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Woody Guthrie "Bury Me Beneath The Willow"

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Bury me beneath the willow 'Neath that weeping willow tree When she comes she'll find me sleeping Then perhaps she?ll think of me

It?s many a night while you?re sleeping Sleeping in your sleeping clothes I?m a poor boy, broken hearted Listenin? to the wind that blows

Bury me beneath the willow 'Neath that weeping willow tree When she comes she'll find me sleeping Then perhaps she?ll think of me

Tomorrow was to be our wedding God, oh Lord, where can she be She has gone to find another She no longer cares for me

Bury me beneath the willow 'Neath that weeping willow tree When she comes she'll find me sleeping Then perhaps she?ll think of me

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