

## Dali's Picture

### The Chameleons

It's time to act like a man  
It isn't part of my plan  
To die in some foreign land  
Just like the razor in Dali's picture  
Well there won't be any blood on my hands

What do they want me to be?  
Cowards or killers are we  
What do I really believe?  
Hobson's choice it seems I'm caught  
Between the devil and the deep blue sea

And his only legacy  
Was a death without a face  
Whose hands were stained with blood  
Whose eyes were filled with dirt

Ran to meet his fate  
In someone else's war  
Little consolation  
For my little orphan boy  
That's war, boy

Go out and give it your best  
Go out and slaughter the pest  
Go out and kill with the rest  
If you excel yourself they'll give you  
A tin star you can pin to your chest

And his only legacy  
Was a death without a face  
Whose hands were stained with blood  
Whose eyes were filled with dirt

Ran to meet his fate  
In someone else's war  
Little consolation  
For my little orphan boy  
That's war, boy

You have a numbing aversion to dying  
You have a numbing aversion to dying  
Cowards or killers are we  
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Just like the razor in Dali's picture  
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Just like the razor in Dali's picture  
Check out the razor in Dali's picture