

# No Story To Tell

Racoon

Ran into water, right up to the neck  
To keep the head up, drank it all down, swallowed it back  
Don't believe in fighting, or love made out of free will  
There's a higher law up there somewhere, that laughs at every kill

There's no story to tell, my nose still bleeds  
Nobody here can give me better hell  
There's no story to tell  
No story to tell, see my nose still bleeds  
Nobody here can give me better hell  
Than you do, my dear

And hairs on my arm are rising  
The truth waiting for the kill  
The sensation of you being around  
Did more than memories ever will  
And tired of the longing  
So tired of the night  
I'm so tired of the listening  
To all the well, well-meant advice

No story to tell, well, my nose still bleeds  
Nobody here can give me better hell, no story to tell  
No, there's no story to tell, see my heart still bleeds  
Nobody here can give me better hell  
Than you do, my dear

I'll be the old man in the corner, to help you out of bed  
To feed you and to listen to the silence instead  
I'll be that wanted glass of water, when you're thirsty once again  
The only one still here that really gives a damn

When there's no story to tell, well, my nose still bleeds  
Nobody here can give me better hell, no story to tell  
There's no story to tell and my heart still bleeds  
Nobody here can give me bigger damn  
Than I do, my dear