

# 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

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