

**Mike Cosa****"Looking At The World From The Bottom Of A Well"**

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That Cuban girl  
That brought me low  
She had skin so fine and red lips roselike now.  
Her mouth was wide  
And sweet as well  
And now relentless hours of dreaming up her smell.

I feel as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a well.  
I feel as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a well.

Lonely,  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
Lonely,  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to

Oh all the days  
That I have run  
I sought to lose that cloud that's blacking out the sun  
My train will come  
Some one day soon  
And when it comes I'll ride it bound from night to noon

I feel as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a well.  
I feel as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a well.

Aimless days, uncool ways of decathecting  
Painless phase, blacked out thoughts you be rejecting

Lonely,  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
Lonely,

And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.  
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down.

Well let's get down to business now.

I feel as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a  
well.

I feel as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a  
well.

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