

# Willow

Jasmine Thompson

Down by the water, under the willow  
Sits a lone ranger, minding the willow  
He and his wife, once lived happily  
Planted a seed, that grew through the reeds  
Summers and winters, through snowy Decembers  
Sat by the water close to the embers  
Missing out the lives that they once had before

I wouldn't leave you  
I would hold you  
When the last day comes  
What if you need me  
Won't you hold me  
On the last day, our last day

Mr. & Mrs., dreamed of a willow  
Carving their names, into their willow  
If he had spoken, love would return  
Spoken inside, too soft to be heard  
Summers and winters, through snowy Decembers  
Sat by the water, remembering embers  
Missing out the lives that they once had before

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When the last day comes  
What if you need me  
Won't you hold me  
On the last day, our last day

Ahhhhh, ahhhhh...

Somewhere the timing will all come together  
The mishaps will turn into sunny Decembers  
The lovers will be able to find their willow

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On the last day, our last day comes  
Ahhhhh, ahhhhh...