

Pancho's Lament, Goodnight Lullabye

The wishing well will not run dry
Till I shake down the last star from the sky
And say I think it would be alright
If I climbed up the stairs to hold you and say goodnight.

Face to face still consume.
Am I afraid of the way you make me feel?
Say I think it would be alright
If I climbed up the stairs to hold you and say goodnight.

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Till I shake down the last star from the sky
And say I think it would be alright
If I climbed up the stairs to hold you and say goodnight.