

## **Jim Lockey & The Solemn Sun**

### **"Wishing Well"**

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Well, I guess this ol' bible won't take you home,  
In the same way this city won't go after your soul.  
And I know it's not the same when your daughter's in  
the reigns,  
But someday she will comfort you.

I guess this is the end my friend, the world's come  
after you,  
But I guess that's what you wanted it to do.

This whole congregation and its war of wits,  
Makes the body you're raised in just a ball of fists,  
And I know it's not the same when your lover's lost her  
way,  
But someday she will comfort you.

And I guess this is the end my friend, the world's come  
after you,  
But I guess that's what you wanted it to do.

Please don't get me wrong my friend, I know you're  
fighting through,  
I still see this killing you...

Well I guess this ol' bible, won't take you home,  
In the same way this city won't go after your soul.  
Leave your doubts in that bottle on the bar room shelf,  
Cause there ain't nobody here gonna help you outta  
this wishing well.

I guess we're all tribal when the moon is low,  
And this city of rivals are just the brothers you know.  
So leave your men at their station all hollering hell,  
Cause there ain't nobody here gonna help you out of  
this wishing well.

There ain't nobody here gonna help you out of this  
wishing well.

