

## Wish You Well

Mark Lanegan

He wrote a name with the needle gun  
In black and blue, your eyes are stone she said  
Beautiful and dead, and I wish you well  
I took a turn on this carousel  
How long ago now, I never can tell  
I never stopped to wonder

Maybe a morning, maybe a thousand years  
I only walk high wires attend a needling  
The magnolia's dying, long coarse and primitive  
I wish love, Lord, I wish love could live forever  
What I once saw burning bright as hell  
Now here comes that weird chill, I don't stop to wonder

Threaded a name, through the needle's eye  
As a frame, tied the ends and stitched it up  
And hung my head down and wept  
But I wish you well, who'll pray for the killer's sake  
I used to be so wide awake  
Like certain mornings that last a thousand hours

Long coarse and primitive  
I wish love, Lord, I wish love could live forever  
I'm burning bright at hell, here comes that weird chill  
But I wish you well, your eyes are stone she said  
Truly beautiful and dead, I wish you well  
I want to ride on this carousel  
But, I never really stopped to wonder