

# Singing Rule Britannia

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 hereos 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 your mask  
Behind your wave and the smile  
Your appearance is deceptive,oh sweet crocodile  
What a fascinating thing,to see  
Revealing all you secrets,you 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 memorys hazy  
So i'll stand in line  
3 million desparadoes  
There's hope for me  
Oh but for some the story's different  
They'll stand in line,they'll bide their time  
Waiting for a sign  
Counting out the time  
No more  
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 sad  
Well she's making you feel like youv'e never been born  
Never been born