

The Chameleons UK, In Shreds

I grasp at lifes fading light
I need you tonight
I need to be heard
Your acts speak lowder than words
Ignored by you all
I stumble and fall
I suddenly knew
My life meant nothing at all
In shreds
I stare down at the street
Yearning for sleep
That blissful escape
But when it comes it's always too late
The whore in my bed
The noise in my head
A hole in my pride
It's coming and there's nowhere to hide
It seems to me
To be so contradictory
It seems to me
You count your blessings while they're there
Ignored by you all
I stumble and fall
I suddenly knew
My life meant nothing at all
The whore in my bed
The noise in my head
A hole in my pride
It's coming and there's nowhere to hide
It seems to me
To be so contradictory
It seems to me
You count your blessings while they're there
You count your blessings while they're there
You count your blessings while they're there
It seems to me
To be so contradictory
It seems to me
You've become a part of the machinery
You've become a part of the machinery
Machinery
Machinery