

Dry Wells

Foy Vance

I care
You don't
I love
But you won't

And you scream
You run wild
You make me dream
Down by the streams like a child

And you live
You run free
You won't
Bow down to me

And if I me don't
Treat you right
You make me
Wilt like a flower in the night

You can make my father alive
You can make my sister try
You can make my spirit try
Me to death or life

You may make my brother cry
And you may make my mother sigh
You may make my well run dry
But you cannot make the stars leave the night

Because they shine
And you can't
They remain divine
And you're tainted by man

They gave me light
When I need it most
When you've left me dry
On my own in the dark by the coast

You can make my father alive
And you can make my sister try
You can make my spirit try
Me to death or to life

You may make my brother cry
And you may make my mother sigh
You may make my well run dry
Oh, but you cannot make divinity lie

Oh you can take my wells
And make them run dry
And that's alright, s'alright
You can take my wells
And make them run dry
And that's alright
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