

## **Germ's "Dragon Lady"**

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You walk to the temple on the boulevard  
You know the way in 'cause you're the son of God  
She opens the door with a sardonic glance  
You drop to the floor making your plans

It's a real cool parody  
That's my dragon lady  
In a low society with no variety  
She lives a tongue on cheek dream

There's something in her eyes that nature denied  
She's a whirlwind creature of cultural ties  
A preacher of schemes and self denial  
She talks up a storm with news and belial

It's a real cool parody  
That's my dragon lady  
In a low society with no variety  
She lives a tongue on cheek dream

The clock on the mantle hands stop crossed  
The rug on the floors a resting place for the dust  
The talk of the town yet she's never been seen  
A loving relation with a well trained machine

It's a real cool parody  
That's my dragon lady  
In a low society with no variety  
She lives a tongue on cheek dream

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