

Polly

Whitney

And I know in the past we wanted separate roles
Then I chose you, yeah
And I've seen the kind of dirt that took my baby from me
Oh, I never told you
Anytime I feel my week is nearly over
I lay awake in all kinds of darkness, Polly

Oh, no, no, no, no
If only we were young
You'd make me feel hung up

And I know in the past you left me with no heart
How cheap were the nights you used to keep me warm?

Girl, no, no, no, no
If only we were young
You'd make me feel warm