

Chameleons, Intrigue In Tangiers

Chameleons

What Does Anything Mean Basically

Intrigue In Tangiers

When it's summer

And the skies are glass

When it's summer

And the skies are glass

I just have to make the evenings last

They're always flashing past

And when it's raining

And the skies are black

When it's raining

And the skies are black

I just have to hear the thunder roll

And see the lightening crack

With fading powers

We sit for hours

By a television screen

With funny cigarettes

And talk for hours

Of places that we've seen

Brother can you hear my voice

Brother can you hear my voice

Every second that you cling to life

You have to feel alive

It's an easy thing to sell your skin

It's an easy thing to sell your skin

When the devil's banging on your door

You always let him in

With fading powers

We dream of hours

That'll never come again

Old defenders are themselves defenceless

When the mad attack the sane

What can you do

When you see no future in front of you

Food for the few

So many it seems are in front of you

I see my face

Reflecting there in a sweating brow

You hate what you see

But what can you do when there's no way out

No way out now

But when you sleep

Where do you go