

Stories We Could Tell

[Jimmy Buffett](#)

Talkin' to myself again
Wonderin' if this travelin' is good
Is there somethin' else a' doin'
We'd be doin' if we couldBut ah, the stories we could tell
And if it all blows up and goes to hell
I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel
Listen to the stories we could tellStared at that guitar in that museum in Tennessee
Nameplate on the glass brought back twenty melodies
Scars upon the face told of all the times he fell
Singin' all the stories he could tellAh, the stories he could tell
And I'll bet you, it still rings like a bell
I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel
And listen to the stories it could tellIf you're on the road trackin' down your every night
Playin' for a livin' beneath the brightly colored lights
And if you ever wonder why you ride the carousel
You do it for the stories you can tellAh, the stories we could tell
And if it all blows up and goes to hell
I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel
Just listen to the stories we could tellYes, I wish that we could sit upon a bed in some motel
Listen to the stories it could tell

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