

Bury Me Beneath the Willow

Woody Guthrie

Bury me beneath the willow
'Neath that weeping willow tree
When she comes she'll find me sleeping
Then perhaps shell think of meIts many a night while youre sleeping
Sleeping in your sleeping clothes
Im a poor boy, broken hearted
Listenin to the wind that blowsBury me beneath the willow
'Neath that weeping willow tree
When she comes she'll find me sleeping
Then perhaps shell think of meTomorrow was to be our wedding
God, oh Lord, where can she be
She has gone to find another
She no longer cares for me

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