

Petra, Chameleon

Words and music by Bob Hartman

You want the best of both worlds
You're not getting either
You seem content to ride the fence
When you know which side is greener

Some run hot, some run cold
Some run from their maker
Some run the risk of losing out
With lukewarm friends and fakers

Chameleon
You blend with your surroundings
Chameleon
Noone knows where you come from
Chameleon
You change with every situation
Compromising dedication

You compromise each word you say so inoffensively
You only want to hide behind your anonymity
You struggle for acceptance
And it takes you to extremes
The smile you hide your face behind
Is not all that it seems

Come out, come out
Come out from among them
Come out, come out
Come out and be free

There is no gray, no neutral ground
There's only black and white
And nothing in between the two
To turn a wrong into right
There is no time for your charade
You've got to make your stand
When salt has lost its savor
The world becomes so bland