

## 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