

Wishing Well

Chromatics

Tomorrow will start over
When today says goodnight
Morning will forget
About the ghost of last night

It's a quiet life
In a nowhere town
Where the arcade still glows
When no one's around

I drop a dime
In the wishing well
Where all things are new
And a kiss never tells
I'm doing time
Where dreams are for sale
In a room with a view
And the bruises are blue

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