

# Wishing Wells

[Ron Sexsmith](#)

Wishing wells are fine in fairy tales  
But they've got no business here  
Where evil's very real and children are known  
To just disappear Magic spells still hold no currency  
Where people are lining up  
To sell their dignity when reality's a show They'll crawl through mud  
I fear sometimes, we ain't got a hope in hell  
I've half a mind to hang the next fool  
To wish me well, to wish me well It comes as no surprise  
All that rises to the top  
Before our very eyes  
With each generation expectation drops They'll crawl through mud  
I fear sometimes, we ain't got a hope in hell  
I've half a mind to hang the next fool  
To wish me well, to wish me well Tell me when, when will the truth prevail  
To clear away all the smug and smirking juveniles  
And save us from all the blood thirsty thugs I fear sometimes  
We ain't got a hope in hell  
I've half a mind to hang the next fool  
To wish me well

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