

Green Willow Valley

The Handsome Family

Like the moon pulls on the water
and the water pulls the sand.
Like starlight drifts a billion years
to flicker once above your head.

The cicadas in the oak trees
are singing to the sky
and I am calling out to you
across this silent night.

Come back to the valley,
the green willow valley.
In the cool of the evening,
I'm waiting here for you.

Can you feel the wings of birds
whisper cross the sky?
Can you hear the blades of grass
calling to the light?

There are rivers underground
rushing cold and wild
and I am calling out to you
from across the lonely night.

Come back to the valley,
the green willow valley.
In cool of the evening
I'm waiting here for you.

We'll lie under the willows
in a bed of fallen leaves.
I will bring you apples
and water from the stream.

I will pull the thorns
from your blistered feet.
Can't you hear me calling
in the whisper of the trees?

Come back to the valley,
the green willow valley.
In cool of the evening
I'm waiting here for you.