

## Wishing Well

Sam Feldt

She drips diamonds like a glacier melts  
She's self-made down to her buckles and belts  
And she's really happy, but not with a lot  
And she gets her pleasures from her chemist shop

She's busy, busy losing the plot  
Busy but her mind is shut  
Doesn't really want it to stop  
She just says now

Hey there sister, that bottle leads to hell  
I ain't drinking that honey can't you tell  
Jump while they're swimming, this ship is sinking  
God knows who to sail so  
Hey there mister, throw some luck away to the wishing well  
Throw some luck away to the wishing well

Don't start thinking, it messes with your head  
Go with instincts, the sweet or the dead  
True love is out there, it's waiting with a ring  
You'll know her face the second she walks in

He's busy, busy losing the plot  
Busy but his mind is shut  
He doesn't really want it to stop  
He just says now

Hey there sister, that bottle leads to hell  
I ain't drinking that honey can't you tell  
Jump while they're swimming, this ship is sinking  
God knows who to sail so  
Hey there mister, throw some luck, oh, into the wishing well  
Throw some luck away to the wishing well

Hey there sister, that bottle leads to hell  
I ain't drinking that honey can't you tell  
Jump while they're swimming, this ship is sinking  
God knows who to sail so  
Hey there mister, throw some luck away to the wishing well  
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