

Willow

Jasmine Thompson

Down by the water, under the willow
Sits a lone ranger, minding the willow
He and his wife, once lived happily
Planted a seed, that grew through the reeds
Summers and winters, through snowy Decembers
Sat by the water close to the embers
Missing out the lives that they once had before I wouldn't leave you
I would hold you
When the last day comes
What if you need me
Won't you hold me
On the last day, our last day Mr. & Mrs., dreamed of a willow
Carving their names, into their willow
If he had spoken, love would return
Spoken inside, too soft to be heard
Summers and winters, through snowy Decembers
Sat by the water, remembering embers
Missing out the lives that they once had before I wouldn't leave you
I would hold you
When the last day comes
What if you need me
Won't you hold me
On the last day, our last day Somewhere the timing will all come together
The mishaps will turn into sunny Decembers
The lovers will be able to find their willow I wouldn't leave you
I would hold you
When the last day comes
I wouldn't leave you
I would hold you
When the last day comes
What if you need me
Won't you hold me
On the last day, our last day comes

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