

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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