

## Charlotte Martin

### "Empty wells"

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I have been so close to death  
And I have run so far from life  
Hanging on by a little thread  
And yelled to try and shush the quiet  
And my quiet's not gentle  
In empty wells, oh

I'm going through a slow withdrawal  
'Cause my pretending had to peel  
I let it pull so much from me  
That I had forgotten how to feel  
And my quiet's not gentle  
In empty wells, oh

And it's a long, long tunnel  
Oh it's a long way down  
I'm looking for (I'm looking)  
Puddles and oceans and anything  
Tearing me up from the ground

And as it turns out I'm alive  
And as it turns to look at me  
This little devil man of mire  
Who said this was my only destiny

My quiet's not gentle (not gentle)  
My quiet's not gentle (not gentle)  
My quiet's not gentle (not gentle)  
In empty wells

I'm looking for puddles and oceans and anything  
Looking for puddles and oceans and anything  
Looking for puddles and oceans

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