

# The Sundays, Here's Where The Story Ends

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