

# Willard

## Bran Van 3000

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Just sing the melody and we'll follow along  
Dear Willard, I changed my town for you  
Dear Willard, I smuggled guns for you  
Tonnes for you  
Dear Willard, for your sweet loving  
I risked getting shot  
Not It's kind of country  
I poured my heart to you, Willard  
I changed my town for you  
Dear Willard, I smuggled guns for you  
Tonnes for you  
Dear Willard, for your sweet loving  
I risked getting shot  
He 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  
Willard  
His 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 him  
Willard, the very name I wear on my arm  
And hold dear to my heart

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>