

# Julia Fordham, Wishing You Well

written by Julia Fordham

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