

Dangerous Land

The Chameleons

I am the pride at the heart of a man
I am a refuge in a dangerous land
I am a wall or a line in the sand
I am a gathering
I am a stand

Hold, hold me
Well whose going to hold me now?
Not you

I am the daylight when darkness draws near
I am a signal that's heard without ears
I am the rapture and I am the tears
I am a centre regardless of years

Hold me, hold me
Well whose going to hold me now?
Not you.