

Blue Oyster Cult "In Thee"

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A. Lanier -)

Maybe I'll see you again baby
And maybe I won't
Maybe you've bought your ticket
Gone back to Detroit
Airplanes make strangers of us all
Give us distance
Much too easily.

Jim says some destinies
Should not be delivered
But you and I seen now baby
That still they are
Winning it makes losers of us all
'Cause the dice roll
So indifferently.

CHORUS:

Well, I'll wrap myself in cities I travel
I'll wrap myself in dreams
I'll wrap myself in solitude
("stranger's arms" FOR 3RD CHORUS)
But I wish I could wrap myself
In thee.

Tonight it's hot, without you
Tomorrow'll be cold
Winter will come along
Driven by snow
Love it makes strangers of us all
When we part
Oh so thoughtlessly

CHORUS

Once we breathed the breath
Of sweet surrender
Pure, pure Arab air filled our
Atmosphere
But pride it makes stars of us all
Until we fall

For everyone to see.

CHORUS

CHORUS

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