

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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You're chasing dragonflies at play
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This is the first you
This is the first you spoke of it
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