

# Willow

Emilie Autumn

Willow, weep for me  
Bow your tallest tree  
Down to the infamous hands  
Of someone no one understands

I'm not unique in this  
It's based on none but my mistake  
At night I lie awake  
Thinking of all the hearts I'd happily break

It's cruel I know  
At least they tell me so  
Well someone lock me up and throw away the key  
Because I'm not ashamed, oh no  
Oh, willow

That I only write love songs  
To those whom I don't love  
I only reach for him  
Who's tied to someone else's glove  
That which I hold inside  
Which I admire and deride  
Which I protect and hide is yours

Willow, weep for me  
Don't think I don't see  
This life I'm living in two  
But still it's something I must do  
I'm not unique in this  
Nor am I special, sweet or kind  
I court a thousand smiles  
Yet I keep my own to hide behind

It's cruel I know  
At least they tell me so  
Well someone lock me up and throw away the key  
Because I'm not ashamed, oh no  
Oh, willow

That I only write love songs  
To those whom I don't love  
I only reach for him  
Who's tied to someone else's glove  
That which I hold inside  
Which I admire and deride  
Which I protect and hide is yours

Slander and dissention

They're parlor games to me

Papers overrun with lies too mad to mention  
You say they never hurt you

No consequence, I'm happy

We're much too far above it all

But oh no, that's not true

These wicked pastimes take their toll

These tyrant vices break your soul

Deliver me from all I am  
And all I never want to be

I love you (Oh willow, willow, willow)  
Doubt me not  
Rewrite this plot for all to see

And I only write love songs  
To those whom I don't love  
I only reach for him  
Who's tied to someone else's glove  
That which I hold inside  
Which I admire and deride  
Which I protect and hide is yours

Bend your branches to the ground and hold me close

Let me harmonize with all we knew  
Share your sympathy and weep for me  
Oh, willow, heal the hearts I've broken  
Make me pure and start my song anew

For I only write love songs  
To those whom I don't love  
I only reach for him  
Who's tied to someone else's glove  
That which I hold inside  
Which I admire and deride  
Which I protect and hide is yours