

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