

# Hanson, Stories

When we were young stories were told  
That I would kiss you sweet like  
People said there was a connection between us  
Now that we're older stories are told  
Of how I'll hold you tight  
Whenever I see those people  
I tell them they were right

Stories will be told  
From when our children are young  
Until they're old  
About our endless love  
We must have been a blessing from above

Stories will be told until we're old  
Stories will be told until the end of time  
Stories will be told until we're old  
Stories will be told until the end of time

Until the sun won't rise  
Oh let me tell you mine, let me tell you mine

It all started on 77th Street  
When we were just thirteen  
I had no cares at all  
Until I saw you from the corner of my eye  
It changed my views  
It changed my whole life  
(repeat chorus)