

# Trent Willmon, Wishing Well

Well I run a little tavern on a dead end street  
And my ears are pretty bent  
By the time I close at three  
Everybody's got a wish that comes in here  
A little amnesia for the price of a beer  
And Dale knows that I know all about his wife  
And what it is she's doing and  
Who she's with tonight  
But I don't say a word about it  
And neither does he  
He just talks about them Dodgers  
And buys another drink

(Chorus)  
Down at The Wishing Well  
Forgetfulness is what's for sale  
To help wash away the sin of lovers and friends  
Or just forgive themselves  
A place to throw their money down  
In hopes of getting lost or found  
You ought to hear the stories  
They don't tell  
Down at The Wishing Well

They say Gina was a heartbreaker  
Back in her day  
But years and hard living  
Put the lines on her face  
Now she only wants a man  
Who can see her like before  
So she sips her margarita and watches the door

(Repeat Chorus)

Yeah I'll pour you a drink seven nights a week  
And I'll listen to what you say or you don't  
Cause that's how I forget  
The reasons that I'm alone