

The Byrds, Pretty Polly

Written by Mcguinn-Hillman

There used to be a gambler who courted all around
There used to be a gambler who courted all around
He courted pretty Polly, such beauty never been found
"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me
Before we get married, some pleasures to see"

She jumped up behind him and 'way they did go
She jumped up behind him and 'way they did go
Down into the valley that was far below
They went a little further and what did they spot
They went a little further and what did they spot
But a newly dug grave with a spade lying by

"Oh, Willy, hey, Willy, I'm afraid of your ways
Oh, Willy, hey, Willy, I'm afraid of your ways
I'm afraid you will lead my poor body astray"
"Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessed it just right
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessed it just right
I dug all your grave the better part of last night"

Then he stabbed her in her heart till her heart's blood did flow
He stabbed her in her heart till her heart's blood did flow
Down into the grave pretty Polly did go
Now a debt to the devil, that Willy must pay
A debt to the devil, that Willy must pay
For killing pretty Polly and running away