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 tellNow 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 sameDon'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 tellDo we ever wonder?
And do you ever careStories I tell, stories I tell
Stories I tellSubtle 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 tellStories
Stories I tell, stories I tell
Stories I tell, stories I tell

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