Pretty Polly

Josh Ritter

Pretty Polly, please come on down
From your home home high up off the ground
In the tree dark and forlorn
Where the rope hangs bruised and wornThough I'll never fly to you
It's the last thing I would do
You have dug two holes so deep
I'm afraid that one's for mePretty Polly must I cry
Without your voice I'll fear I'd die
The song you sing and the story you tell
We must keep them to ourselvesOh I know my voice like nightingale
Now I have my brand new tale
Of a tree dark and forlorn
Where a rope hang bruised and wornPetty Polly, I have bread
That I have not eaten yet
Come and take them from my halls
Then we'll lay your song to restI suppose my song can wait
For I am hungry and grows late
I will eat your bread and then
I will sing my song again

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