

The Well of Loneliness

McCarthy

You sit still inside a well where you wish all will be well
You're silently dreaming what no tongue can ever tell
This is the well of loneliness, oh, this is the well of loneliness
And oh, of broken promises, where you have decided nothing changes
I once thought fame and romance could
drag me out of hell
But they have only chained me here, in a lifelike prison cell
They are many, we are few
There's not much that we can do
In a well of no hoping, there's no point in hoping
In a well of no hoping, there's no hope, there's no point in hoping
This is the well of loneliness, oh, this is the well of loneliness
And oh, of broken promises, where you have decided nothing changes
They promised me paradise if I fell under their spell
Glazed-eyed passive citizens suit them very well
This is the well of loneliness, oh, this is the well of loneliness
And oh, of broken promises, where you have decided nothing changes.
Could these sleepers ever wake, or have
we come too late?
They have done such a good job on them down there in the well.
They are many, we are few (I see no way up, I see no way out).
There's not much that we can do (I see no way up, I see no way out).
In a well of no hoping, there's no point in hoping.
In a well of no hoping, there's no hope, there's no point in
hoping
In a well of no hoping, there's no hope, there's no point in hoping
Is there hope?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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