

# Singing Rule Britannia (While the Walls Close In)

The Chameleons

A prisoner of my paradox, Heaven or Hell?  
Pacing up and down my cage, too soon to tell  
What a suffocating state to be  
Working class heroes mean nothing to me  
I'm a working class zero, I'm chained to the tree  
Of life, a dangerous thing to be

And now the baby needs to grow  
But the mother is crazy

What lies behind the mask, behind the wave and the smile?  
Your appearance is deceptive, my sweet crocodile  
What a fascinating thing to see  
Revealing all your secrets, you'd better beware  
Revealing all your secrets, oh, you wouldn't dare  
Reveal yourself to me, would you?

It must have been like this before  
But my memory's hazy

My memory's hazy  
So I'll stand in line  
Three million desperadoes  
There's hope for me  
Oh, but for some the story is different  
They'll stand in line  
They'll bide their time  
Waiting for a sign  
Counting out the time

Clever, clever creatures, death in your kiss  
Playing with the future in innocent bliss  
What a suffocating state to be  
But what a fascinating thing to see

And he said "I know what it's like to be dead"  
I know what it's like to be dead  
I know what it is to be sad  
She's making us feel like we've never been born  
She's making us feel like we've never been born"  
Never been born