

Polly left on Christmas Eve
I will know as long as I live that it was all
You had in mind
She was turning Twenty-eight
And I always thought it's too late to tell you
I never cried

There were so many ways to hide
In the hours of waste
And I will be
More than it takes
To you

It was different time and place
How we used to sit on the fence and wait for her
Like a game
Polly knew but never said
The very little time that she had was easy
On that day

There was so many ways to hide
In the hours of waste
And I will be
More than it takes
To you