

Go Your Way

Robert Plant

Drawing water from the well
Spilling over on the grass
Walking home, my heart is filled with pain
Woe is me

Go your way, my love
Go your way, my love

As I wander through the trees
Picking off the windy leaves
Thinking where you may be sleeping now
I wanna die

Go your way, my love
Go your way, my love

As I sit mending your clothes
That you will never ever wear
Cooking daily for you, I do prepare
But woe is me

Go your way, my love
Go your way, my love

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Go your way, my love

Is there war in some far land?
And have you gone to lend your hand?
And do you lie, broken and dying now?
I wanna die

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