

# Looking At The World From The Bottom Of A Well

Mike Doughty

That Cuban girl  
That brought me low  
She had that skin so fine and red lips rose-like now  
Her mouth was wide  
And sweet as well  
And now relentless hours of dreaming up her smell  
And I feel as if I am looking at the world from the bottom of  
a well  
Lonely  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down  
Oh all the days  
That I have run  
I sought to lose that cloud that's blacking out the sun  
My train will come  
Some one day soon  
And when it comes I'll ride it bound from night to noon

Songwriters

MIKE DOUGHTY, MIKE DOUGHTY

Published by  
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