

Stories To Tell

Rough Silk

Well, I guess you have noticed that I'm still on the road.
Singin' those sad songs just to carry my load.
Now today I got your phonecall - your voice sounds so old.
It sounds kinda weary and it sounds kinda cold.

You say, you've got a job now and you'd live the real life.
And you'd think I was stupid and so would your wife.
You say you'd be a grown up person and I'd still be a child.
Well maybe you're right, man, but maybe Lady Luck smiled.

All the hours - all the years.
All the faces - all the tears.
Wherever I may stay or roam
this long and winding road's my home !

Well, once we shared the same dreams `bout songs that could change it all.
But then we reached the crossroads and here I stand in the same
old hall
with a guitar in my hand and a very young old man's voice.
Sometimes you've gotta sort things out and sometimes you ain't
got no choice.

So it was good now to hear from you - Thanks for your call.
Sorry, that I'm different and that I'm not feeling small.
So I wish you good luck, bro, and may you be well
while I'm out here on the road with some stories to tell.
While I'm out here on the road with some stories to tell.