

The Stories We Tell Ourselves

E

She was only 13 when she became a musician
On the professional circuit in Melbourne Australia
She had it in her blood had the genetic stuff
Not like us at all oh no, she was a chosen one

So we say, so we say, so we say.... (Stop)

The stories we tell ourselves

Lah lah lah da da da da

So we say..... (Stop) the stories we tell ourselves

And we hear stories of the prodigy child
Who learnt to play the Cello at six years of age
Now he plays in concerts halls throughout old Europe
We sit in awe and whisper 'he is a chosen one'

Chorus

And now here am I singing this song that I've created
Guitar in my hands like the heart of my lover
But I never felt that gifted as long as I can remember
And used to tell myself the story I'd never be a 'chosen one'

Chorus

Bridge

Music poetry painting, dancing story-telling
Express the deepest dimensions of our humanity
Each one has a story to tell we don't need some creative spell
In giving we receive that's all that we need to believe
There are no chosen ones just those who for whatever reason,
Do not allow the story of the chosen few to stop them from,
Sharing the songs and myths that lie within them,
Talent is less important than the stories in our heads