

The Stories We Can Tell

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Talkin' to myself again
And wondering if this traveling is good
Is there something else a-doing
We'd be doing if we could

But ahh the stories we can tell
And if it all blows up and goes to hell
I can still see her sitting on a bed in some motel
Listening to some stories we can tell

Remember that guitar in a museum in Tennessee
The name laid on the glass brought back plenty melodies
And the scratches on the face told of all the times he fell
Singing all the stories he could tell

And all the stories he could tell
And I'll bet you it still rings like a bell
And I wish we could sit back on a bed in some motel
And listen to the stories it could tell

So if you're on the road or tracking down your every night
And singing for the living
'Neath the brightly colored lights
And if you ever wonder why you ride the carousel
You did it for the stories you could tell

And all the stories we could tell
And before we have to say our last farewell
Well I wish we could sit back on a bed of some motel
And listen to all the stories we could tell

Yes I wish we could sit back on a bed of some motel
And listen to all the stories we could tell