

Bran Van 3000, Willard

Just sing the melody and we'll follow along.

Dear Willard,
I changed my town for you,
Dear Willard,
I smuggled guns for you,
Tonnes for you.
Dear Willard:
For your sweet loving,
I risked getting shot...
Not.

It's kind of... country...

I poured my heart to you, Willard,
I changed my town for you,
Dear Willard,
I smuggled guns for you,
Tonnes for you,
Dear Willard:
For your sweet loving,
I risked getting shot.

He stands high as the harvest grass,
His reddish complexion is brightened by the falling sun.
His friends call him Davey,
But he lets me call him by his Mama's given name:
Willard.
His sideburns are strong,
And his hands are those of a working man.
I know his t-shirt never changes,
But that's why I love him.
Willard:
The very name I wear on my arm and hold dear to my heart.