

# Wishing Well

Bob Mould

Wishing well, runs wet and dry  
I wish for things, I never had  
Surrounds and wells up in my eyes  
The screaming voice, it lies Wishing well, gets someone's attention  
Every wish you ever had  
In a day of nights, in the darkest of light  
Sits and cries, watch the lies Could you give me a wish  
If I tell you what I want?  
Will the price be no object? Oh, I wish for dreams of light  
I live for wishing well surprise  
Deepest light on the secret lies  
Wishing well gives you all that you desire Homes and trains  
And the greenest of plains  
That you ever happened upon The silent wish, it calls you out  
Calls you out by name  
Lays upon the plain, on the mountain high  
City lights, wish delights Suppose the waters and wishes appear?  
Will the price be no object?  
I, I wish for dreams of light  
I live for wishing well surprise Oh, wishing well  
Oh, wishing well  
Oh, wishing well  
Oh, wishing well Twist and shape on the winding twine  
Around the spindle winds  
Wish again, four times again  
Four wishes deep into the well There's a price to pay for a wish to come true  
Trade a small piece of your life  
Roots in the soil, uprooting the soil  
Mountain high, the mountain high The wish is only to speak a kind  
Kind of word, so benign absurd  
The well, three wishes run dry  
Wishing well is dry When no grass grows  
The weeds run in line  
Wish three wishes  
Three wishes run dry

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