

Ron Sexsmith, Wishing Well

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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