

## 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 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]