

# Story To Tell

Darius Rucker

I grew up in the country  
Six kids in a two room shack  
Soon as I learned those three chords  
I had a guitar on my back  
I wanted to carry a football  
That dream came and went real soon  
Made it through two years of college  
Thank God I could carry a tune  
Nah nah, yeah-eh, thank God, I could carry a tune

I've known love, I've known pain  
Got a little rusty in the rain  
I've been lost, I've been found  
I left my mark on my little bitty town  
Yeah, raised me a few good babies  
Raised me a whole lotta hell  
And if I ever get to heaven  
I'm gonna have a story to tell, yeah  
If I get there, I'm gonna have a story to tell

I drank a lot of cheap whiskey  
Shut down too many bars  
Low as a dog in the valley  
And high as the Carolina stars  
I've kissed some girls, still missed some girls  
Most beautiful you've ever seen  
I gave my heart to a woman  
Who didn't give a damn about me

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It's got some parts that'll make you laugh  
And some that'll make you cry  
Some pages I wish I could tear out  
Well I ain't gonna tell no lie  
'Cause it's a story of my life

No I can't preach or give no advice  
I didn't do everything well  
But man, just live while you're alive  
And try to have a story to tell

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I raised me a whole lotta hell  
And if I ever get to heaven

I'm gonna have a story to tell, yeah  
If I get there, I'll have a real good story to tell  
  
Nah nah, yeah-eh, I'll have a real good story to tell