

# The Story

Shawn Colvin

Well, we pounded the pavement between dotted lines  
But we always belonged to the fugitive kind  
We were never the best but we were better than this  
To be made to bow down among princes I got thrown around hallways and bedrooms and towns  
And you run from that voice and it drags you around  
It don't matter the ruse or the weapons we choose  
There is only one thing that can free us Oh, so here I am, lion and the lamb  
I was born to be telling this story  
I could only be telling this story  
I will always be telling this story Well, our father married our mother too young  
And he took on a world like a fortunate son  
But in the cellar downstairs waiting for the bomb scare  
He would hide from us under the kitchen Where she simmered so soft with her weapons of tin  
And like so many suppers she just gave us to him  
And he never did guess, in her cast iron dress  
She was burning beyond recognition Oh, it's not over yet, oh, that I can't forget  
I am going to be telling this story  
I was born to be telling this story  
I will always be telling this story Sometimes I feel so reckless and wild  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
I gave nobody life, I am nobody's wife  
And I seem to be nobody's daughter So red is the color that I like the best  
It's your Indian skin and the badge on my chest  
The heat of my pride and the lips of a bride  
The sad heart of the truth and the flag of youth  
And blood that is thicker than water I was made to be telling this story  
I was born to be telling this story  
I am going to be telling this story  
I could only be telling this story  
I will always be telling this story

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