

The Well

Dog Is Dead

There is a well far from the shore
Where we once saw it all
And we're all two feet taller now

And I still hear you talking
From over the wall
The scenes from our childhood
The same corridors

Born in a crash
Burning to hell
But memory plays tricks on us
For what's not to tell

We can't be forlorn
For it's not goodbye
And just the changing of color now
'Till I get it right

I will hold onto those moments we had
And I will hold onto those we moments we had

We're six feet below
The view from our town
They're burying our promises
And finding new ground

And there is a well far from the shore
And I'd give it all to feel like I never left

And I will hold onto those moments we had
I will hold onto those moments we had
And I will hold onto those moments we had

And I will hold onto those moments