

Wishing Well

Bob Mould

Wishing well runs wet and dry
I wish for things I never had
Surrounds and wells up in my eyes
The screaming voice, it lies
Wishing well gets someone's attention
Every wish you ever had
In a day of nights, in the darkest of light
Sits and cries, watch the lies

Could you give me a wish if I tell you what I want?
Will the price be no object?
I wish for dreams of light
I live for wishing well surprise

Deepest light, the secret lies
Wishing well gives you all that you desire
Homes and trains, and the greenest of plains
That you ever happened upon
The silent wish, it calls you out
Calls you out by name
Lays upon the plain, on the mountain high
City lights, wish delights

What if the waters and wishes appear?
Will the price be no object?
I wish for dreams of light
I live for wishing well surprise

Twist and shape on the winding twine
Around the spindle winds
Wish again, four times again
Four wishes deep into the well

There's a price to pay for a wish to come true
Trade a small piece of your life
Roots in the soil, uprooting the soil
Mountain high, the mountain high
The wish is only to speak a kind
Kind of word, so benign absurd
The well, three wishes run dry
Wishing well is dry
When no grass grows, the weeds run in line
Wish three wishes, three wishes run dry