

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 have 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