

The Chameleons

"Intrigue in Tangiers"

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When it's summer
And the skies are glass
I just have to make the evenings last
They're always flying past

When it's raining and the sky is black
I just love to hear the thunder roll
And see the lightning crack

With fading powers
We sit for hours
By a television screen
With funny cigarettes
And talk for hours
Of the places we have seen

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
When the Devil's banging on your door
You always let him in

With fading powers
We dream of hours
That will 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

Reflected there in your sweating brow
You hate what you see
What can you do
When there's no way out
Well there's one way out

Brother can you hear my voice
Every second that you cling to life
You have to feel alive

But when you sleep
Where do you go?

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