

Bury Me in Willow

Asia

I'll go whichever way the winds blow,
It's hard to swim against the tide,
The willow bends in a tornado,
The oak will shatter as it dies.

Save me, and give me the peace to surrender at last.
When I'm gone do this thing for me,
For this is my final day, you know I would not joke,
So bury me in willow, not in oak.

Give me no standard, no eulogy,
No red, white and blue, no sceptre and no cloak,
Just bury me in willow, not in oak.

A life of conflict was unending,
Collision, damage, disarray.
So blind, intolerant, unbending,
Just let me die a different way.

Free me, and give me the peace to surrender at last.

When I'm gone, do this thing for me,
For this is my final day, and you know I would not joke,
So bury me in willow, not in oak.

Give me no standard, no eulogy,
No red, white and blue, no sceptre and no cloak,
Just bury me in willow, not in oak.

[Bridge]

When I'm gone do this thing for me,
For this is my final day, you know I would not joke,
So bury me in willow, not in oak.

Give me no standard, no eulogy,
No red, white and blue, no sceptre and no cloak,
Just bury me in willow, not in oak.

Free me, 'n' give me the beautiful silence at last.