Wishing Wells

Ligeia

Wishing wells are fine in fairy tales
But they've got no business here
Where evil's very real and children are known
To just disappearMagic spells still hold no currency
Where people are lining up
To sell their dignity when reality's a showThey'll crawl through mud
I fear sometimes, we ain't got a hope in hell
I've half a mind to hang the next fool
To wish me well, to wish me wellIt comes as no surprise
All that rises to the top
Before our very eyes
With each generation expectation dropsThey'll crawl through mud
I fear sometimes, we ain't got a hope in hell
I've half a mind to hang the next fool
To wish me well, to wish me wellTell me when, when will the truth prevail
To clear away all the smug and smirking juveniles
And save us from all the blood thirsty thugsI fear sometimes
We ain't got a hope in hell
I've half a mind to hang the next fool
To wish me well

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