

The Lyndsay Diaries

"Wishing Well"

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Stand atop the wishing well in the dark of the night.
Passing the time. Not a star in sight.
Not even one. Not one to make an empty wish on.
Cross my heart and hope to die. If I break apart with
this lie.

The time keeps on passing but you remain the same.
And your love still remains.

I make a wish on a prayer as a tear falls down the well.
I never hear the fall. It's as if the wish was too tall.
I make a wish on a prayer. Hoping you're still there.
Don't give up on me now. Don't give up on my yet.

Hindsight is always such a sight.
Inpredicting the weather and how things ought to be.
Send your rain and relieve me from this tongue twisted
pain.

I make a wish on a prayer as a tear falls down the well.
I never hear the fall. It's as if the wish was too tall.
Crumbling I drop a rock
And hear the echoes of the screams as it hits the
bottom.
At the bottom I find my heart.

I believed when they moved their lips. I didn't take my
eyes off theirs.
All the right words and all the right convincing.
I closed my eyes and jumped in, spinning.

Prologue to the foreclosure of a heart.
I see you at the top of the well with open arms and a
smile.
At the top of the well.
You're wishing me well.

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