

# Dragonflies

## Eddi Reader

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