

# Melancholy Polly

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Melancholy Polly spills her guts on stage  
She can't get her jollies any other way  
Safe inside the music and the melody  
Polly gets to lose it and no one can see

She is not a starlet with a red guitar  
Just an easy target for a broken heart  
Peddling her story up there all alone  
Is another allegory carved in stone

She would ransom her fate  
If she had some escape  
But her words are a curse  
Every rhyme every line and verse

In front of the footlights Polly takes a bow  
Waves and says her goodnight to the drunken crowd  
When the house is clapping she knows what it means  
Her life only happens for a song to sing