

McCarthy

"The Well Of Loneliness"

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You sit still inside a well where you wish all will be well
You're silently dreaming what no tongue can ever tell
This is the well of loneliness, oh, this is the well of
loneliness
And oh, of broken promises, where you have decided
nothing changes

I once thought fame and romance could drag me out
of hell
But they have only chained me here, in a lifelike prison
cell
They are many, we are few
There's not much that we can do

In a well of no hoping, there's no point in hoping
In a well of no hoping, there's no hope, there's no point
in hoping

This is the well of loneliness, oh, this is the well of
loneliness
And oh, of broken promises, where you have decided
nothing changes
They promised me paradise if I fell under their spell
Glazed-eyed passive citizens suit them very well

This is the well of loneliness, oh, this is the well of
loneliness
And oh, of broken promises, where you have decided
nothing changes.

Could these sleepers ever wake, or have we come too
late?
They have done such a good job on them down there in
the well.
They are many, we are few (I see no way up, I see no
way out).
There's not much that we can do (I see no way up, I see
no way out).

In a well of no hoping, there's no point in hoping.

In a well of no hoping, there's no hope, there's no point
in hoping
In a well of no hoping, there's no hope, there's no point
in hoping
Is there hope?

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