

## The Well

Dog Is Dead

There is a well far from the shore  
Where we once saw it all  
And we're all two feet taller now

And I still hear you talking  
From over the wall  
The scenes from our childhood  
The same corridors

Born in a crash  
Burning to hell  
But memory plays tricks on us  
For what's not to tell

We can't be forlorn  
For it's not goodbye  
And just the changing of color now  
'Till I get it right

I will hold onto those moments we had  
And I will hold onto those we moments we had

We're six feet below  
The view from our town  
They're burying our promises  
And finding new ground

And there is a well far from the shore  
And I'd give it all to feel like I never left

And I will hold onto those moments we had  
I will hold onto those moments we had  
And I will hold onto those moments we had

And I will hold onto those moments