

## Pretty Polly

Josh Ritter

Pretty Polly, please come on down  
From your home high up off the ground  
In the tree dark and forlorn  
Where the rope hangs bruised and worn

Though 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 me

Pretty 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 ourselves

Oh 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 worn

Petty Polly, I have bread  
That I have not eaten yet  
Come and take them from my thalls  
Then we'll lay your song to rest

I suppose my song can wait  
For I am hungry and grows late  
I will eat your bread and then  
I will sing my song a-gain

Pretty Polly, I had no choice  
Stop your heart and steal your voice  
One more little body so still  
One more little hole to fill