

Ready to Tell

Well you know I'm a creature of habit so that don't make you much of a sleuth
Forgive me if I don't ascribe it to magic how you found me here in this booth
You think there's things I'd feel better for saying when what you mean are things you'd like to hear
But listening depends both on what's being said and what we let in past our ears
So you can get up and leave or stay for a spell but we're not a story I'm ready to tell

You put a version of yours on the table say it works best as a play
As you read me the lines I scan the pages to find the real action is hiding off stage
And I say that's one hell of a concept I just don't quite recall things that way
Oh but old Willie Shakespeare even knew in his day that slapstick and tragedy are just shades of grey
I don't mean to be coy and I'm wishing you well but we're just a story I'm not ready to tell

You stop when the pages go empty disappointment written there on your face
But if looks could kill I'd have been dead long ago you want to know what I'm holding that I just don't show
Is it a river of nothing, a pocket of kings, an answer to why you're still wearing that ring
Oh the market is turning I probably should sell but we're still a story I'm not ready to tell
I've got planes worth of paper and ink in the well but we're just one story I'm not ready to tell