

Stephen Barnes "Willow Tree"

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Let the flower grow, Let the people know.
May this love letter, Win your soul.
Let my words, Be your getaway.
Let this be the phrase, That makes this our day.

Dear Victoria,
Let me sing your name.
Let me hold your hand, Let me kiss your face.
Dear Victoria,
Let me set you free.
Let our love grow old, Like a willow tree.

Let me skip your heart, Like a skipping stone.
Let me take away that fear, Of ending up alone.
Let the birds sing their song, Let the day grow long.
May this moment be, the one that lasts forever.

Dear Victoria,
Let me sing your name.
Let me hold your hand, Let me kiss your face.
Dear Victoria,
Let me set you free.
Let our love grow old, Like a willow tree.
Dear Victoria,
Let me sing your name.
Let me hold your hand, Let me kiss your face.
Dear Victoria,
Let me set you free.
Let our love grow old, Like a willow tree.

Like a willow tree.
Like a willow tree.
Like a willow tree.

I'll set you free, Like a willow tree.
I'll set you free, When you fall in love.
With me.

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