

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
And why is it people expect there's a change
When I feel I'm a part of something I can't see
I feel the same
Now don't ask me questions or I will retreat
Fame is a cancer and ego its seed
Now 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...

Songwriters

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