

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