

# Dragon Lady

## The 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

[Chorus]  
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

[Chorus]  
To live in Braham tragedy  
Driven it seems by fantasies  
A life like this is sad to see  
A smile kept quite in reverie  
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

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