

## Chameleons "Intrigue In Tangiers"

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When it's summer  
And the skies are glass  
When it's summer  
And the skies are glass  
I just have to make the evenings last  
They're always flashing past  
And when it's raining  
And the skies are black  
When it's raining  
And the skies are black  
I just have to hear the thunder roll  
And see the lightening crack  
With fading powers  
We sit for hours  
By a television screen  
With funny cigarettes  
And talk for hours  
Of places that we've seen  
Brother can you hear my voice  
Brother can you hear my voice  
Every second that you cling to life  
You have to feel alive  
It's an easy thing to sell your skin  
It's an easy thing to sell your skin  
When the devil's banging on your door  
You always let him in  
With fading powers  
We dream of hours  
That'll never come again  
Old defenders are themselves defenceless  
When the mad attack the sane  
What can you do  
When you see no future in front of you  
Food for the few  
So many it seems are in front of you  
I see my face  
Reflecting there in a sweating brow  
You hate what you see  
But what can you do when there's no way out  
No way out now  
But when you sleep  
Where do you go

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