

## **Brettell**

# **"Telling Stories"**

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she came across, a batch of my photos  
and invitations to her best friends parties  
a dressing gown with dirty in-ter-raction  
from someone else  
a famous diary, from my early teen hood.  
when Iâ'm bored, I find inspiration  
from any songs Iâ've ever known  
and opened up a closing wall  
she said Â' we were nothing but being bored Â'

cause then she started telling stories  
stories about how we did we first meet  
she was telling loads of stories  
stories that she made up for her own self  
and she was never holding on, holding back  
about the fact we were an end

when she went, I left to the station  
with a bag and some inspiration  
she then said Â' if your not careful, youâ'll have  
nothing left  
and nothing to live for,  
from when your 19 till your 70. Â'  
I sat up, kept looking forward  
I didnâ't mind, her eyes were sore  
Iâ'm walking through the wooden door  
I will never find myself wanting more

cause then she started telling stories  
stories about how we did we first meet  
she was telling loads of stories  
stories that she made up for her own self  
and she was never holding on, holding back  
about the fact we were an end  
I was just hoping that, looking back  
I could always rely on a friend

the time has come  
to pick up the pieces and  
find a room, with lots of spaces  
all the junk that sheâ'd been missing  
some where here but come were missing

in the station, where we parted  
she never dreamt that I would get to be  
the song writer you've always wanted to see  
but I knew despite of dreams  
she'll be sitting somewhere near with me

cause then she started telling stories  
stories about how we did we first meet  
she was telling loads of stories  
stories that she made up for her own self  
and she was never holding on, holding back  
about the fact we were an end  
I was just hoping that, looking back  
I could always rely on a friend  
and she will always tell these stories  
we will never hear of the end  
cause she was always telling stories, we will never hear  
of the end

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