

The Wailing of the Willow

Harry Nilsson

Listen to the wailing of the willows,
Listen to me crying on my pillow
Crying cause I know my love is gone from me
Living in a world of different places,
Looking at a million different faces
Yet I see a face in every face I see
Love must lack a sense of humor,
It laughs when other people cry
Love, would love to hear the rumor,
That you and I have finally said goodbye
I know that every heart was made for breaking
And my love was ready for the takin',
Still I won't complain for someday love will call again
Must I take a memory as a token,
To replace a heart that love has broken
Will the wailing willow always weep for me
Must I see a face in every place I see
Listen to the wailing of the willow tree

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