

Second Skin

The Chameleons

One cold damp evening
The world stood still
I watched as I held my breath
A silhouette I thought I knew
Came through
And someone spoke to me
Whispered in my ear
This fantasy's for you
Fantasies are "in" this year

My whole life passed before my eyes
I thought
What they say is true
I shed my skin and my disguise
And cold, numb and naked
I emerged from my cocoon
And a half remembered tune
Played softly in my head

Then he turned smiling
And said
I realise a miracle is due
I dedicate this melody to you
But is this the stuff dreams are made of?
If this is the stuff dreams are made of
No wonder I feel like I'm floating on air
Everywhere
It feels like I'm everywhere

It's like you fail to make the connection
You know how vital it is
Or when something slips through your fingers
You know how precious it is
Well you reach the point where you know
It's only your second skin

Someone's banging on my door