Here's Where the Story Ends (live)

The Sundays

People I know places I go
Make me feel tongue tied
I can see how people look down
They're on the insideHere's where the story endsPeople I see, weary of me
Showing my good side
I can see how people look down
I'm on the outsideHere's where the story ends
Ooh here's where the story endsIt'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
& it's the memories of the shed that make me turn red
Surprise surprise surpriseCrazy I know, places I go
Make me feel so tired
I can see how people look down
I'm on the outsideOh here's where the story ends
Ooh here's where the story endsIt's that little souvenir of a terrible year
Which makes my eyes feel sore
& 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 wrongIt'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, surpriseHere's where the story ends
Ooh here's where the story ends

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