

i tell you something
let me say
we were sitting down
and then we sat there -- just sat there

chameleons on the ground
sitting around with the pipes that go round and round
in a dark room

fresh out of pity -- scintillatingly witty
the finest blend of our generation -- a heavenly committee

vampires on tomatoe juice
we are the sons -- the sons of zeus
we are the cause -- pangs of remorse
vampires on tomatoe juice
staring thru the walls
we got the balls
... and when the city calls ...

i tell you something
let me say
we we're crawling around
we just crawled there

chameleons on the ground
sitting around with with booze that goes round and round
in a dark room

fresh out of pity -- scintillatingly witty
the finest blend of penetration -- whores of the city

we won't give up our sense to see

we're the ill generation
the whores of the pity
the new penetration
the heart of the city