

Stories I Tell

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Don't give me answers for I would refuse
"Yes" is a word for which I have no use
And I wasn't looking for heaven or hell
Just someone to listen to stories I tell

Now what is a blessing and what is a dream
Caught between portraits and none's what it seems
Why is it some would expect there's a change
When I feel I'm a part of something I can't see
And I feel the same

Don't ask me questions or I will retreat
Fame is a cancer and ego it's seed
And I wasn't looking for heaven or hell
Just someone to listen to stories I tell

Do we ever wonder?
And do you ever care

Stories I tell, stories I tell
Stories I tell

Subtle salvation in poems and probes
Hiding our heads in a shadow of home
And I wasn't looking for wreaths or for bells
Just someone to listen to stories I tell
Stories I tell, stories I tell

Stories
Stories I tell, stories I tell
Stories I tell, stories I tell