

# Willow

## Fergal Matthews/Hillary Woods/JJ72/Mark Greaney

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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