

# Polly

Keren Ann

Polly left on Christmas Eve  
I will know as long as I live that it was all  
You had in mind  
She was turning Twenty-eight  
And I always thought it's too late to tell you  
I never cried

There were so many ways to hide  
In the hours of waste  
And I will be  
More than it takes  
To you

It was different time and place  
How we used to sit on the fence and wait for her  
Like a game  
Polly knew but never said  
The very little time that she had was easy  
On that day

There was so many ways to hide  
In the hours of waste  
And I will be  
More than it takes  
To you