

# Willow

## The Field Mice

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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