

# The Band, The Last Waltz Suite: The Well

I took my bucket down to the well  
There's a woman, sweet mystery  
She let the rope fall down in the well  
Like it was meant to be  
She put the jug upon her head  
Walked with her back to the wind  
I followed her tracks the moment she said  
"Why don't you come in?"

chorus:

She killed the light, she dropped her glove  
She said "Are you looking for trouble  
Or looking for love, love, love?"

I woke in the morning dying of thirst  
Headed straight back to the well  
There she was with a jug on her head  
The rope had just fell  
The well in her eyes was deep and black  
With no question or answer  
She wiped my brow and I followed her back  
To the Tropic of Cancer

chorus