



**Stories** © R Salagan

Old brother John's got the weight upon his head,  
Some days he says he wishes to be dead,  
Goes around walking with a pocket full of sand,  
Says it keeps away the sextons and the sham,  
Everybody knows that he's just a poor man's son,  
Trying to make a living out of selling antique guns.

Chorus:

If you can't find then you make it in your mind,  
Just say the words that will make it story time,  
No one must know that the stories aren't true.

Sister Matilda has hoped that someday,  
Someone will come along and sweep her heart away,  
Her Father was a booby and a clown,  
Her Mother was a strumpet for the crown,  
One day she says that they will get it straight,  
And maybe then it's going to be too late.

Chorus:

If you can't find then you make it in your mind,  
Just say the words that will make it story time,  
No one must know that the stories aren't true.

Mister JP. Jones is just another man,  
Though half the time he thinks he's got the whole world in his hand,  
One day he says he's going to be rich,  
Selling candles and old Popsicle sticks,  
Someone should tell him that happiness can be found,  
It's just a question of looking all around.

Chorus:

If you can't find then you make it in your mind,  
Just place the words that will make it story time,  
No one must know that the stories aren't true,  
Just you.



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**Stories credits:** words and music by Robert Salagan all instruments by Robert Salagan except for bass, percussion and key board by Jacques Décarie vocals by Robert Salagan. Second version recorded January 1974 in France at Chateau Hérouville with the participation of a local Montreal group called INCUBUS. Published by Les Éditions Do-Sol enr.

*3309 rue Flavie, Fabreville, Québec, Canada, H7P 1R4*  
*Tel: 450-625-4764 courriel: [rsalagan@videotron.ca](mailto:rsalagan@videotron.ca)*  
*WWW.ROBERTSALAGAN.COM*