

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