

## Only Colombe

Gene Clark

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?