

Wild Goose

Josh Ritter

All that I've learned
Sometimes wells run dry
It don't matter the hour or the season

Gone, gone gone, is your wild goose
and it never leaves giving a reason

When you're up, you'll be up
You'll have love, you'll have luck
And when it goes, you won't see it coming

Gone, gone gone, you'll be hearing that song
As it floats back to you down the northwind

Oh what kind of law
draws the apples to the ground
And what kind of love
draws the orbits
And where, oh where went your wild goose
It made you once think you could hold it