

## The Chameleons

### "Perfume Garden"

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You can shake your hips  
You can seal your lips  
I can't make that trip

And all life's fears  
Can invade my ears  
I can handle it

I can laugh with a friend  
And remember the faces we wore at school

Making the madness  
And solitary sadness  
A friendly fool

I thought of stories  
They told us long ago  
Of how the world was a perfume garden  
I haven't yet learned to tame the creature there  
And that at least I think is something good

All across the town  
And across the street  
You could feel the heat

Let me tell you friend  
They can hardly wait  
To chain your feet

Now it's maximum joy  
For the men they employ  
To hold you down

Well I hope now you know  
That this isn't the bliss  
That you thought you'd found

Endless emptiness  
Endless ringing bells  
I couldn't show you  
But I hope to one day  
Pretty promises to teach the tender child  
To welcome madness every Monday

Beck and call  
It didn't seem to matter at all  
Beck and call  
You told us how to conquer it all  
Beck and call  
These children have nothing at all

Listening hard  
For the voice of a child  
I thought I heard an alarm bell ringing  
Pulled from my sleep  
By invisible hands  
The distant sound of a lady singing

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