

# This Must Be Where It Ends

Brett Anderson

Mistress, help me  
'Cause your hand is like the autumn  
And your flesh is like the sea

You cannot stop the rain from falling  
From falling  
No, we try to stop the rain  
You cannot stop the sun from flowing  
From flowing  
No you can hold back the sea

Hey, hey, hey, hey  
This must be where it ends  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
This must be where it ends  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
This must be where it ends

Mistress, help me  
'Cause that time in her Mercedes  
You dropped your signet ring  
We tried to stop the rain from falling  
From falling  
But you can hold back the sea

Hey, hey, hey, hey  
This must be where it ends  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
This must be where it ends  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
This must be where it ends

And your hand is like the autumn  
And your flesh is like a breeze  
And your sea is like the summer  
And your hair is like a breeze

But this must be  
This must be where it ends  
Yes, this must be  
This must be where it ends