In Thee

Blue Ã·yster Cult

Maybe Ill see you again baby, and maybe I wont
Maybe youve bought your ticket, gone back to Detroit
Aeroplanes make strangers of us all
Give us distance, much too easilyJim says, "Some destinies should not be delivered"
But you and I've seen now baby, that still they are
Winnin', it makes losers of us all
Cause the dice roll so indifferentlyWell, Ill wrap myself in cities I travel
Ill wrap myself in dreams
Ill wrap myself in solitude
But I wish I could wrap myself in theeTonight its hot, without you tomorrowll be cold
Winter will come along driven by snow
Love, it makes strangers of us all
When we part oh, so thoughtlesslyWell, Ill wrap myself in cities I travel
Ill wrap myself in dreams
Ill wrap myself in solitude
But I wish I could wrap myself in theeOnce 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 seeSo Ill wrap myself in cities I travel
Ill wrap myself in dreams
Ill wrap myself in strangers arms
But I wish I could wrap myself in theeIll wrap myself in cities I travel
Ill wrap myself in dreams
Ill wrap myself in solitude
But I wish I could wrap myself in thee

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