

# Polly

Gene Clark

If the wild bird could speak  
She'd tell of places you had been  
She's been in my dreams  
And she knows all the ways of the wind

R:

Polly, come home again  
Spread your wings to the wind  
I felt much of the pain  
As it begins

Dreams cover much time  
Still they leave blind  
The will to begin  
I searched for you there  
And now look for you from within

R: