

Heideroosjes, A Bag Full Of Stories

A bag full of stories
It's all I have got
But I'm not unhappy oh no I'm not
I live out of a suitcase but I like it a lot
A bag full of stories, it's all I have got

A bag full of stories
It's all I can give
I travel to sing cause that's how I live
Maybe we'll make it, maybe we won't
But as long as I play, I don't care if we don't

A bag full of stories
Tales of my life
Imprisoned in music, my way to survive
You may take my money, yes, take it all
But you can't get my spirit, my music and soul

She gave me back the key to my front door
Another girl said goodbye, not the last one, for sure
I never bought her presents, I know that's bad
A fun-on-the-road-report was all she could get

From Sydney to Rome
My mind's all alone
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
From LA to Cologne
My mind's all alone
I'm waiting, I'm waiting
To catch the bus home

A bag full of stories
It's all I have got
But I'm not unhappy, oh no I'm not
I live out of a suitcase but I like it a lot
A bag full of stories, it's all I have got

My social life sucks and I am to blame
I'm married to music, some say that's a shame
But it takes me to places no tourist will find
And even if I don't earn a dime, I'll forever remind

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