

Toad The Wet Sprocket, Stories I Tell

Don't give me answers or I would refuse
'Yes' is a word for which I have no use
And I wasn't looking for Heaven or Hell
Just someone to listen to stories I tell

What is a blessing and what is a dream?
Caught between portraits and none's what it seems
Why is it some people expect there's a change
When I feel I'm a part of something I can't see?
And I feel the same

Don't offer questions or I will retreat
Fame is a cancer and ego its seed
And I wasn't looking for Heaven or Hell
Just someone to listen to stories I tell

Do we ever wonder?
Did you ever care?
Stories I tell
Stories I tell
Stories I tell

Subtle salvation in poems and prose
Hiding our heads in some shadow of home
And I wasn't looking for wreaths or for bells
Just someone to listen to stories I tell
Stories I tell

Stories I tell