

# Stories

## Bill Withers

Who will buy a glad story  
That a young man has to tell?  
Come into my house of glory  
And I will treat you well  
Who will buy a sad story  
That a widow has to tell?  
Come into my house of lonely  
And I will treat you well

Young and old, we all have stories  
That we all must try to sell  
Tales of how you get to heaven  
And how we been through hell  
Who will buy a perfumed story  
That a young girl has to tell?  
Sleep with me on satin pillows  
And I will treat you well

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