

Fordham Julia, Wishing You Well

I print it up, I join the dots
I fill in any spaces I should stumble on
Here in this, trapped in this tale
of love gone wrong
I hold my, I hope to die
Or wake to find that all of this
has passed me by
Here in this, trapped in this unfolding tale
I'm doing my best at
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you well
I'm doing my best at
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you
Wishing you, wishing you well
I fumble on, the days are long
I tell myself I must, I must, I must be strong
Here in this, trapped in this unfolding tale
I'm doing my best at
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you well
I'm doing my best at
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you
Wishing you, wishing you well
The story unfolds from your sorry lips
Hitting hard against my skin
Seeping down beneath the surface
And setting up home therein
I'm doing my best at
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you well
I'm doing my best at
Wishing you, wishing you, wishing you
Wishing you, wishing you well
I'm doing my best at