

# 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.