

## Sykes "Blue Dragons"

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With blue dragons in the air,  
Lately finds her golden hair,  
Stars fell down through just told lies,  
Slipped her fingers and amber eyes,  
And spiral down through glistening pines,  
Sheets of passion still decline,  
And light she scales the afternoon,  
Nature's cruel, she'll leave me soon

I can't  
Can't bring me down, can't bring me down, can't bring  
me down,  
These high pressure clouds

With blue dragons in the air,  
Heaven knows, I'm going there,  
Joy sublime through hell untold,  
Scattered dreams to have to hold,  
And plans unwind so imperfect,  
Dark remains twist and collect,  
Through the dust I hear her tune,  
Nature's cruel, she'll leave me soon

I can't  
Can't bring me down, can't bring me down, can't bring  
me down,  
These high pressure clouds

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