

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