

The End of Things

Bob Mould

I started out so starry-eyed
Full of hope and wonder
And I wore flowers in my hair
Not aware I'd been defiled (Every time I see you) I know it's going down
(How can I believe you) karma comes around
I know this ride, you must be there by my side
You going down, I must be descending I didn't want to play the song
That gave people so much hope
I turned my back and turned away
Here's the rope that made me choke (Every time I see you) I know it's going down
(How can I believe you) karma comes around
You can see it in my eyes
You can read it on my face You can hear it as I cry
God, I hope it's not too late
Can I try to make it up to you somehow?
Can I try to make it up to you somehow? Now my race is finally run
And as I tumble to the Sun
All these dreams I can't achieve
Brought me crashing to my knees My descent has now begun
All the music left undone
My world, it is descending

Songwriters

Robert Arthur Mould Published by

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