

The Well

Tarnation

I'm waiting, I wait, for the creaking of the gate,
How long, how long must I wait.
I sit, I sit, the weeds gather 'round me,
The wind whips my dress so that I cannot see.
So long, good-
bye, to that great moaning sky and I'll cast my heart down
The well.
I stare, I stare, and I'm looking over there,
'Cross that ghostly lake where he dwelled.
I look and I see a light burnin' bright,
But I know it doesn't burn for me tonight
So long, good-
bye, to that great moaning sky and I'll cast my heart down
The well.
Looking down, looking down, to where he once laid,
The birds hovered then took him away.
I rise to my feet and I walk down that road
Where I silently cry when this story is told.
So long, good-
bye, to that great moaning sky and I'll cast my heart down
The well.