

Looks like you're still getting used to  
Being fully grown  
I know it's hard to slow down when  
There's still more to go  
Maybe it's just how you're treated  
Not something you know  
Only so much you can explain  
Over the phone

So I'm coming to you  
Can I get your permission  
To lay underneath you?  
Not a special occasion  
I just had a feeling  
Wanna ask how you're doing  
And mean it, I mean it

Willow, don't cry, don't cry  
Willow, don't cry, Willow  
Willow, don't cry, don't you  
Willow, don't cry, don't cry  
Willow, I'll cry, Willow  
Willow, I'll cry for you

Don't have to use your own tears  
Just to grow your own limbs  
Just keep your passion for flowers  
And it'll patch over youth  
And there's a whole lot of rain  
But there's a hole in the roof  
That makes it easy to swim in a bad attitude

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