

# Mirage

[Sheb Wooley](#)

The worse I thirst for water the more it comes to my sight  
I see a clear blue lake before me we'll quench out thirst tonight So move along ol' pony soon we'll thirst no more  
And when we reach that haven you'll graze along the shore We've wandered through the wasteland just one  
more hill to climb  
Then we'll drink our fill of water and rest for a long long time I see the water is sinking sinking into the burning  
sand  
And we will die for water here in this barren land

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