

Ron Sexsmith

"Wishing Wells"

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Wishing wells are fine in fairy tales
But they've got no business here
Where evil's very real and children are known
To just disappear

Magic spells still hold no currency
Where people are lining up
To sell their dignity when reality's a show

They'll crawl through mud
I fear sometimes, we ain't got a hope in hell
I've half a mind to hang the next fool
To wish me well, to wish me well

It comes as no surprise
All that rises to the top
Before our very eyes
With each generation expectation drops

They'll crawl through mud
I fear sometimes, we ain't got a hope in hell
I've half a mind to hang the next fool
To wish me well, to wish me well

Tell me when, when will the truth prevail
To clear away all the smug and smirking juveniles
And save us from all the blood thirsty thugs

I fear sometimes
We ain't got a hope in hell
I've half a mind to hang the next fool
To wish me well

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