Is it really the treasure of gold Or the dance in the rainbow itself Bound to a track Painting over the cracks In his dreams they'd put up on the shelf

Little wind-up soldier
With a ball and a chain
Got destinations engraved on your mind
Now you don't care as long
As you don't make it there
You wanna fly but not arrive

Calling you, calling you
You are the one to hear them
Calling you, calling you
Calling you, calling you
And you daddy won't approve

And when no one's awake anymore
He paints a picture of a strange looking fly
From a distant world
You light and lo and behold
It's coming alive

Calling you, calling you You always hear them speak Derring-do, derring-do Calling you, calling you From a distant burning star

You wanna fly so you drag on flies
Drag on dragonflies
From a suffocating room on a dragonfly
You're riding high when you nasalize
What you pulverize
Make your day and dream away on a dragonfly

Mayday mayday
I ain't fond of smoking
The buzzer knows in dire straits
Selfless without intention
Too late to intermediate
Smoking kills

Calling you, calling you
You are the one two three four
Calling you, calling you
Calling you, calling you
And your daddy won't approve

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We're getting high on a dragonfly