

## **Richard Harris**

# **"Water To The Well"**

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I am still eleven but I'm only twenty-one  
I'd like to be figment of your imagination  
And I know I can believe me  
If I listen to myself  
You're just ornamented  
And you're sitting on a shelf

And I don't want to carry any water to the well  
I don't want to leave all my wishes in a spell  
It's time to be away from here  
I cannot help myself  
I'm no longer on the side  
That takes what it can get

What I could tell you now  
Would probably not help you at all  
I know I should have told you  
When you were nearer to the fall  
Strangers came among us  
And we had not been prepared  
The journey in and out of sin  
Must have signalled that we cared

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