

# Well Enough

William Fitzsimmons

And you're finally out  
As you draw your first  
And the air was cold but  
you will never know

And I tried to find  
the heart to hold  
But my arm was tired  
Had to let you go

But i hope I made you well  
I hope I made you well

So I wish you well  
As you're on your own  
And I hope you find  
wherever is your home