

The Chameleons UK, Every Day I'm Crucified

There must be a reason for living
There must be a reason for living
I think I know how Christ felt when they nailed him to the cross
There must be a reason for living
There must be a reason for living
I think I know how Christ felt when they killed him on that hill
Pissed off

I'm searching for some kind of meaning
I'm searching for some kind of meaning
The fools lead the fools and it's the blind who lead the blind
I'm searching for some kind of meaning
I'm searching for some kind of meaning
In the narrowness of vision
And the narrowness of mind

I know this place is very strange
But the meaning's clear to me
There's so much we could be learning
If we could only learn to see

I'm searching for some kind of meaning
There must be a reason for living
But every day I'm crucified by triviality
Every day I'm crucified by triviality
Every day I'm crucified by everything I see