

## **Emily Simonian**

# **"I Know How This Song Ends"**

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I know how this song ends.  
There's a story of a boy and girl.  
Spun, unlikely in a lover's whirl.  
Spoke in whispers across many miles.  
Spoke in writing drenched with giddy smiles.  
And people said, "No, you won't make it.  
In the end the miles will break it."

But there were days filled with daydreams  
and it was everything that it seemed.  
But can you really know somebody  
when you're standing all alone?  
I know how this song ends.

Just as sudden as a summer storm,  
darkens sky and the clouds all form.  
Came the rain, came the part you know.  
Rain turned to hail and then into snow.  
"What were we thinking? We can't make it.  
What's best is if we break it."

And now she tries not to daydream.  
And he wonders, 'was it what it seemed?'  
But you can't really know somebody  
when you're standing all alone.  
I know how this song ends.

"What were we thinking? We can't make it."  
And in the end, the miles did break it.

Now I try not to daydream.  
And I think he wonders, 'was it what it seemed?'  
And you can't really know somebody  
when you're standing on your own.  
And now I try not to daydream.  
But when I close my eyes, I see pale green.  
And you can't really know somebody when you're  
standing on your own.

I know how this song ends.

