

Wishing Well

Joseph Arthur

On a long-distance sunday
We could go to the mall
Look around but still don't buy much
Can't afford a place to fall

Oh, the wishing well
Throw your coins in there
Tell them what you want
Oh, the wishing well

I wonder who gets the money
It's been sitting there for years
Those old coins they don't rust tho
Soaking in our dreams and tears

Oh, the wishing well
Throw your coins in there
Tell them what you want
Oh, the wishing well

Just one dime will get you mercy (mercy)
A nickel is worth a place to stay (come here)
A quarter and you'll be forgiven
For everything you couldn't say

Oh, the wishing well
Throw your coins in there
Tell them what you want
Oh, the wishing well

I know you will
Find your way
You know you've got to hold on
You always got to hold on

I know you will
Find your way
You know you've got to hold on
You always got to hold on

I know you will
Find your way
To hold on, hold on

I know you will
Find your way
To hold on, hold on