun won't rise Oh let me tell you mine, let me tell you mine

It all started on 77th Street
When we were just thirteen
I had no cares at all
Until I saw you from the corner of my eye
It changed my views
It changed my whole life
(repeat chorus)