

Under The Willow Tree

honeyhoney

All my dreams float up
Through the willow tree
Only to float back down next to me
And if you were waiting there for me
Under the willow tree

There's the clocks two arms
Pointing straight at me
Cause I'm killing time unremorsefully
And I know it's not a bad choice for me
Under the willow tree

I have become the moral of the story
They say, "Don't end up like that one"
And then plot my future for me

So I'll stay lost in summer's teeth
And he grinds up my bones to make his treats
And you'll all pay up for a taste of me
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