

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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