

Brettell, Telling Stories

she came across, a batch of my photos
and invitations to her best friends parties
a dressing gown with dirty in-ter-raction
from someone else
a famous diary, from my early teen hood.
when I'm bored, I find inspiration
from any songs I've ever known
and opened up a closing wall
she said ' we were nothing but being bored '

cause then she started telling stories
stories about how we did we first meet
she was telling loads of stories
stories that she made up for her own self
and she was never holding on, holding back
about the fact we were an end

when she went, I left to the station
with a bag and some inspiration
she then said ' if your not careful, you'll have nothing left
and nothing to live for,
from when your 19 till your 70. '
I sat up, kept looking forward
I didn't mind, her eyes were sore
I'm walking through the wooden door
I will never find myself wanting more

cause then she started telling stories
stories about how we did we first meet
she was telling loads of stories
stories that she made up for her own self
and she was never holding on, holding back
about the fact we were an end
I was just hoping that, looking back
I could always rely on a friend

the time has come
to pick up the pieces and
find a room, with lots of spaces
all the junk that she'd been missing
some where here but come were missing
in the station, where we parted
she never dreamt that I would get to be
the song writer you've always wanted to see
but I knew despite of dreams
she'll be sitting somewhere near with me

cause then she started telling stories
stories about how we did we first meet
she was telling loads of stories
stories that she made up for her own self
and she was never holding on, holding back
about the fact we were an end
I was just hoping that, looking back
I could always rely on a friend
and she will always tell these stories
we will never hear of the end
cause she was always telling stories, we will never hear of the end