

The Walkabouts

"Polly"

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If the wild-bird could speak
He'd tell of places you have been
He's been in my dreams
And he knows all the ways of the winds

Polly, come home again
Spread your wings to the wind
I fell 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 within

Polly, come home again
Spread your wings to the wind
I fell much of the pain
As it begins

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