

Intrigue In Tangiers

The Chameleons

When it's summer
And the skies are glass
When it's summer
And the skies are glass
I just have to make the evenings last
They're always flashing past
And when it's raining
And the skies are black
When it's raining
And the skies are black
I just have to hear the thunder roll
And see the lightening crack
With fading powers
We sit for hours
By a television screen
With funny cigarettes
And talk for hours
Of places that we've seen
Brother can you hear my voice
Brother can you hear my voice
Every second that you cling to life
You have to feel alive
It's an easy thing to sell your skin
It's an easy thing to sell your skin
When the devil's banging on your door
You always let him in
With fading powers
We dream of hours
That'll never come again
Old defenders are themselves defenceless
When the mad attack the sane
What can you do
When you see no future in front of you
Food for the few
So many it seems are in front of you
I see my face
Reflecting there in a sweating brow
You hate what you see
But what can you do when there's no way out
No way out now
But when you sleep
Where do you go