

Aslyn "Mr. Willow"

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It's not too late
Be thugs, be saints
But don't streak your heart
In the light of day
Your points are down
Washed up again
Who needs a fork
When the plate is your hands?
You were not second best
But not yet a queen
You picture yourself as you seem

Ah, you don't have to blame Mr. Willow, oh, oh
Ah, you're the umbrella inside this riddle, oh

You're wrestling
With all your bones
But love is not hopstotch to live like a stone
Your soul's your world
Your mind your house
Expect nothing less than what you put out
You won't rip the circus off
They'll bench your esteem
You picture yourself as you seem

Ah, you don't have to blame Mr. Willow, oh, oh
Ah, you're the umbrella inside this riddle, oh

You let the rain follow you back down the stairs
You have the choice to count up your layers

Ah, you don't have to blame Mr. Willow, oh, oh
Ah, you're the umbrella inside this riddle, oh
Ah, you don't have to blame Mr. Willow, oh, oh
Ah, you're the umbrella inside this riddle, oh

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