

Wishing Well

Wild Cub

In the hot night, I hear your voice
That blind horizon tying its blood red line to the center of choice
Hold on
I broke my back down waiting on a wishing well
Hold on
From the desert I drank of the wishing well
Up late, pour a little something in me
You slept so quiet and I can't wake up the truth you've hidden in me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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