

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 understands I'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 break It'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, willow That 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 Willow, 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 behind It'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, willow That 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 Slander and dissension, they're parlor games to me
Papers overrun with lies too mad to mention
You say they never hurt you, no consequence, I'm happy
We're much too far above it all but oh no, that's not true These wicked pastimes take their toll
These tyrant vices break your soul
Deliver me from all I am
And all I never want to be I love you
(Oh willow, willow, willow)
Doubt me not
Rewrite this plot for all to see And 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 Bend your branches to the ground and hold me close Let 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 anew For 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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