

Napoleon Sheds His Skin

Tom Cochrane

The streets are covered in chalk
The shops are boarded up
The bodies are carried back down from the square

He begins to wonder
If it always was this hot
Or is it just the clothes
That he now wears

Napoleon sheds his skin
In the summer when the sun is high
He never knows when to quit
When to stop...
Or when to say die

Pick the bones, get a tan
Or wander
Underground
She would not have left him anyway
Wait by the sea, wait in the sun
As if the time
Stood still
Did he get involved
In whichever side
That paid

Napoleon sheds his skin
In the summer when the sun is high
He never knows when to quit
When to stop...
Or when to say die

...And time stands still behind
The distant gates
Time moves on outside in the sun
Then he wonders which side he's really on

Then he doesn't care,
It's so grey in there
He just wants to get back to her...

Napoleon sheds his skin
In the summer when the sun is high
He never knew when to quit
When to stop...
Or when to say die...

She waits for him by the wharf
By the sea where they used to go
She sings a song that they'd sing
Then waits for the echo...

Na...poleon
Sheds his skin
Na...poleon
Sheds his skin
Na...poleon

Sheds his skin

I've got to get out of here
Can she save me
I've got to get out of here
Can she save me
I've got to get out of here...
Can you hear me...