

Chris & Rich Robinson, Polly

If the wild bird could speak
He'd tell of places you had been
He's been in my dreams
And he knows the ways of the wind
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
Polly, come home again
Spread your wings to the wind
I felt much of the pain
As it begins
Polly, come home again
Spread your wings to the wind
I felt much of the pain
As it begins