

Stories

Hanson

(i. hanson/t. hanson/z. hanson)When we were young stories were told
That I would kiss you sweet like
People said there was a connection between us
Now that we're older stories are told
Of how I hold you tight
Whenever I see those people
I tell them they were rightStories will be told
From when our children are young
Until they're old
About our endless love
We must have been a blessing from aboveStories will be told until we're old
Stories will be told until the end of time
Stories will be told until we're old
Stories will be told until the end of timeUntil the sun won't rise
Oh, let me tell you are mine,
Let me tell you are mineIt all started on 77th street
When we were just thirteen
I had no cares at all
Until I saw you in the corner of my eye
It changed my views
It changed my whole life

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