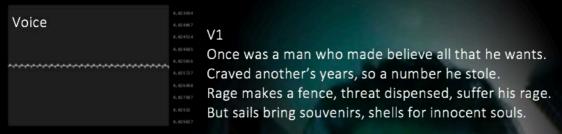
## Willow

Record riff (2 bars) Record note (3<sup>rd</sup> string D - 2 bars)

Capo 3<sup>rd</sup> fret



write it down.

a little love in just the same.

te, before you leave and break away...

Becoming more becoming all the time.

And I won't hear you til you take your chance to run. because this can't last...

Be

Crazed to the bone he stands alone weeping his wrongs Praise true lovers' tears...recovered and hung.  $\sqrt{2}$ 

Once was a man who made believe All that he wants Craved another's years... ...so a number he stole;

makes a fence threat dispensed.... o suffer his rage sails bring souvenirs... hells for innocent souls.

Cross sea and time to distant lands Stricken by fame; Raged round like a buccaneer: Reckoning burns.

Because I will hear you When you take your chance to run. Chasing your voice fom the sound Fom the sound Of you making your stand.

Grace comes But you can't rest



Cross sea and time to distant lands stricken by fame. Raged round like a buccaneer, reckoning burns.

## Chorus C2

Cos I will hear you when you take your chance to run. Chasing your voice from the sound of you making your stand.

## В

C1

Grace comes. But you can't rest or write it down. Put a little love in just the same.

Taste before you leave and break away, Becoming more becoming all the time.

Stay, cos this can't last, and hope is gone.

There is nothing to be done - only what we can.

## V3

Crazed to the bone he stands alone weeping his wrongs. Praise true lovers' tears, recovered and hung.







