

The Hurt Process

"Weeping Willow"

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The snow won't stick to the weeping willows
The cold air won't blow open the windows
You've made it through the storm this far
You can do this, dear, it won't be hard
Well...
The snow won't stick to the weeping willows

There will be tomorrow
The sun will light a sea of sorrow
Tonight it set and took our friend
I could do one thing, I'd bring him back
Snow won't stick to the weeping willows

Summer was painted on our skin
And those secrets hidden in our childish lips
They would die for a kiss

Fall was always left in your eyes
Just a fleck of yellow light
Like the sunrise
Like the twilight

[Summer was painted on our skin
And those secrets hidden in our childish lips
They would die for a kiss

There will be tomorrow
The sun will light a sea of sorrow
Tonight it set and took our friend
I do admit, I'd bring him back
Snow won't stick to the weeping willows] (Repeat x2)

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