

Late afternoon when the sun was unraveling
Walking the trail to the end of the gravel
And into the well went a lucky old silver coin
Tumbling down, in the dark I was fading
And leaning so far and so quietly waiting
A wish that was made at the bottom of the well

What happened then is so hard to recall
But as quick as the snap of a whip I was falling
And tumbling, following after my silver coin
Silence as day turned into the night
Could I go back, how I wish that I might
I was the boy in the bottom of the well

My parents were weeping and frantically searching
"He'd always been wandering looking for something
One moment he's here and the next he is surely gone"
"But he didn't return for a day and night
We all knew that something just couldn't be right
A voice on the phone said he'd fallen in the well"

I woke from my sleep with the firemen screaming
And lowering down all the things I was needing
A basket, a bible, a blanket, and a bell
And dozens of voices yelling in unison
Loudly and echo-y, hazy and boom-y
"Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on"

I'd always been dreaming of places and scenes
Fireflies only light that you see
The rhythm of crickets and toads the only sound
And soon I'll be leaving but now I'm believing
In wishes and wells and a way to get back
To the sacred place I've stumbled on and found

Late afternoon while the sun was unraveling
Walking the trail to the end of the gravel
And into the well went a lucky old silver coin
Tumbling down, in the dark I was fading
Leaning so far and so quietly waiting
A wish that was made at the bottom of the well