In the End

Tony Sly

Here is a simple song
I hope that you don't take it wrong
Hello rainy day let's see what you can wash away
No more blues on a Sunday
You sleep quiet in your room
I'll be writing these words just for the sake of you
Listen to the howling wind
Smell the street it's back again
Fall is here and I'm so glad that nothing is permanent
In the end all that we have are memories
that we like to hold
Let's not take this for granted
Everything is growing old
In the end all that we have are memories
that we like to hold
Let's not take it for granted
Everything is growing old

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