

# 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&#039;s looking for  
Is hardly showing  
Oh what is this song she&#039;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&#039;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&#039;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&#039;s singing  
Oh could it be for someone,  
Bringing her, her everything.