

Phantom Planet, Wishing Well

It cursed us all on our way home
We passed the sights like passing stones
And I will never go back there again
The tourists and the army men
The prostitutes this evening
Will start to sink under my skin
The dust and sand is what they sell
The flashing lights and ringing bells
A wish as far as I can tell
Inside this dried up wishing well
He is the shrieks I am the fear
That yelling man rings in my ears
Out of his mind he's my conscience
Hour after hour pill after pill
He is my bellyache I've taken so much medicine to kill
I know there's something wrong
'Cause this night just drags on and on
The clock still says it won't be long
'Til all your hard earned money's gone
The dust and sand is what they sell
The flashing lights and ringing bells
A wish as far as I can tell
Inside this dried up wishing well
And I will never go back there again
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The prostitutes this evening
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