

# Heather Alexander, Storyteller

I spin tales each day of this world full of wonder  
I hear people say, "You can harvest the plunder"  
But as I reach out with a trembling hand  
All the gold coins just turn into sand

I feel very weary, my temper is biting  
I know I've grown leery and tired of the fighting  
I pray everyday that it all will be grand  
But I sure could use help of your kind, friendly hand

Please, Storyteller, pull a tale from your pocket  
Spin me a story from your coattail so bare  
My heart has turned cold, my dreams are too old  
And I need to know magic's still there

My own coat's too thin and I'm down to the lining  
The spirit within on itself is entwining  
My colors are faded, my cuffs are both worn  
And the seam down the back is all tattered and torn

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I walk through your door, see the smile that won't tire  
I sit on the floor with your dog by the fire  
You'll guide me on walkways where the faerie lights burn  
And I hope that I never return

Who'll keep the firelight bright when you're gone?  
Who has the insight to help me go on?  
You taught me that stories, once told, can come true  
And I hope that I tell them with magic, like you

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