

Here's Where the Story Ends

The Sundays

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 your 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
Oh, 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