

Willow

Russel the Leaf

Willow, weep for me
Bow your tallest tree
Down to the infamous hands
Of someone no one understandsI'm not unique in this
It's based on none but my mistake
At night I lie awake
Thinking of all the hearts I'd happily breakIt's cruel I know, at least they tell me so
Well, someone lock me up
And throw away the key

Because I'm not ashamed, oh no , oh, willowThat I only write love songs to those whom I don't love
I only reach for him who's tied to someone else's glove
That which I hold inside, which I admire and deride
Which I protect and hide is yoursWillow, weep for me, don't think I don't see
This life I'm living in two but still it's something I must do
I'm not unique in this, nor am I special, sweet or kind

I court a thousand smiles, yet I keep my own to hide behindIt's cruel I know, at least they tell me so
Well someone lock me up
And throw away the key

Because I'm not ashamed, oh no, oh, willowThat I only write love songs to those whom I don't love
I only reach for him who's tied to someone else's glove
That which I hold inside, which I admire and deride
Which I protect and hide is yoursSlander and dissension, they're parlor games to me
Papers overrun with lies too mad to mention
You say they never hurt you, mo consequence, I'm happy

We're much too far above it all but oh no, that's not trueThese wicked pastimes take their toll
These tyrant vices break your soul
Deliver me from all I am
And all I never want to beI love you
(Oh willow, willow, willow)
Doubt me not

Rewrite this plot for all to seeAnd I only write love songs to those whom I don't love
I only reach for him who's tied to someone else's glove
That which I hold inside, which I admire and deride

Which I protect and hide is yoursBend your branches to the ground and hold me closeLet me harmonize with all
we knew
Share your sympathy and weep for me
Oh, willow, heal the hearts I've broken
Make me pure and start my song anewFor I only write love songs to those whom I don't love
I only reach for him who's tied to someone else's glove

That which I hold inside, which I admire and deride
Which I protect and hide is yours

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