

Here's Where The Story Ends

Crystal Bowersox

People I know, places I go
Make me feel time
I can see how, before the dawn
We're on the inside

Here's where the story ends
People I see, weary of me
Showing my good side
I can see how, before the dawn
We're on the inside

Oh, here's where the story ends
Oh, here's where the story ends
It's that little souvenir, of the terrible years
Which makes my eyes feel soar
Oh I've never should've said
This shoe fits you well
And all that I love
It's that little souvenir, of the terrible years
Which makes me wonder why
It's the memory of the That makes me cross, cross by

Crazy I know, places I go
Make me feel so tired
I can see how, people look down
Right on the outside

Here's where the story ends
People I see, weary of me
Showing my good side
I can see how, before the dawn
We're on the inside

It's that little souvenir, of the terrible years
Which makes my eyes feel soar
And who ever would have thought
Looks what I brought,
Are all that I love
Oh that devil and he's saying
Go down in the shame
I know where I belong
But the only thing I only really wanted to say
Was wrong, was wrong, was wrong

It's that little souvenir, of the beautiful years
Which makes me smile inside
So I said I'm probably sad
Where is the way
Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise
Here's where the story ends
Here's where the story ends.