

The Willow

Thomas Dybdahl

The wind blows through the willow
like a lion
Her feet are strong
but he can't help from trying
To keep that
Weeping lady crying
But don't you worry
She'll be fine
I'm holding on
To something tight
You may have taken us
For a ride
Into darkness
from the light
But don't you worry
We'll be fine
We'll be fine when I take your hand
Show you the way
I'm gonna be your man
Give me a sign,
I'll be at your door
I'll be at your door

As I want more
With you I'm a king
And a beggar
Our favorite role, the victim
Lasts forever
It's been this way since I remember
Don't you worry
We'll be fine
We'll be fine when I take your hand
Show you the way
I'm gonna be your man
Give me a sign
I'll be at your door
I'll be at your door
As I want more
Don't you worry, we'll be fine

We'll be fine when I take your hand
Show you the way
I'm gonna be your man
Give me a sign
I'll be at your door
I'll be at your door
As I want more

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