

# In Thee

## Blue Ñ-yster Cult

Maybe I'll see you again,  
Maybe  
And maybe I won't  
Maybe you bought your ticket going back to Detroit  
Air-o-plains make strangers of us all  
Give us distance  
Much to easily  
Jim says some destines should not be delivered  
But you and I see now  
Baby  
That still they are  
Winning it makes losers of us all  
Gives us distance  
Much to easily

Well I wrap myself in cities I've traveled  
I wrap myself in dreams  
I wrap myself in solitude  
But I wish I could wrap myself in thee

Tonight it's hot  
Without you tomorrow be cold  
Winter will come along  
Driven by snow  
Love it makes strangers of us all  
When we fall  
Oh so thoughtlessly

Well I wrap myself in cities I've traveled  
I wrap myself in dreams  
I wrap myself in solitude  
But I wish I could wrap myself in thee

Once we breathe the breath  
Of sweet surrender  
Pure, pure air of air  
Filled our atmosphere  
But night it makes stars of us all  
until we fall

For everyone to see

Well I wrap myself in cities I've traveled  
I wrap myself in dreams  
I wrap myself in strangers arms  
But I wish I could wrap myself in thee

Well I wrap myself in cities I've traveled  
I wrap myself in dreams  
I wrap myself in solitude  
But I wish I could wrap myself in thee

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