

# Well

Guster

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

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