

Gene Clark "Only Colombe"

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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 sails 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?

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