

De Dijk ''Bonus Track''

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A bag full of stories, it's all I have got But I'm not onhappy, oh no I am not Live out of a suitcase, but i like it a lot A bag full of stories, it's all I have got

A bag full of stories, it's all I can give I travelled a sink, 'cause that's how I live Maybe we'll make it, maybe we won't But as long as I play, I don't care if we don't

A bag full of stories, tears of my life Inprisomned in music, my way to survive You may take my money, oh yes take it all But you can't get my spirit, my music and soul

She give me back the key to my front door Another girl said goodbye, never last one for sure I never bought her presents, I know that it's bad I fought on the road, report was all she could get

From sidney to rome, my mind's all alone I'm waiting, I'm waiting From L.A. to colone, my mind's all alone I'm waiting, I'm waiting to catch the bus home

A bag full of stories, it's all I have got But I'm not onhappy, oh no I am not Live out of a suitcase, but i like it a lot A bag full of stories, it's all I have got

My social life sucks, and I'm to blame I'm married to music, some say that's a shame It takes me to places, no tourist will find And even if I don't have the time, I'll forever remind

From sidney to rome, my mind's all alone l'm waitin', l'm waitin' From L.A. to colone, my mind's all alone l'm waitin', l'm waitin'

From sidney to rome, my mind's all alone

I'm waitin', I'm waitin' From L.A. to colone, my mind's all alone I'm waitin', I'm waitin' … to catch the bus home To catch the bus home

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