

Bill Withers, Stories

Who will buy a glad story
That a young man has to sell?
Come into my house of glory
And I will treat you well.

Who will buy a sad story
That a widow has to sell?
Come into my house of lonely
And I will treat you well.

Young and old, we all have stories
That we all must try to sell
Tales of how you get to heaven
And how we been through hell

Who will buy a perfumed story
That a young girl has to sell?
Sleep with me on satin pillows
And I will treat you well.