

## Dragonflies

### Red House Painters

This is the first you spoke of it  
In your black magic house in a cold damp attic  
Two windows stare at us like eyes  
Behind them December's dark early morning sky

And a couple of dead trees  
With their ornamental stars

I thought by now that I figured your head out  
Until now I thought I figured your body out  
So please help me to understand  
Because I love you more than anyone

I wonder in what fields today  
You're chasing dragonflies at play  
My little lost girl so far away

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This is the first you  
This is the first you spoke of it  
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