

Dragonfly

Fleetwood Mac

And when the roses are half-bud soft flowers
And lovely as the king of flies has come
It was a fleeting visit, all too brief
In three short minutes, he had been and gone

He rested there upon an apple leaf
A gorgeous opal crown sat on his head
Although the garden is a lovely place
Was it worthy of so fine a guest

Oh...

Oh...

Oh...

Oh...

Dragonfly, dragonfly ...