

Gene Clark, Only Colombe

The warm wind will not blow tonight
For the the fog enshrouds
The landing light
As she said she might have heard
A bell tolling
Though a gold ship
Aails her clouds and dreams
Through the crashing seas
She finds it seems
That the shore she's looking for
Is hardly showing
Oh what is this song she's singing
Oh could it be for someone,
Bringing her, her everything
Her paralytic agencies
Twist their tongues into philosophies
As petite Colombe asks only
What she's been stealing
The tapestries that drape her walls
And the heroes she has witnessed fall
While the hallway leaves them
All blank to the ceiling
Oh again this song she's singing
Oh could it be for someone,
Bringing her, her every dream
Beneath the deep and broken wall
The reflecting glass of time it falls
Through the crack she said
She heard the ocean calling
The foghorn cries profanity
At the master of insanity
As she watches ruins, neading me and sobbing
Oh again this song she's singing
Oh could it be for someone,
Bringing her, her everything.