

Ryan Adams

"Abigail"

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Abigail, won't you take me to the willow tree
And when we get there, I hope you recite Japanese
What does it mean to win?
I ask myself, again
Abigail
Don't pretend

Pretty flowers crush his heart on a world of make
believe
Whispers floating, words so soft
Hands go walking down my sleeve
Hold my hand, Oh Abigail
And tell me everything
Hold my hand, Oh Abigail
I won't let go for anything

Abigail, won't you take me to to the willow tree
Nighttime comes on strong
But she is the sun and grabs a drink
Hold my hand, Oh Abigail
And tell me everything
Hold my hand, Oh Abigail
I won't let go for anything

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