Oh Well

Tamara Wellons

The ink is running, the words are taught
I'm sitting helpless with my paper and charts
I had to follow my passion, oh well
I don't get paid that much for all I deserve
To waste a sentence or shatter my nerves
I had to follow my passion, oh well
Sometimes I long to run outside
I'd give it all up but it's my pride

Oh well, oh well
I had a dream once or so I thought
I'd be a pilot or an astronaut
I had a dream like that until I found
Even an astronaut goes into the ground
Life is just passing us bye, bye
Oh well, oh well, oh well, oh well

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