

STEINAR RAKNES

## Wishing Well (Rabbit Diary)

*I woke up one morning, felt so bad  
My head was aching and my lady was mad,  
get up*

*She said who's tight pants in the color red  
Did I stumble across this morning in my featherbed  
get up*

*«I will dive into a wishing well and hide»*

*Well they're not mine, I can assure you that  
It all dawned on me as I put on my hat*

*From underneath her skirt she pulled a gun  
Saying son of dirt you'd better run*

*«I will dive into a wishing well and hide»*

*Now I'm walking down the streets happy as a bum  
I am trading my deeds in a bottle of rum*

*I ain't seen a dollar or a dime  
as I vent my spleen in this blues of mine*

*«I will dive into a wishing well and hide»*

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