

# Values

## Endstand

VALUES Words and Music by Margo Guryan  
Yours are nice  
They fit you like a glove you've sewn  
Too bad  
I've got to find my own  
Yours are good  
They've seen you through the bad times you've known  
Sorry  
I've got to find my own  
I don't know how many times I've relied on you  
To see me through  
Never an original thought in my head  
I think I'm starting to think there was something wrong  
All along  
I'm full of words I've never said  
Yours are fine  
I've seen you squeezing water from stone  
Good-bye  
I've got to find my own  
I know you've thought about me when you wanted to:  
After you  
Maybe that's the way you believe people are  
I must be crazy to look for an empty seat  
On a two-way street  
Your way just hasn't got me far  
Yours are great  
You laugh at all the chances you've blown  
Good-bye, I've got to find my own  
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