

# Wishing Well

Chromatics

Tomorrow will start over  
When today says goodnight  
Morning will forget  
About the ghost of last night

It's a quiet life  
In a nowhere town  
Where the arcade still glows  
When no one's around

I drop a dime  
In the wishing well  
Where all things are new  
And a kiss never tells  
I'm doing time  
Where dreams are for sale  
In a room with a view  
And the bruises are blue

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