Willard

Bran Van 3000

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Just sing the melody and we'll follow alongDear Willard, I changed my town for you
Dear Willard, I smuggled guns for you
Tonnes for youDear Willard, for your sweet loving
I risked getting shot
NotIt's kind of countryI poured my heart to you, Willard
I changed my town for you
Dear Willard, I smuggled guns for you
Tonnes for youDear Willard, for your sweet loving
I risked getting shotHe stands high as the harvest grass
His reddish complexion is brightened by the falling sun
His friends call him Davey
But he lets me call him by his Mama's given name
WillardHis sideburns are strong
And his hands are those of a working man
I know his t-shirt never changes
But that's why I love himWillard, the very name I wear on my arm
And hold dear to my heart

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