

Germs, Dragon Lady

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 soemthing 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 matle 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

(Chorus)