were all I loved you for

Cmaj11

Gmaj7

Heres Where The Story Ends The Sundays 1. Version [Verse] Gmaj7 Cmaj11 people I know, places I go Gmaj7 Cmaj11 make me feel tongue-tied Gmaj7 Cmaj11 I can see how people look down Gmaj7 Cmaj11 I m on the outside Gmaj7 Cmaj11 Gmaj7 Cmaj11 here s where the story ends Gmaj7 Cmaj11 Gmaj7 Cmaj11 here s where the story ends [Chorus] C it s that little souveneir of a terrible year which makes my eyes go sore and whoever would have thought the books that you brought were all I loved you for G Gmaj7 Cmaj11 [Verse] places I know, places I go make me feel so tired and I can see how people look down they re on the inside oh here s where the story ends ooh here s where the story ends [Chorus] it s that little souveneir of a terrible year which makes my eyes go sore and whoever would have thought the books that you brought

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[Verse]
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 wrong
[Chorus]
it s that little souveneir of a terrible year
which makes my eyes go sore
and whoever would have thought the books that you brought
were all I loved you for
Gmaj7
              Cmaj11
[Outro]
here s where the story ends
ooh here s where the story ends
[Ending]
Gmaj7
2. Version
[Verse]
Gmaj7
               Cadd9
People I know, places I go
Gmaj7
                                                         Cadd9
Make me feel tongue-tied
Gmaj7
                 Cadd9
Like you see how, people are down
Gmaj7
                   Cadd9
There on the inside
Gmaj7 Cadd9
                       Gmaj7 Cadd9
Here s where the story ends
People I see, weary of me
Showing my good side
Like you see how, people are down
I m on the outside
Here s where the story ends
Oh, here s where the story ends
[Chorus]
В*
Oh, it s that little souvenir of a terrible year
      Gmaj7
Which makes my eyes go so
Oh I never should have said, the books you read
     Gmaj7
                    Cadd9
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[Verse]

Oh, it s that little souvenir of a terrible year
That makes me wonder why
It s the memories of the shed, that make me turn red
Surprise, surprise, surprise
Places I know, places I go
Make me feel so tired
Like you see how, people are down
I m on the outside
Here s where the story ends
Oh, here s where the story ends

[Chorus 2]

Oh, it s that little souvenir of a terrible year Which makes my eyes go so
And whoever would have thought, the books 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 anything-I-ever-really-wanted-to-say
Was wrong, was wrong, was wrong

[Chorus 3]

Oh, it 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, suprise, suprise, surprise

[Outro]

Here s where the story ends Oh, here s where the story ends

(I use this picking pattern near the end of the song)

e	0
В	3
	000-
	22
	33
Ε	33