

# The Rembrandts, Wishin' Well

Well I don't think about anything too much  
I don't worry 'bout somethin' that I can't touch...too much  
And I don't go around, puttin' other people down  
I sleep fine when I lay my head down...lay it down  
Now I can't say what'll come my way, baby  
Only tomorrow will tell  
I'm sittin' on a fence with my feet in the wishin' well  
I don't know where I'm goin' but I know where I've been  
Had a lot of good times-made a lot of strange friends  
(whoah what you gonna do when the well runs dry?)  
Uh huh  
Some lived hard and some were stolen  
Some didn't live at all-afraid to get broken  
(Whoah what you gonna do when the well runs dry?)  
Oh yeh  
Now I can't say what'll come my way, baby  
Only tomorrow will tell  
I'm sittin' on a fence with my feet in the wishin' well  
A wishin' well  
Hush-a-bye baby don't make another sound  
Don't you know that I ain't never gonna let you down  
(Whoah what you gonna do when the well runs dry?)  
Let you down  
Now I can't say what'll come my way, baby  
Only tomorrow will tell  
I'm sittin' on a fence with my feet in the wishin' well  
I'm sittin' on a fence with my feet in the wishin' well  
A wishin' well