

Stories We Could Tell

The Everly Brothers

Talkin' to myself again
An' wonderin' if this travellin' is good
Is there somethin' else a' doin'
We'd be doin' if we could
And ah, the stories we can tell
And if it all blows up and goes to Hell
I can still see us sitting on a bed in some motel
Listening to the stories we can tell

Remember that guitar in a museum in Tennessee
The nameplate on the glass brought back twenty melodies
An' the scratches on the face told of all the times he'd fell
Singin' every story he could tell
And ah, the stories he could tell
And I'll bet you it still rings like a bell
And I wish that we could sit back on a bed in some motel
And listen to the stories it could tell

So if you're on the road a-trackin' down your every night
And singin' for a livin' 'neath the brightly coloured lights
And if you ever wonder why you ride this carousel
Eh you did it for the stories you could tell
And ah, the stories we can tell
And I wouldn't kid a man I like so well
And I wish that we could sit back on a bed in some motel
An' listen to the stories we can tell

And ah, the stories we can tell
And if it all blows up and goes to Hell
I can still see us sitting on a bed in some motel
Just listenin' to the stories we can tell