

# In Thee

## Blue Oyster 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 easily Jim 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 indifferently Well, 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 thee Tonight 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 thoughtlessly Well, 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 thee 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 So 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 thee 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 thee

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