

# The Wailing of the Willow

Harry Nilsson

Listen to the wailing of the willows,  
Listen to me crying on my pillow  
Crying cause I know my love is gone from me  
Living in a world of different places,  
Looking at a million different faces  
Yet I see a face in every face I see  
Love must lack a sense of humor,  
It laughs when other people cry  
Love, would love to hear the rumor,  
That you and I have finally said goodbye  
I know that every heart was made for breaking  
And my love was ready for the takin',  
Still I won't complain for someday love will call again

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