

## Hank Snow

# "The Wishing Well"

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Oh, you can't be misled by a name it is said  
You can't judge a book by it's cover  
And how one can tell what is down in a well  
Is a thing I have yet to discover

Oh, down in the well-a, deep in the well-a  
How deep, oh, I couldn't tell-a  
Born into rumours that's running around

Down in the well-a, deep in the a well-a  
Wish in the well-a, trust in the well-a  
And your true love, your true love may be found

Oh, you may not believe, this tale will be true  
And scoff at the well as you go by  
But if you don't own a love of your own  
One day you may peak in and try

Oh, down in the well-a, deep in the well-a  
How deep, oh, I couldn't tell-a  
Born into rumours that's running around

Down in the well-a, deep in the a well-a  
Wish in the well-a, trust in the well-a  
And your true love, your true love may be found

This story is old, this story was told  
To me when a very young man  
Back when I didn't own a love of my own  
But now I'm a family man

Oh, down in the well-a, deep in the well-a  
How deep, oh, I couldn't tell-a  
Born into rumours that's running around

Down in the well-a, deep in the a well-a  
Wish in the well-a, trust in the well-a  
And your true love, your true love may be found  
And your true love, your true love may be found

