

Dragon Lady

Germs

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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