

# Wishing Wells

Ron Sexsmith

Wishing wells  
Are fine in fairy tales  
But they've got no business here  
Where evil's very real  
And children are known  
To just disappear

Magic spells  
Still hold no currency  
Where people are lining up  
To sell their dignity  
When reality's a show  
They'll crawl through mud

I fear sometimes  
We ain't got a hope in hell  
I've half a mind to hang the next fool  
To wish me well  
To wish me well

It comes as no surprise  
All that rises to the top  
Before our very eyes  
With each generation expectation drops

I feel sometimes  
We ain't got a hope in hell  
I've a half a mind to hang the next fool  
To wish me well  
To wish me well

Tell me when  
When will the truth prevail  
To clear away all  
The smug and smirking juveniles  
And save us from all  
The blood thirsty thugs

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