

# Chameleons, A View From A Hill

Chameleons  
Script Of The Bridge  
A View From A Hill  
Feel myself fall into the ground  
Solitary silence  
There's no sound  
Open my eyes and look around  
Colors and concepts that confound  
Oh well

You wait until your time comes round again

Pick myself up and take the air  
The fragrance of children everywhere  
Slowly absorbed into my square  
Debating what is and isn't there  
Who cares?

Just wait until your time comes round  
Again