Willy

Hauteville

Willy is my child, he is my father
I would be his lady all my life
He says he'd love to live with me
But for an ancient injury that has not healed
He said I feel once again
Like I gave my heart too soon
He stood looking through the lace
At the face on the conquered moon
And counting all the cars up the hill
And the stars on my window sill
There are still more reasons
Why I love him
Willy is my joy, he is my sorrow

Now he wants to run away and hide
He says our love cannot be real
He cannot hear the Chapel's pealing silver bells
But you know it's hard to tell
When you're in the spell if it's wrong or if it's real
But you're bound to lose
If you let the blues get you scared to feel
And I feel like I'm just being born
Like a shiny light breaking in a storm
There are so many reasons
Why I love him
Willy is my child, he is my father

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