Wishing Well

Newfoundman

Born in the spring and I'd never seen a brighter Sunday
Scraped my knees on the stones leading up the trail
You would say that there'd never be no harm to come my way

And I know that I'll never be half the things you wanted from me
Now that it's time for us to part
This is how we start

Twenty years ago I packed my bags and stuffed my pillowcase
With my dreams to brighten summer nights so stormy
As my temper, flaring as the waves came crashing down

And I know as the days go by I'll think back to when I was just a child
Springtime with you again, when it's time for my absence to end
So until then my friend

Born in the spring and I'd never seen a brighter Sunday
Threw my change in the wishing well to drown my sorrow
Singed my skin in the fireplace where my Decembers burned
This is how we learn

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