

## Willard

Bran Van 3000

Just sing the melody and we'll follow along

Dear Willard  
I changed my town for you  
Dear Willard  
I smuggled guns for you  
Tonnes for you  
Dear Willard:  
For your sweet loving  
I risked getting shot...

Not

It's kind of...

Country...

(You think I know fuck nothing, I know fuck all!)

I poured my heart to you, Willard  
I changed my town for you  
Dear Willard  
I smuggled guns for you  
Tonnes for you  
Dear Willard:  
For your sweet loving  
I risked getting shot

He stands high as the harvest grass  
His reddish complexion is brightened by the falling sun  
His friends call him Davey  
But he let's me call him by his Mama's given name:  
Willard  
His sideburns are strong  
And his hands are those of a working man  
I know his t-shirt never changes  
But that's why I love him  
Willard:  
The very name I wear on my arm and hold dear to my heart