

Chameleons, Second Skin

Chameleons

Script Of The Bridge

Second Skin

One cold damp evening the world stood still

I watched as I held my breath

A silhouette I thought I knew came through

Someone spoke to me

Whispered in my ear

This fantasy's for you

Fantasies are 'in' this year.

My whole life flashed before my eyes

I thought, what they say is true

I shed my skin and my disguise

And cold, numb and naked I

Emerge from my cocoon

A half remembered tune

Played softly in my head

He said.

He turned, smiling, and said,

I realize a miracle is due

I dedicate this melody to you

But is this the stuff dreams are made of

If this is the stuff dreams are made of

No wonder it feels like I'm floating on air

Everywhere, it feels like I'm everywhere

Like when you fail to make the connection

You know how vital it is

Or when something slips through your fingers

You know how precious it is

And you reach the point when you know it's only your

Second skin

It's only your second skin.