

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 needing
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