

Dreams in Celluloid

The Chameleons

One cold damp evening
The world stood still
I watched as it held its breath
A silhouette I thought I knew
Came through someone spoke to me
Whispered in my ear
"This fantasy's for you, and everyone that's here"

The whole world flashed before my eyes
I thought what they say is true
I shed my skin, and my disguise
Then cold alone and naked I emerged from my cocoon
And love's Clair de Lune played softly in my head

I envied you, immortalized
Up there on that silver screen
Your presence there night after night
For me and for others too
Was of the endless night
We dream in celluloid
And everything's alright

(You critics)

I realize a miracle is due
I dedicate this melody to you
I realize a miracle is due
I dedicate this melody to you
But is this the stuff dreams are made of?
If this is the stuff dreams are made of?
No wonder I feel like I'm floating on air
No wonder I feel like I'm floating on air

(repeat)