

# R.E.M., Boy In The Well

Look at this, it's me, walking away.  
Look at you drowning, on display.  
Every time I've dropped by, I've tried to say  
The water is rising.  
You don't want to stay.

It's that sinking feeling. you know what it's bringing on.  
You might as well say it,  
I see it, I feel it.  
This town is going wrong.  
It's turning away.

You wanted me to be someone that I could never be  
My new friends are offering things I've never dreamed  
It's beautiful,  
I'd like for them to take me on...

The track mall gang went off  
On the Tennessee goth. a lunar moth,  
You chrysalis and flail.  
The water is rising. you try to rappel.  
A rousing cheer for the boy in the well.

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Here is where I look back.  
Here is where you fell.  
This is where I got up,  
Shaking off my tail  
This is where your rope trick  
Started to look stale.  
A greyhound pass for the boy in the well.

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You know what it's bringing on  
I might as well say it.  
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