

Gene Clark, Polly

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

Chorus:
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

(Repeat Chorus)