

Dingly Dell

Lindisfarne

Where did you see me last, was it down in Dingly Dell
could you really tell if it were I or just a passing butterfly.

Where will you see me next, will you wear a ribbon in your hair
?

Look at me but do not stare or I may break evaporate into the air.

Ooh, ooh, ooh - there's magic in the air
ooh, ooh, ooh - it's ev'rywhere
and I need you, to share it with me,
but you're not there and never will you be.

Will you have my children, will they grow in the likeness of me
?

And will they touch the sun and always be completely free to reach for freedom.

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