

The Band

"The Well"

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I took my bucket down to the well

There's a (desert?) woman, sweet mystery

She let the rope fall down in the well

Like it was meant to be

She put the jug upon her head

Walked with her back to the wind

I followed her tracks the moment she said

"Why don't you come in?"

chorus:

She killed the light, she dropped her glove

She said "Are you looking for trouble

Or looking for love, love, love?"

I woke in the morning dying of thirst

Headed straight back to the well

There she was with a jug on her head

The rope had just fell

The well in her eyes was deep and black

With no question or answer

She wiped my brow and I followed her back

To the Tropic of Cancer

chorus

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