

Tall Stories

Bill Ward

Jump up for the whole town, Willy,
Go get a band,
Oh man, you look so pretty,
Reach out, reach out,
Play it while you can,
'Cause soon you'll be a man.

Breathe in, and be a man among many,
Be all that you can be.
Watch out, watch out,
There may be empty space,
More than you can face.

If by chance you lose your head,
Don't sell yourself too short,
Hold on.
Ain't no lie, we can fly.
My, my, my, we're alive.

Breathe out, and when the hounds get hungry,
Come marching with a mad dog's cane.
Hang on, hang on,
When all you have is gone,
It's time to carry on.

There is a sense of purpose
As we move along.
Nothing makes much sense right here,
Until the moneymaker's gone.

Keep on believing.

There is a sense of purpose
As we move along,
Nothing makes much sense right here,
Until the moneymaker's gone.

'Til it's gone,
Yeah, 'til it's gone,
Who oh who
Yeah, 'til it's gone,
Yeah, yeah,
Oh oh I yes.

If by chance, you lose your heart,
Be patient.
Time can help. Hold on.
Ain't no lie, we can fly.
My, my, my, we're alive.

We're alive, oh alive.

Ain't no lie, we can fly,
We can fly, yeah, yeah.
My, my, my, we're alive.
Oh oh oh yeah.

Ain't no lie, we can fly.
La la la la la
My, my, my, we're alive.

Tall stories,
You got tall stories.
Yeah, hey hey my my.