

Tom Petty "Stories We Could Tell"

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Talkin' to myself again
Wondering if this travelin' is good
Is there something better we'd be doing if we could
And oh the stories we could tell
And if this all blows up and goes to hell
I can still see us sittin on the bed in some motel
Listenin' to the stories we could tell

Remember that guitar in a museum in tennessee
And the nameplate on the glass brought back twenty
melodies
And the scratches on the face
Told of all the times he fell
Singin' every story he could tell
And oh the stories it could tell
And I bet you it still rings like a bell
And I wish we could sit back on the bed in some motel

And listen to the stories we could tell

So if you're on the road tracking down here every night
And you're singin' for a livin' 'neath the brightly colored
lights
And if you ever wonder why you ride this carousel
You did it for the stories you could tell
And oh the stories we could tell
And if this all blows up and goes to hell
I can still see us sittin on the bed in some motel
Listenin' to the stories we could tell
I can still see us sittin on the bed in some motel
Listenin' to the stories we could tell

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