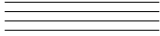


# W I S H



C A I T L I N D O Y L E

I told him I needed time –  
he gave me a cuckoo clock

(I couldn't work the winding key)

I told him I needed space –  
he gave me a telescope

(or make the moon look back at me)

I told him I needed change –  
he gave me a penny jar

(or stop from spending every cent)

I told him I needed more –  
he led me to the well

(or count up every wish I'd spent)

Now I have so much time,  
the cuckoo's flown away

(the moon's a clock that's come unwound)

Now I have so much space,  
it's night for days on end

(the moon's a shadow on the ground)

Now I have so much change,  
the well's just one more wish

(the moon's a coin the well has drowned)