

## November 9th

Willow

Baby girl, I know you're tired  
Don't let the world put out your fire  
Take my hand and you will see  
Sadness and anger aren't everything

Baby boy don't lose your sweetness  
Don't think your humanity equals weakness  
Take my hand and you shall see  
Suppression and pain are not everything

Little rock up in the sky  
Just know we're sick and asking "Why?"  
Little ball falls though the void  
It holds us together and endures our choices