Dragonflies

JosÃ© Padilla

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 skyAnd a couple of dead trees
With their ornamental starsI 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 anyoneI wonder in what fields today
You're chasing dragonflies at play
My little lost girl so far awayI wonder in what fields today
You're chasing dragonflies at play
My little lost girl so far awayThis is the first you
This is the first you spoke of it
This is the first you
This is the first you spoke of it

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