

Chameleons, Perfume Garden

Chameleons
What Does Anything Mean Basically
Perfume Garden
You can shake your hips
You can seal your lips
I can't make that trip

And all life's fears
Can invade my ears
I can handle it

I can laugh with a friend
And remember the faces
We wore at school

Making the madness
And solitary sadness
A friendly fool

I thought of stories
They told us long ago
Of how the world was a perfume garden
I haven't yet learned to tame the creature there
And that at least I think is something good

All across the town
And across the street
You could feel the heat

Let me tell you friend
They could hardly wait
To mark your sheet

It was maximum joy
For the men they employed
To hold you down

Well I hope now you know
That this isn't the bliss
That you thought you found

Endless emptiness
An endless ringing bell
I couldn't show you
But I hope to one day
Pretty promises to teach the tender child
To welcome madness every Monday

Beck and call
It didn't seem to matter at all
Beck and call
You told us how to conquer it all
Beck and call
These children have nothing at all

Listening hard
For the voice of the child
I thought I heard
An alarm bell ringing
Pulled from my sleep
By invisible hands
The distant sound of a lady singing