

## Guster "Well"

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Late afternoon when the sun was unraveling  
Walking the trail to the end of the gravel and  
Into the well went a lucky old silver coin  
Tumbling down in the dark I was fading and  
Leaning so far and so quietly waiting  
A wish that was made at the bottom of the well  
What happened then is so hard to recall  
But as quick as the snap of a whip I was falling and  
Tumbling following after my silver coin  
Silence as day turned into the night  
Could I go back how I wish that I might  
I was the boy in the bottom of the well  
Parents were weeping and frantically searching  
He'd always been wandering looking for something  
One moment he's here and the next he is surely gone  
But he didn't return for a day and a night  
We all knew the son that just couldn't be right  
A voice on the phone said he'd fallen in the well

I woke from my sleep with the firemen screaming and  
Lowering down all the things I was needing  
A basket a bible a blanket and a bell  
And dozens of voices yelling in unison  
Loudly and echoey hazy and (?) hold on hold on hold  
on  
I'd always been dreaming of places and scenes  
Fireflies only now could you see  
The rhythm of crickets and toads the only sound  
And soon I'd be leaving but now I'm believing  
In wishes and wells and a way to get back  
To the sacred place I've stumbled on and found  
Late afternoon while the sun was unraveling  
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A wish that was made at the bottom of the well

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