

# Here's Where The Story Ends

Crystal Bowersox

People I know, places I go  
Make me feel time  
I can see how, before the dawn  
We're on the inside

Here's where the story ends  
People I see, weary of me  
Showing my good side  
I can see how, before the dawn  
We're on the inside

Oh, here's where the story ends  
Oh, here's where the story ends  
It's that little souvenir, of the terrible years  
Which makes my eyes feel soar  
Oh I've never should've said  
This shoe fits you well  
And all that I love  
It's that little souvenir, of the terrible years  
Which makes me wonder why  
It's the memory of the That makes me cross, cross by

Crazy I know, places I go  
Make me feel so tired  
I can see how, people look down  
Right on the outside

Here's where the story ends  
People I see, weary of me  
Showing my good side  
I can see how, before the dawn  
We're on the inside

It's that little souvenir, of the terrible years  
Which makes my eyes feel soar  
And who ever would have thought  
Looks what I brought,  
Are all that I love  
Oh that devil and he's saying  
Go down in the shame  
I know where I belong  
But the only thing I only really wanted to say  
Was wrong, was wrong, was wrong

It's that little souvenir, of the beautiful years  
Which makes me smile inside  
So I said I'm probably sad  
Where is the way  
Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise  
Here's where the story ends  
Here's where the story ends.