

## **De Heideroosjes**

### **"A Bag Full Of Stories"**

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A bag full of stories  
It's all I have got  
But I'm not unhappy oh no I'm not  
I 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 travel to sing '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  
Tales of my life  
Imprisoned in music, my way to survive  
You may take my money, yes, take it all  
But you can't get my spirit, my music and soul

She gave me back the key to my front door  
Another girl said goodbye, not the last one, for sure  
I never bought her presents, I know that's bad  
A fun-on-the-road-report was all she could get

From Sydney to Rome  
My mind's all alone  
I'm waiting, I'm waiting  
From LA to Cologne  
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 unhappy, oh no I'm not  
I 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 am to blame  
I'm married to music, some say that's a shame  
But it takes me to places no tourist will find  
And even if I don't earn a dime, I'll forever remind

From Sydney to Rome  
My mind's all alone  
I'm waiting, I'm waiting  
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My mind's all alone  
I'm waiting, I'm waiting  
To catch the bus home

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