

The Flying Postmen

"Well"

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(Nicula/Bojescu)

Well, well, well, well
I've come to you my friend
To talk to you again
And spend my time.
We didn't realise
We said so many lies
And it's a crime.
Now I really, really want
To stay with you all night long
It feels so right and well, well.

You found yourself alone
You have been on your own
I sympathise
But now don't get upset
There's something to forget
Look in my eyes
I've got many things to say
You will have to do the same
It feels so right.

'Cos something's gonna come
Something's gonna come
Something's gonna tell
That we shall be well.

But suddenly you then say something as you stand by
the window.
I cannot understand just what you've really meant but
the wind's blown
And gathered all your words in one
I'm begging you now
Oh tell me please how does it sound?
You say it's gonna be around
Love is gonna come, love is gonna come
Love is gonna come, love is gonna come
Love is gonna come
And we shall be well, well, well, well.

'Cos something's gonna come, something's gonna
come
Something's gonna tell that we shall be well
Right away
Love is gonna come, love is gonna come
Love is gonna tell that we shall be well, well
Well, well, well, well.

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