

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