

Willow's song

Doves

Hey, ooh, who is there?
[Incomprehensible]
Please come, say how do
The things that I can't show to you
A stroke as gentle as a featherHey, ooh, who is me?
Am I not young and fair?
Please come, say how do
The things that I can't give to you
Would you have a wondrous sight?The moon light, the midday sun
At midnight[Incomprehensible]

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