

Skyclad, A Well Beside The River

A song i dedicate unto those who share my need
to give their all - and should they fall strive on til they succeed.

though my belly aches with hunger - weary limbs tremble and shiver
i'd rather go where waters flow - no well beside the river.

It's spur has driven some to Hell on an unbridled desire
no pain - no gain - the strongest chain's forged in the hottest fire

I pity you - who's eyes so blue have never known ambition
yet can spit your judgment at me like some crazed, despotic queen
This dull existence merely half-life - (a glazed comatose condition)
too scary to try - so born to die sat at your sewing machine

Discontentedly accepting all the world's prepared to give her
it's fate that she stagnates just like a well beside the river

Life's one almighty, ducking - school we've built with our own hands.
We can swim and burn or sink and drown
'cause either way we're damned.
I'm so proud to be the tuppung fool - your foul, fantastic freak,
at least each moment I've spent on this earth was totally unique.

So little man with such big plans to stand upon the stage,
Why do you squabble in the dirt - you should be reaching for a star?
By far the greatest gift that I can give on making the front page,
it is: instead of punching faces why not practice your guitar.

More beauty has been composed than jealousy can tear and sliver.
Wilst troubled waters bubble -you're a well beside the river

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There's a dirty job I've done for all my life without
time-off called being me.
Though the hours are long and my pay is poor - I can't resign it's
all I'm qualified to be!

[CHORUS:]

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