

The End

Fitz & The Tantrums

Some things gotta get thru
If you wanna stay
You need to find a place for me

Your always saying were thru
then turn around and say you
Can't see no one else but me

Fought my way out
I've been here before
It's a long way down this cold
Stretch my wings out
Like the way before
Just

End all of our promises
The truth we know we can't save
End all of our promises
The reckless games that we play

I was to treat her
Like them other sneakers
Surely I would rule as king
But no matter how I treat her
She's always gonna linger
On all the other boys but me.

There's no where to go
Just hanging round
When every thing we do keeps crashing down
Sings the song
This song's gone out of style
Were twisting our words
When we know we have to

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