

# In Thee

Blue Öyster Cult

Maybe I'll see you again baby  
And maybe I won't  
Maybe you've bought your ticket  
Gone back to Detroit  
Airplanes make strangers of us all  
Give us distance  
Much too easily.

Jim says some destinies  
Should not be delivered  
But you and I seen now baby  
That still they are  
Winning it makes losers of us all  
'Cause the dice roll  
So indifferently.

Well, I'll wrap myself in cities I travel  
I'll wrap myself in dreams  
I'll wrap myself in solitude  
But I wish I could wrap myself  
In thee.

Tonight it's hot, without you  
Tomorrow'll be cold  
Winter will come along  
Driven by snow  
Love it makes strangers of us all  
When we part  
Oh so thoughtlessly

Well, I'll wrap myself in cities I travel  
I'll wrap myself in dreams  
I'll 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.

(2x):

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I'll wrap myself in dreams  
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But I wish I could wrap myself  
In thee.