

Trent Willmon, Wishing Well

Well I run a little tavern on a dead end street
And my ears are pretty bent
By the time I close at three
Everybody's got a wish that comes in here
A little amnesia for the price of a beer
And Dale knows that I know all about his wife
And what it is she's doing and
Who she's with tonight
But I don't say a word about it
And neither does he
He just talks about them Dodgers
And buys another drink

(Chorus)
Down at The Wishing Well
Forgetfulness is what's for sale
To help wash away the sin of lovers and friends
Or just forgive themselves
A place to throw their money down
In hopes of getting lost or found
You ought to hear the stories
They don't tell
Down at The Wishing Well

They say Gina was a heartbreaker
Back in her day
But years and hard living
Put the lines on her face
Now she only wants a man
Who can see her like before
So she sips her margarita and watches the door

(Repeat Chorus)

Yeah I'll pour you a drink seven nights a week
And I'll listen to what you say or you don't
Cause that's how I forget
The reasons that I'm alone