

Stories

Charlie Winston

There... Waiting on the stairs
Watching as the plates
Took away our only home
In and out the door
Through the restaurant
Forbidden land we'd sneak across
Better not get caught

Hope... Hope was all we had
That soon she'd take a break
And come and dry my sister's tear
Nothing for us here
Nothing we could touch
We only wanted love

But I wouldn't take it back
I'll leave it in the past
And even if it brings a tear to my eye
I'll never take it back
I've come to understand it all
Memories make up stories to be told
I hope mine live before I get old

Late... Waiting for the end
Another angry day
Too many scared to speak a word
For fear it might be heard
And turned into another bomb shell
Going off in the hell-tel

But I wouldn't take it back
It's made me who I am
And even if it brings a tear to my eye
I'll never take it back
I've come to understand it all
Memories make up stories to be told
I hope mine live before I get old

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