Steve Lukather, Bag O' Tales

It's easy to believe some people don't care Believe a gift is to be given but never shared When your clothes are stripped you got what you got When you drive your car to heaven there ain't no ing lot Another builded up, another undone Like every day dawn becomes another setting sun I still believe you came to see Bet you thought I'd comprehend You wish for me, you wish to be But I'm a hero who can't pretend I should have riches after all that I've been through Should have some peace of mind, I should shave somebody new A silver locket or a painting just for you But all I got's a big old bag of tales I tell the stories, I write by my hand The things I've felt another could never understand Better to have lived and loved than never because It's not the things it could have been, it's that that never was I should have riches after all that I've been through Should have some peace of mind, I should have somebody new A silver locket or a painting just for you But all I got's a big old bag Of tales